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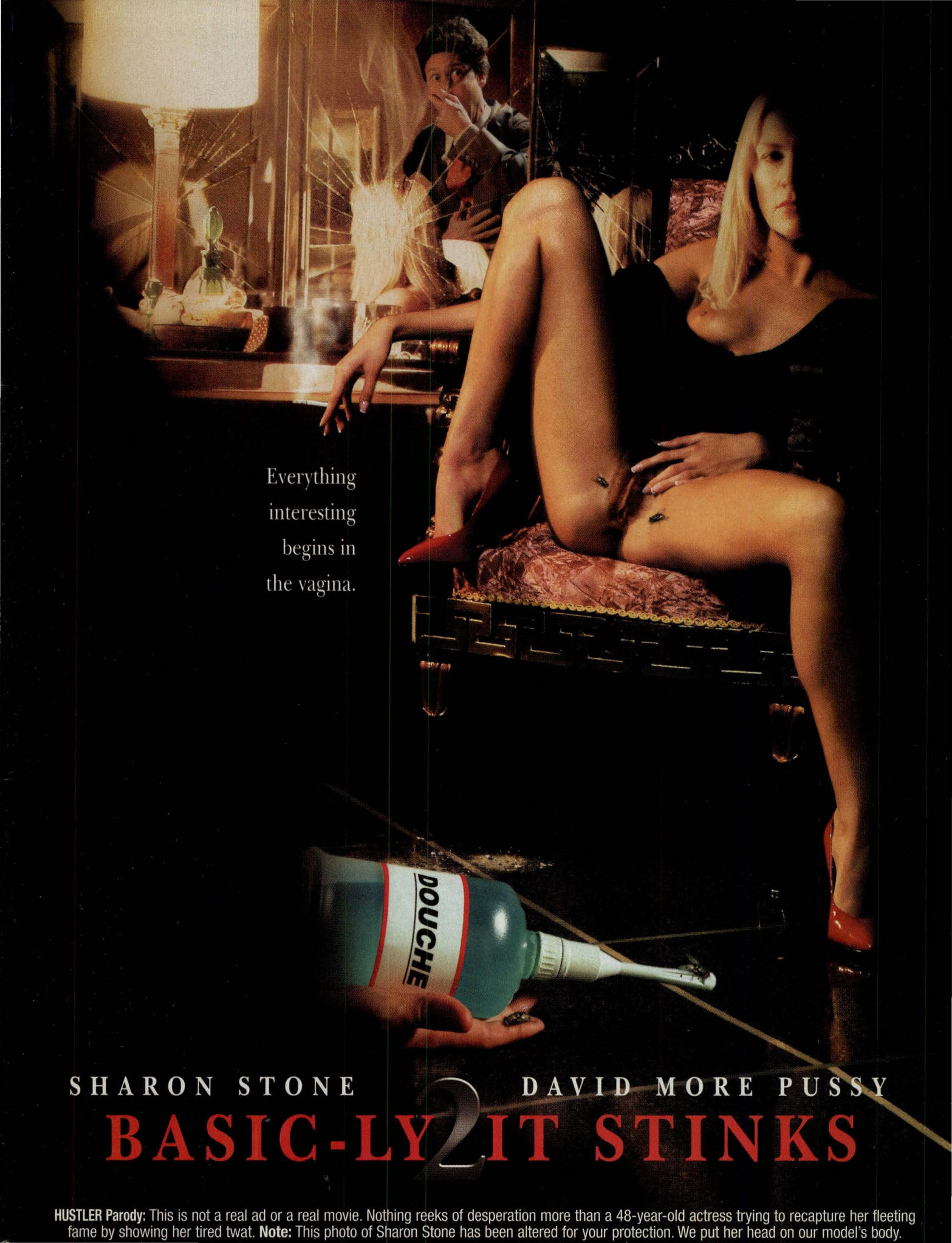
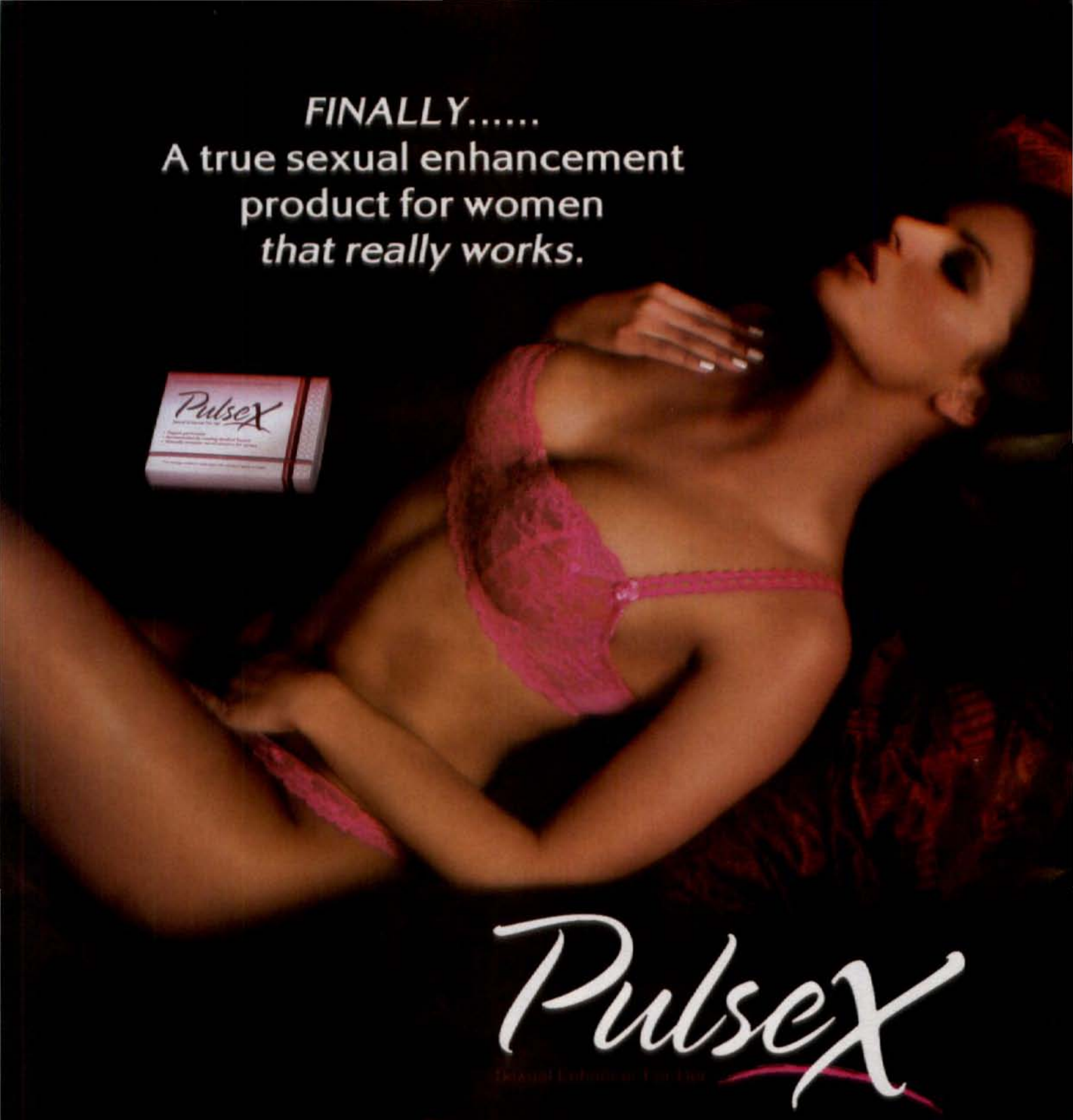


HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad or a real movie. Nothing reeks of desperation more than a 48-year-old actress trying to recapture her fleeting fame by showing her tired twat. **Note:** This photo of Sharon Stone has been altered for your protection. We put her head on our model's body.



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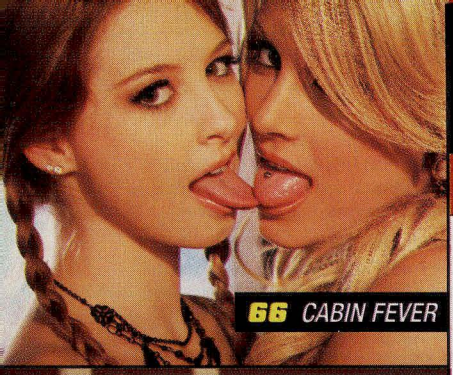

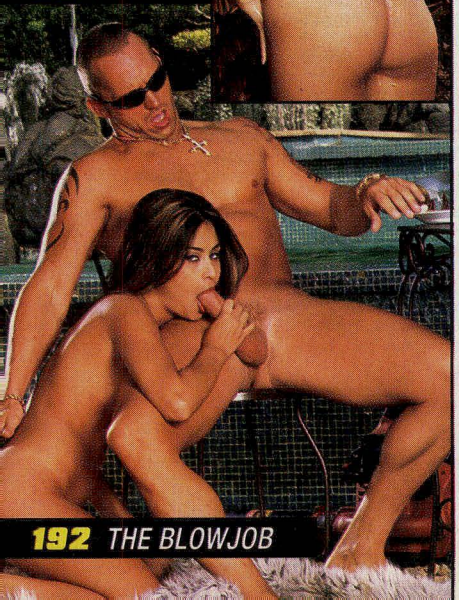

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AUGUST 2006 VOLUME 33 NUMBER 2

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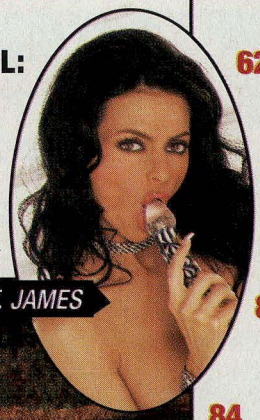

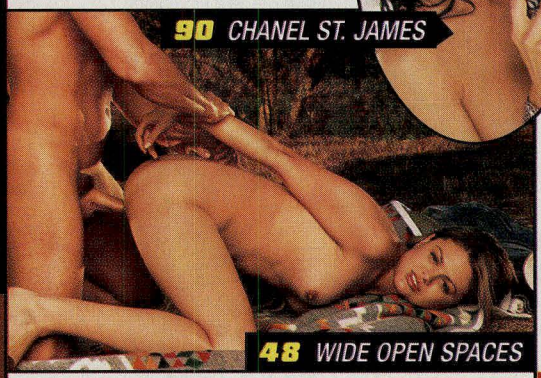

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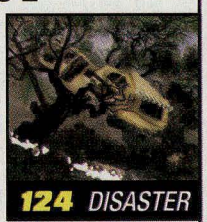

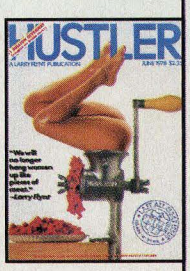

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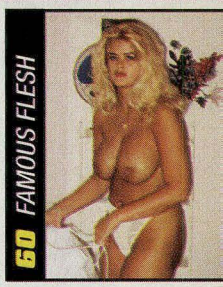

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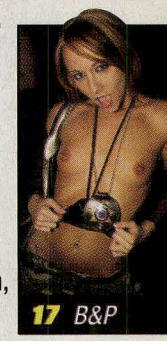

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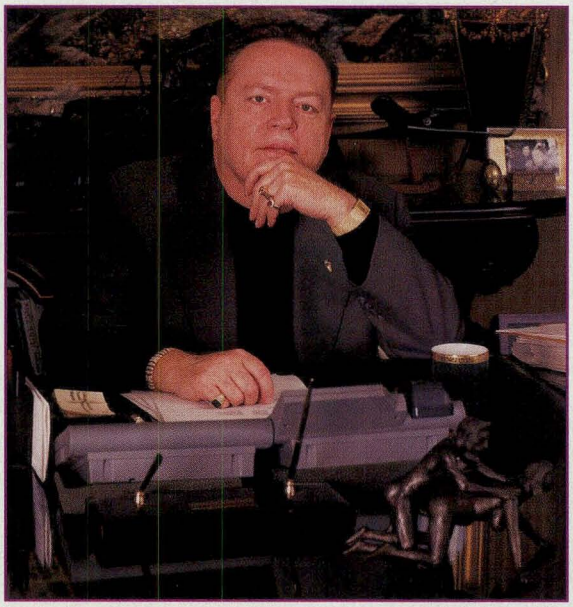


NO BILLIONAIRE LEFT BEHIND

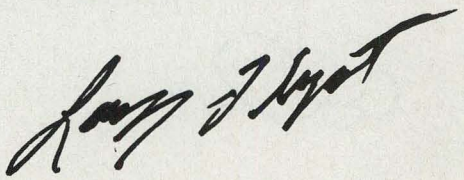
I hate the lies of the Bush Administration. The President said that no child should be left behind. He created the No Child Left Behind Act, but failed to fund it.

Meanwhile, Bush and his cronies are doing just fine, thank you! With no-bid contracts for Halliburton in Iraq and the Gulf Coast, it would seem undeniable that Vice President Dick Cheney is benefiting from this arrangement, regardless of what he claims. But if Cheney's profiteering is at all in doubt, the same cannot be said of the Bush family and friends. The fact that the President tried to sneak the Dubai ports deal past the American public shows that his main motive is profit.

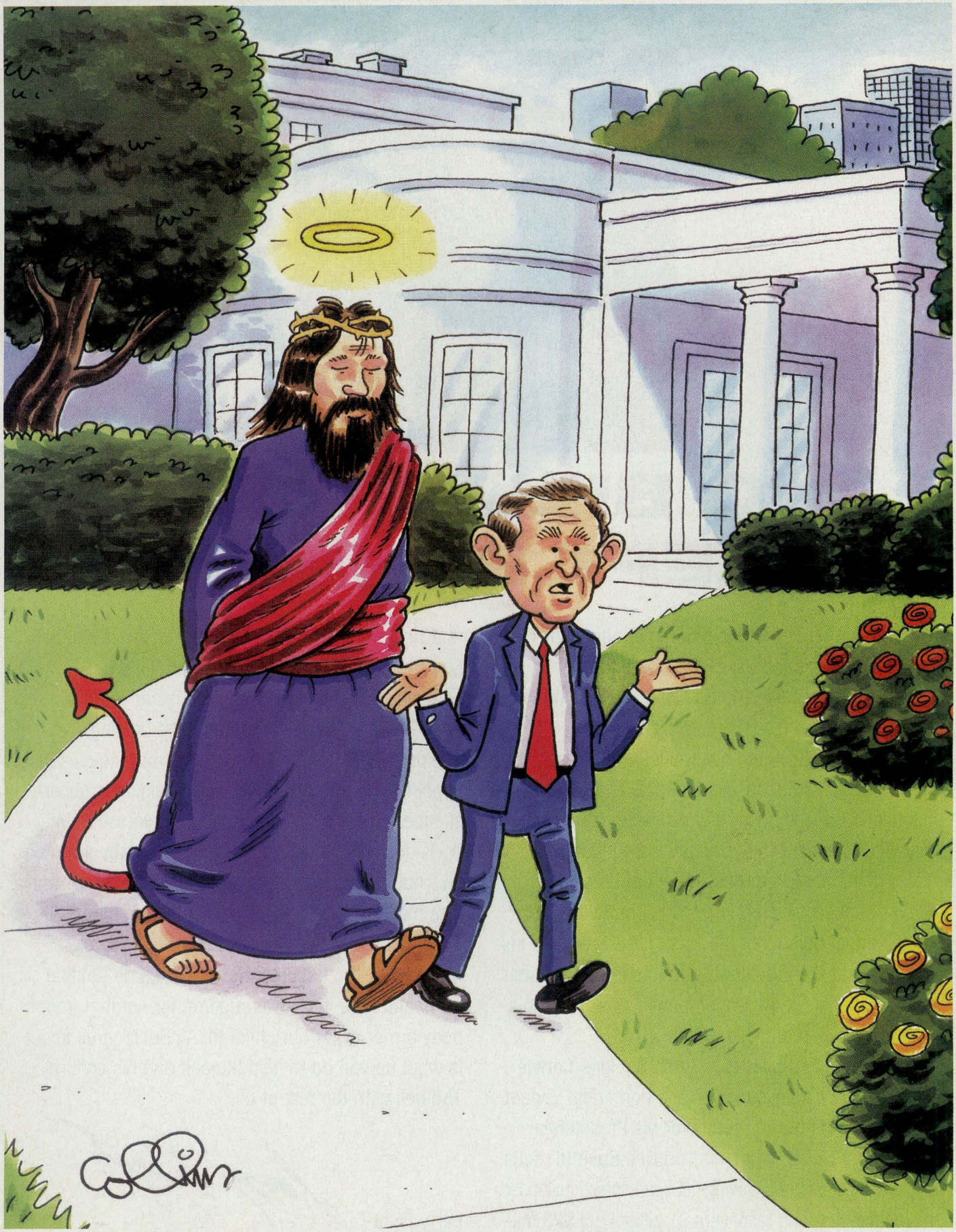
Dubai invested billions in Bush Senior's Carlyle Group, then W.'s boys okayed the ports deal. Sweet. Bush Senior garnered money for his Presidential library from Dubai, while his son Neil Bush (director of the failed Silverado Savings & Loan, which collapsed in a scandal costing taxpayers $1 billion) got $23 million from the United Arab Emirates for his company that has—how's this for irony?—lucrative No Child Left Behind contracts in Texas and Florida.

Another Bush crony who has benefited is John Snow. After selling a portion of his struggling company, CSX, to Dubai (at a nice profit), Snow was appointed Secretary of the Treasury and later rubber-stamped—guess what?—the controversial Dubai ports deal. (See *Asshole of the Month*, page 15.) And let's not forget Beltway lawyer James Baker, whose firm most likely made a killing brokering the deal.

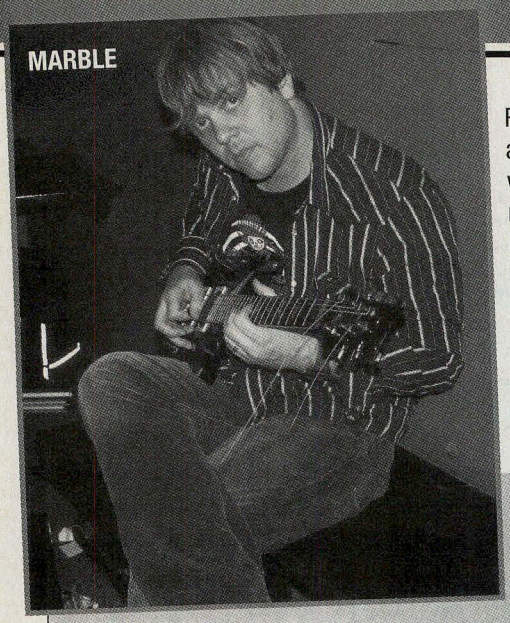
All this is business as usual for the Bush clan. Meanwhile, the nation suffers. There's no funding for health care, for infrastructure, for combat troops' body armor or for our children. All Bush cares about is what he can do to help himself and his cohorts. The hell with the rest of us.



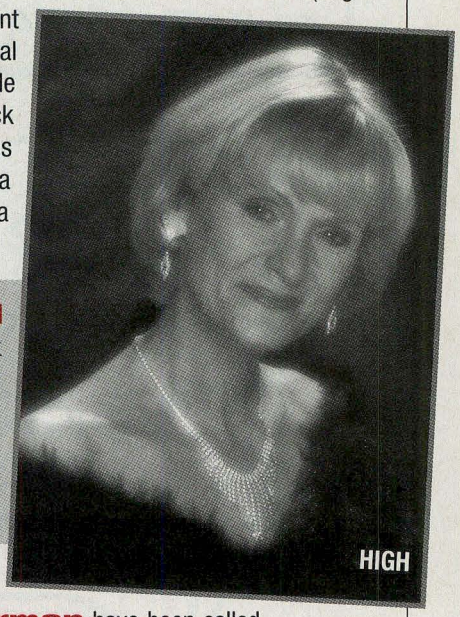
Larry Flynt
Publisher



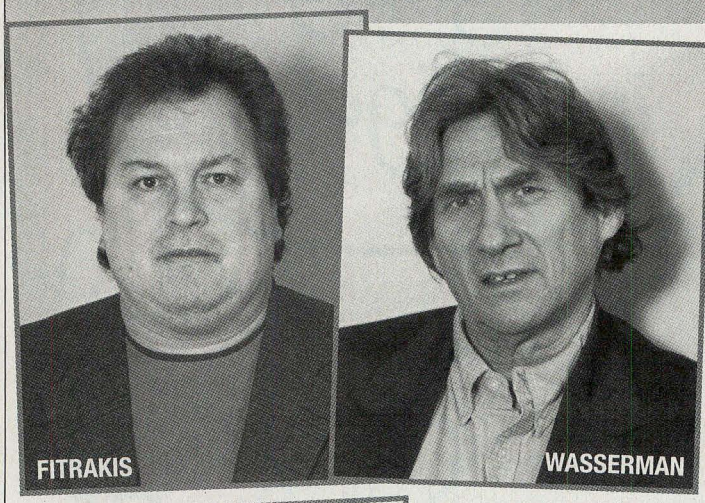
"People don't believe me when I tell them that you talk to me, Jesus, and guide my every move."


MARBLE

Raised in the Bible Belt, Dr. **Ben Marble** somehow survived Christian dogma to earn a B.A. in biomedical science and later an M.D. from the University of South Alabama. Now working as an ER physician in Biloxi, Mississippi, he wrote *The Post-Katrina Disaster* (beginning on page 36), which looks at how our government has abandoned the victims of America's worst natural disaster. Soon after the hurricane struck, Marble made headlines for telling Vice President Cheney to go fuck himself on national television, and he's stirring things up again with the Web sites HurricaneKatrina Sucked.com and BenMarbleMD.com. He also tours as a guitarist with the rock bands Youn and dR. O.

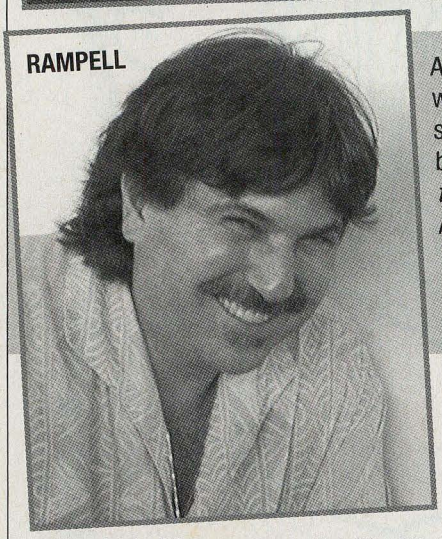

HIGH

Los Angeles writer **Monique Raphel High**, who has published six novels and one work of nonfiction, runs WriteHigh, an international literary firm managing more than 30 authors. Granddaughter of Russian Baroness Sofia Sara de Gunzburg, the multilingual High was brought up in Paris, Rome and Amsterdam. Her article *Coup D'état in America* (pages 84-86) investigates a little-known plot, orchestrated by the country's power-elite, to overthrow President Franklin D. Roosevelt

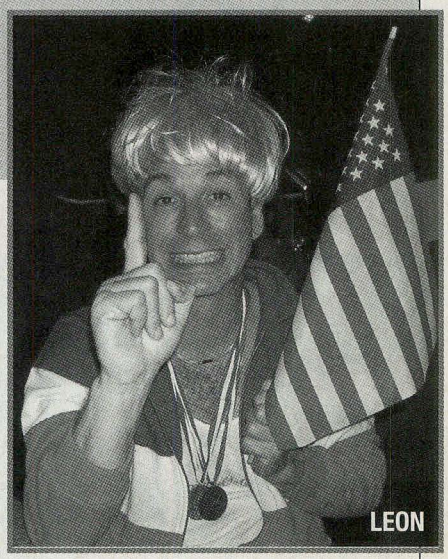

FITRAKIS

WASSERMAN

Bob Fitrakis and **Harvey Wasserman** have been called "the Woodward and Bernstein of the 2004 election" by Reverend Jesse Jackson for their on-the-ground reporting from central Ohio (see *Fascism on the March Part 2*, pages 78-80). Their book *How the GOP Stole America's 2004 Election and Is Rigging 2008* (available at FreePress.org) details the actions of the Bush/Cheney/Rove cabal. Fitrakis, who is running for governor of Ohio this year, is a professor of political science at Columbus State Community College and author of numerous books, including *The Fitrakis Files*, a collection of his hardest-hitting articles. Wasserman is a professor of history at two Ohio colleges and a leading safe-energy activist. His books *Harvey Wasserman's History of the United States* and *Solartopia! The Future of Energy* are available at HarveyWasserman.com.


RAMPELL

A longtime HUSTLER contributor, L.A.-based reporter **Ed Rampell** returns to our pages with *A Match Made in Heaven* (pages 82-83), delving into XXX Comedy Night, which pits porn stars and comedians against each other at the Hollywood Improv. Rampell has coauthored the books *Made in Paradise, Hollywood's Films of Hawaii and the South Seas* and *Pearl Harbor in the Movies*. He has also reported for *20/20*, Reuters, AP, *Variety*, *Mother Jones*, *The Nation*, *Los Angeles Times* and *Los Angeles Daily News*. Rampell majored in cinema at Manhattan's Hunter College and has resided in Tahiti, Samoa, Hawaii and Micronesia.


LEON

San Francisco Weekly columnist **Harmon Leon** has gained cult status by practicing "infiltration journalism," in which the writer assumes different identities to gain access to closed-door events. Some of his more notable missions have involved crashing national television programs like *Blind Date* and *The Jamie Kennedy Experiment*. He is the author of *Republican Like Me—Infiltrating Red States, White Ass and Blue Suits* and *The Harmon Chronicles* and has written for *Esquire*, *Details*, *High Times*, *Maxim*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Wired* and *Stuff*. His article *Cruisin' for a Boozin'* (which gets under way on page 106) has Leon joining the maiden voyage of Carnival's Xingolati Groove Cruise of the Pacific, a music festival described as Burning Man at sea. Originally from Maine, Leon is one of the Bay Area's leading experts on Abraham Lincoln.

SCOTT McCLELLAN FIELDS QUESTIONS AT HOME
Did she just suck your dick?
I can't comment on that while there's an ongoing investigation.
McLeah

Where's the Beef?

I've noticed a rather disturbing trend in some of the so-called men's magazines—the trend toward soft-core. I picked up a copy of *Playboy* the other day and thought I had accidentally grabbed *Teen People*. Playboy shouldn't call its photo-layouts "spreads" because there's not a lot of spreading going on! And whenever Hef's magazine boasts its celebrity layouts, all you can see are tits and asses.

I think it's a ripoff when magazines announce on the cover that a famous woman is nude inside, but then fail to reveal the best parts—the parts that you're supposed to see in a men's magazine. (And they do this bullshit all the time!) Even *Penthouse* seems to be much tamer than it was in the '90s. It still shows pussy, but no one shows pussy like HUSTLER has been doing for so long.

Remember that television commercial with an old lady shouting, "Where's the beef?!" It's in HUSTLER Magazine!

—J.S.
Richmond, Virginia

Political Rhetoric

It's time to start calling politics by its real name—prostitution. There are no bigger whores on this planet than politicians. They'll stab each other in the ass at the drop of a hat just to get a vote. When George W. Bush was elected, we all got screwed.

Bush constantly puts his ass on the line every time the shit hits the fan—on the front line at a Texas chili-and-ribs cookout. On the front line to guard against an invasion from Mexico. Yes, we have to be like Bush and stay the course—or at least until all the baby backs are gone.

—G.P.
Elk Grove, Illinois

We got a kick out of your suggestion, G.P., but several hookers we spoke with were quite offended at being compared to politicians. Said one, "At least when a guy gives me his money, he's gonna get fucked, not fucked over!"

All Fired Up!

Please pardon our English. We are Austrian firefighters and some of HUSTLER Magazine's biggest fans. In Austria we have contests where firefighters show how fast they are. We thought everybody should know that we love your magazine and that we have no problem showing this.

Since we bought your great HUSTLER shirts, we have won many cups. Our motto is "HUSTLER makes us fast in running and horny in bed!" Who knows, maybe we will see ourselves in HUSTLER.

—Freiwillige Feuerwehr [Volunteer Fire Department]
Reichenthal, Austria

Gut gemacht, guys! Looking sharp!

An Austrian firehouse is well-stocked with HUSTLER goods.

Karlie Montana

Dreamgirls

I loved your May '06 issue. Blessed with beautiful faces and hot bodies, Karlie Montana and Victoria Sweet are everything a porn fan could hope for. I'd love to spend hours with my face buried between the legs of one while the other was lying close by.

—J.R.
Tempe, Arizona

Electra-fying!

Your layout on Carmen Electra (March '06) was great! I can always count on HUSTLER to deliver the pictures you won't see in *Penthouse* or *Maxim*. You guys always come through for your readers. Your Carmen Electra pictorial was just another reason I'm proud to be a subscriber—since 1985! Keep up the good work!

—T.L.
Queens, New York

Jenna Rules

Dear Jenna Jameson: I think you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in porn. The first time I saw your picture, I fell in love with your lovely face and your hot body. You will always be number one in my book. Speaking of books, congratulations on the success of

yours [*How to Make Love Like a Porn Star: A Cautionary Tale*].

I wondered why you and Briana Banks never did a still shoot or a movie together. Then one day, while I was in an adult-book store looking for magazines featuring my favorite, I was overjoyed to find one with you both in it (HUSTLER January '05). You and Briana work well together. I'd love to see more of you paired up and going at it. **—M.B.**

Orlando, Florida

Jenna Jameson and Briana Banks team up in three Vivid releases, the DVD *Briana Loves Jenna* and the all-girl flicks *Where the Boys Aren't #14* and *#16*.

Missing Boobers

I know that Niki Knockers retired, but I would also like to know whatever happened to two other busty feature dancers, Colette DuPree and Plenty UpTopp. Do you have any way to contact any of these ladies? **—G.H.**

Green Bay, Wisconsin

The last we heard, Colette DuPree left the business and is married and living in Dixie. Although she is personally inaccessible, fans can ogle her images all over the Web. Still on the dance circuit is astronomically endowed Plenty UpTopp, whose XXX vids include *Big Tit Betrayal* and *WTIT in Boobsville* (BigBoobMall.com). Plenty's official Web site has shut down, and we were unable to find an address for her or Niki Knockers. Sorry we couldn't be more helpful, G.H.

While going through your March '06 issue, my curiosity was piqued by "Blasts From the Past" in the *Erotic Entertainment* section. It mentioned that the porn film *Top Ten Natural Busty Porn Stars of All Time* featured "the late, great Lisa DeLeeuw." I was unaware that she had passed away! Do you know when and under what circumstances Lisa DeLeeuw died? Also, what can you tell me about Veronica Hart, another porn star from that era?

—M.J.

Lightfoot, Virginia

Lisa DeLeeuw, whose legal name was Lisa Trego, was born on July 3, 1958 in Moline, Illinois. The voluptuous redhead made her XXX debut in the late '70s and gained superstar status, appearing in more than 175 adult films before becoming one of the industry's first female performers to be stricken with AIDS. She succumbed from complications of the disease in 1993. A Yahoo! group and LisaDeLeeuw.com are dedicated to the porn legend's memory.

We have better news regarding Veronica Hart, who's alive and well. The *AVN* Hall of Famer, who made a cameo in the 1997 mainstream movie *Boogie Nights*, was inducted into HUSTLER's Walk of Fame earlier this year. The mother of two teenage boys still looks stunning at 54.

Educators, Beware

Your article *Female Teachers Turned Sexual Predators* (June '05) should be required reading for everyone working in the field of education. I'm a teacher's aide, and I don't talk to any of the kids unless they talk to me first. I don't want to go to jail! Everyone is under suspicion. I watch my ass all the time at work and make damn sure I never get caught up in any situation that's going to cost me my freedom. Jail scares the shit out of me. **—B.B.**

Long Beach, California

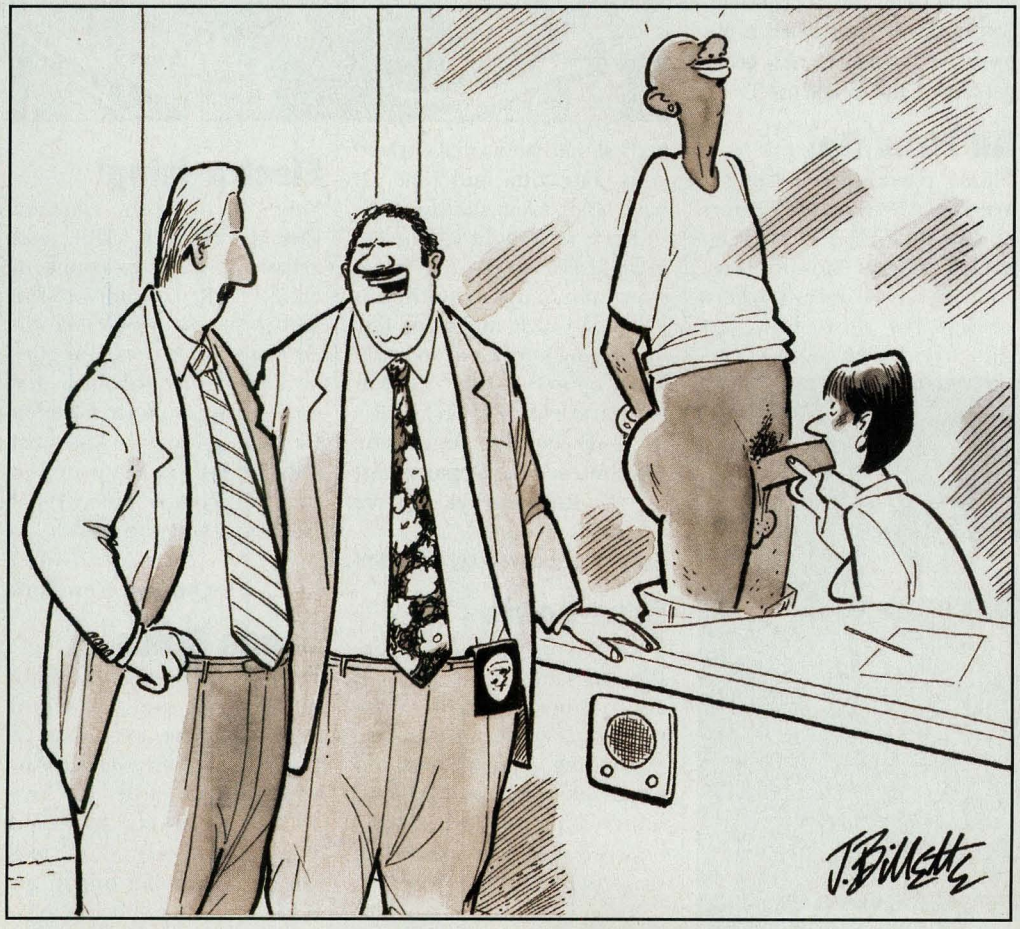
Life of Brian

I loved your interview with Brian, the *Family Guy* dog (April '06). That's what I like about HUSTLER. You mix up lighthearted features with articles about things that really matter. The time Brian directed Jenna Jameson in a porn flick was hilarious. I didn't think I'd ever hear anything about it again, but my favorite pooch recalled the episode in your magazine.

Then one night I turned on the TV—to *Family Guy*, of course—and there was Peter Griffin, the dad on the show, standing at a newsstand. While holding a copy, Peter talked about the HUSTLER with Brian's Q&A inside! Way to go, Seth McFarlane! I knew you were a genius! Now if you can only get Lois [Peter's wife] to pose nude!

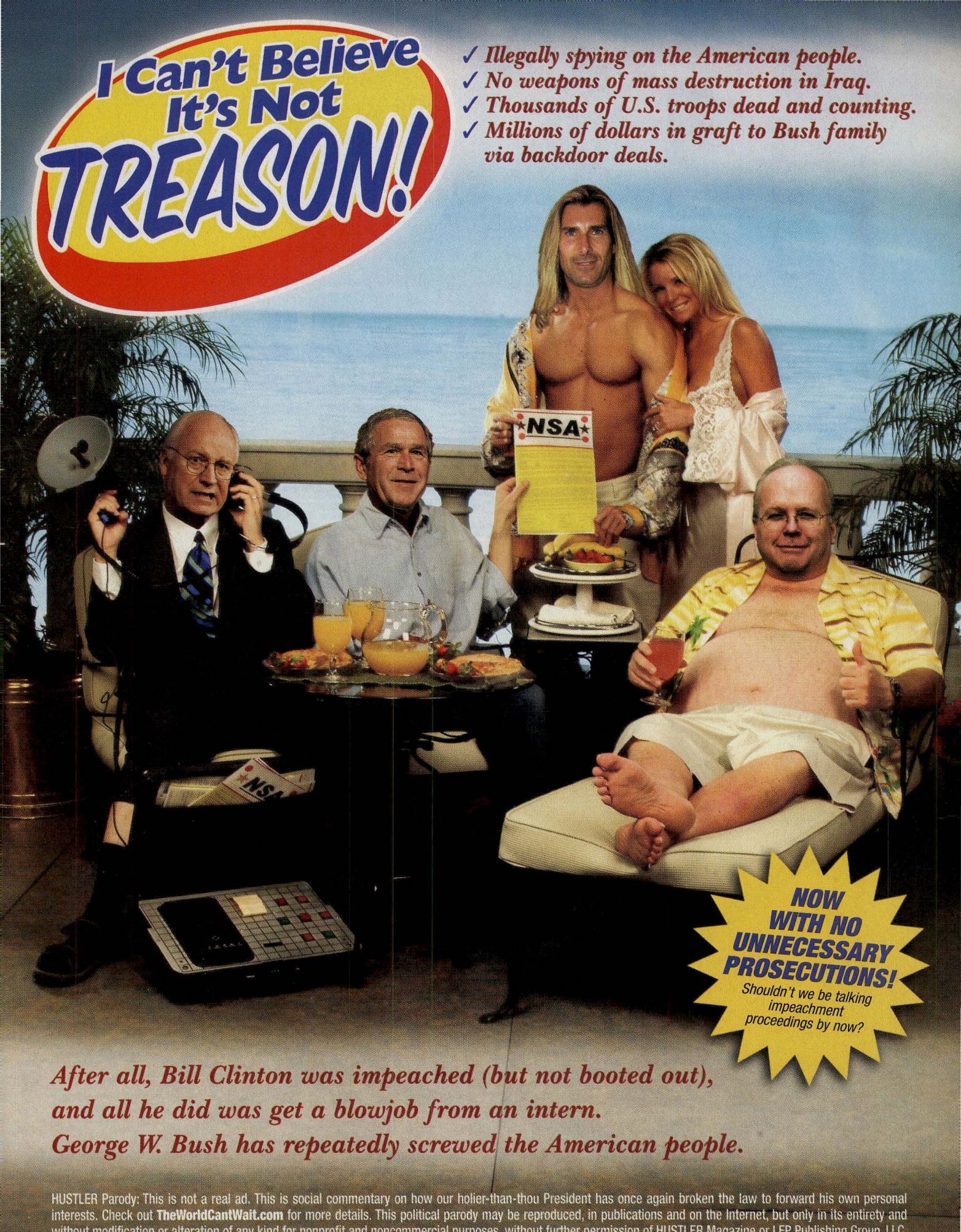
—G.N.

Buffalo, New York



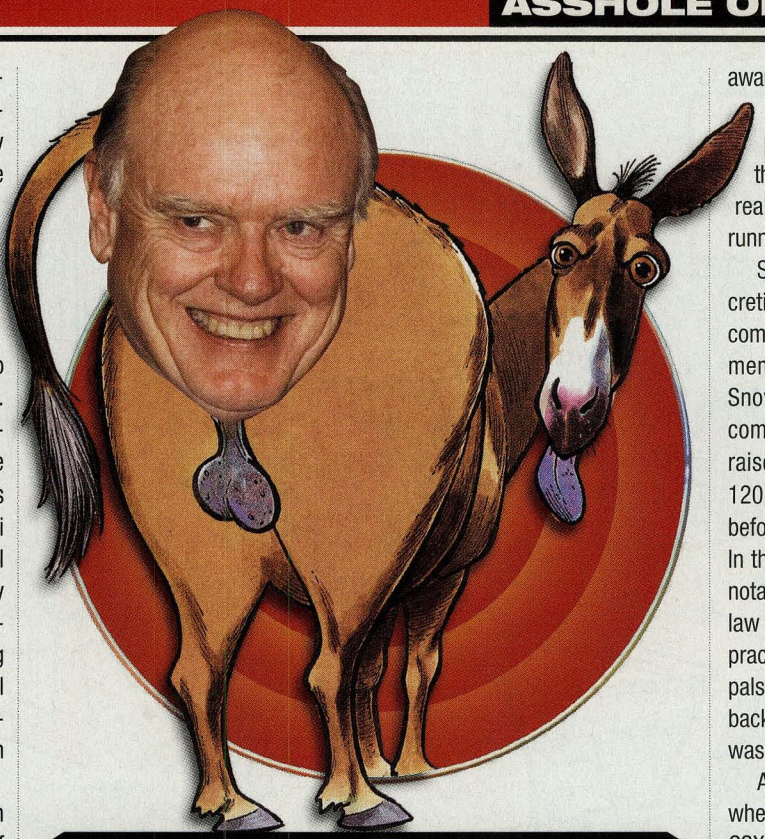
"I played bad cop, and now Detective Larson is playing good cop!"

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.


I Can't Believe It's Not TREASON!
✓ Illegally spying on the American people.
✓ No weapons of mass destruction in Iraq.
✓ Thousands of U.S. troops dead and counting.
✓ Millions of dollars in graft to Bush family via backdoor deals.
NSA
NOW WITH NO UNNECESSARY PROSECUTIONS!
Shouldn't we be talking impeachment proceedings by now?
After all, Bill Clinton was impeached (but not booted out), and all he did was get a blowjob from an intern. George W. Bush has repeatedly screwed the American people.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how our holier-than-thou President has once again broken the law to forward his own personal interests. Check out **TheWorldCantWait.com** for more details. This political parody may be reproduced, in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

"Trust me. Lose the panties, add the pussy gloss, triple your ratings!"



John Snow

John Snow, the Bush Administration's Treasury Secretary since 2003, is clearly an ethically challenged boil on the ass of America.

Snow's prior post was president/CEO/chairman of a struggling rail-shipping and cruise operator called CSX Corporation, which in 2003 sold its CSX Lines to the Carlyle Group for $300 million. Carlyle, whose pivotal figures include former President George H.W. Bush, then flipped CSX Lines for a handsome profit to Dubai Ports World (DPW). This global management entity is owned by the United Arab Emirates, an oil-rich nation linked to the financing of al Qaeda. Dubai International Capital (a government-backed buy-out firm) then invested billions in the Carlyle Group.

For his part in these backroom deals, Snow was put in charge of the Treasury Department, where he heads its Committee on Foreign Investment—the federal panel that rubber-stamped the $6.8-billion deal that would have relinquished control of five U.S. seaports to DPW.

To those of us looking in, it appears that W. attempted to sell out America's port security so he could compensate a terrorist-friendly country for its generosity to Carlyle and Daddy Bush. (It didn't hurt that Snow would have benefited even if the deal fell through.) Of course, his under-the-table wheeling and dealing comes as no surprise to us.

Some history: In 1982 Snow was arrested in West Valley City, Utah, for drunken driving. He paid a $334 fine, but was never convicted because the prosecuting attorney "voluntarily dismissed" the charge before trial. That was merely the first instance of ethics and the law being bent to Snow's advantage.

In 1988—right around when he took the helm at CSX—Snow was sued by his ex-wife, Frederica Wheeler, for failing to pay child support. Although the millionaire denied flaking out, the court eventually discovered that over a 19-month period Snow had indeed failed to cover his son Ian's transportation and allowance costs at college. The deadbeat dad claims the dispute was settled in 1991 "to spare the family the difficulty of a trial."

Analyzing corporate disclosure documents, the advocacy group Citizens for Tax Justice found that for the years 1998, 2000 and 2001—while Snow was CEO and then chairman—CSX paid no federal income taxes, despite recording $1 billion in pretax profits over that period. Instead of being penalized for tax evasion, Snow's firm was awarded $150 million in federal rebates. (Isn't the Treasury Department supposed to ensure that taxes are collected? Is this really the kind of guy we want running the place?)

Shady dealings between the cretinous Snow and CSX became commonplace. In 2000 CSX board members cleared the slate of Snow's outstanding $24-million company loan. Red flags were raised again when Snow sold 120,000 shares of CSX shortly before its stock price plummeted. In the wake of corporate scandals, notably the collapse of Enron, the law has been changed to ban such practices. Perhaps Snow and his pals picked up the slimy tactics back in 1990, when CSX Energy was sold to Enron.

According to press reports, when Dubai Ports World purchased CSX's international port operations in 2003 for a staggering $1.15 billion, Snow raked in compensation of $72.2 million, including $33.2 million from a special retirement pension. Let's face it: He's a greedy scumbag and Bush crony who was appointed despite a rocky past.

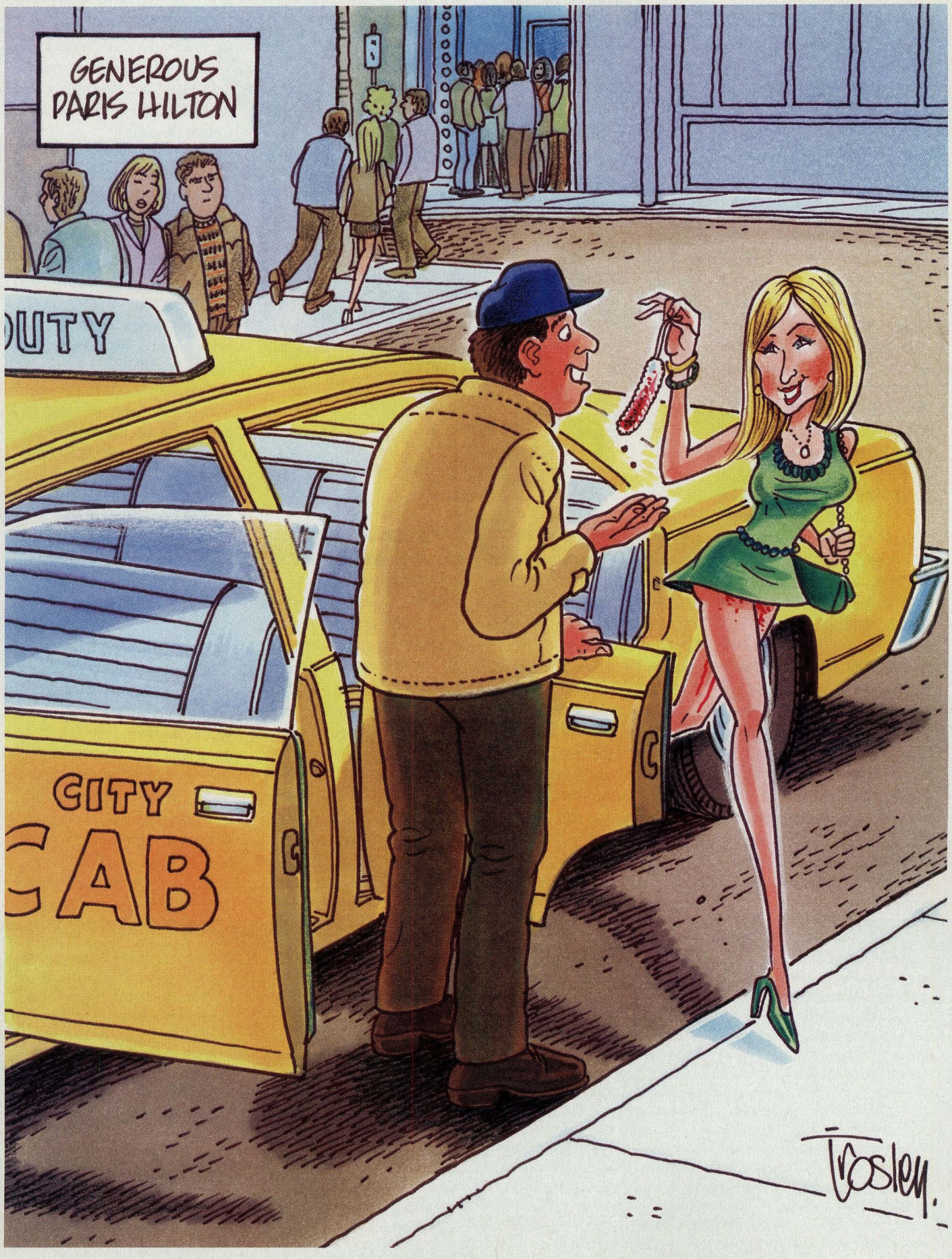
While the Dubai port deal now seems to have been thwarted, given the kind of underhanded dealings that have become a trademark, we feel certain that this administration will try to slip it—or something similar—past us in the future. Under the hot glare of public scrutiny, we hope this Snow turns to slush before that happens.

Farts in the Wind

The 89 U.S. Senators who voted to renew the USA PATRIOT Act have undermined our democracy. President Bush praised their decision, calling the oppressive law "vital to the war on terror and defending our citizens against a ruthless enemy." More like vital to illegally spying on Americans and torturing innocent prisoners. For posterity we've listed each of the gutless gasbags who have ushered fascism into the United States.

Republicans: Lamar Alexander (TN), Wayne Allard (CO), George Allen (VA), Robert F. Bennett (UT), Christopher S. Bond (MO), Sam Brownback (KS), Jim Bunning (KY), Conrad Burns (MT), Richard Burr (NC), Lincoln Chafee (RI), Saxby Chambliss (GA), Tom Coburn (OK), Thad Cochran (MS), Norm Coleman (MN), Susan M. Collins (ME), John Cornyn (TX), Larry E. Craig (ID), Mike Crapo (ID), Jim DeMint (SC), Mike DeWine (OH), Elizabeth Dole (NC), Pete V. Domenici (NM), John Ensign (NV), Michael B. Enzi (WY), William H. Frist (TN), Lindsey Graham (SC), Chuck Grassley (IA), Judd Gregg (NH), Chuck Hagel (NE), Orrin G. Hatch (UT), Kay Bailey Hutchison (TX), James M. Inhofe (OK), Johnny Isakson (GA), Jon Kyl (AZ), Trent Lott (MS), Richard G. Lugar (IN), Mel Martinez (FL), John McCain (AZ), Mitch McConnell (KY), Lisa Murkowski (AK), Pat Roberts (KS), Rick Santorum (PA), Jeff Sessions (AL), Richard C. Shelby (AL), Gordon H. Smith (OR), Olympia J. Snowe (ME), Arlen Specter (PA), Ted Stevens (AK), John E. Sununu (NH), James M. Talent (MO), Craig Thomas (WY), John Thune (SD), David Vitter (LA), George V. Voinovich (OH) and John Warner (VA).

Democrats: Max Baucus (MT), Evan Bayh (IN), Joseph R. Biden Jr. (DE), Barbara Boxer (CA), Maria Cantwell (WA), Thomas R. Carper (DE), Hillary Rodham Clinton (NY), Kent Conrad (ND), Mark Dayton (MN), Christopher J. Dodd (CT), Byron L. Dorgan (ND), Richard Durbin (IL), Dianne Feinstein (CA), Tim Johnson (SD), Edward M. Kennedy (MA), John F. Kerry (MA), Herb Kohl (WI), Mary L. Landrieu (LA), Frank R. Lautenberg (NJ), Joseph I. Lieberman (CT), Blanche L. Lincoln (AR), Robert Menendez (NJ), Barbara Mikulski (MD), Bill Nelson (FL), E. Benjamin Nelson (NE), Barack Obama (IL), Mark L. Pryor (AR), Jack Reed (RI), Harry Reid (NV), John D. Rockefeller IV (WV), Ken Salazar (CO), Paul S. Sarbanes (MD), Charles E. Schumer (NY) and Debbie Stabenow (MI). Piss on you all.



"Here's your tip. Sell this on eBay and buy your own cab!"

HUSTLER CLUB GIRL

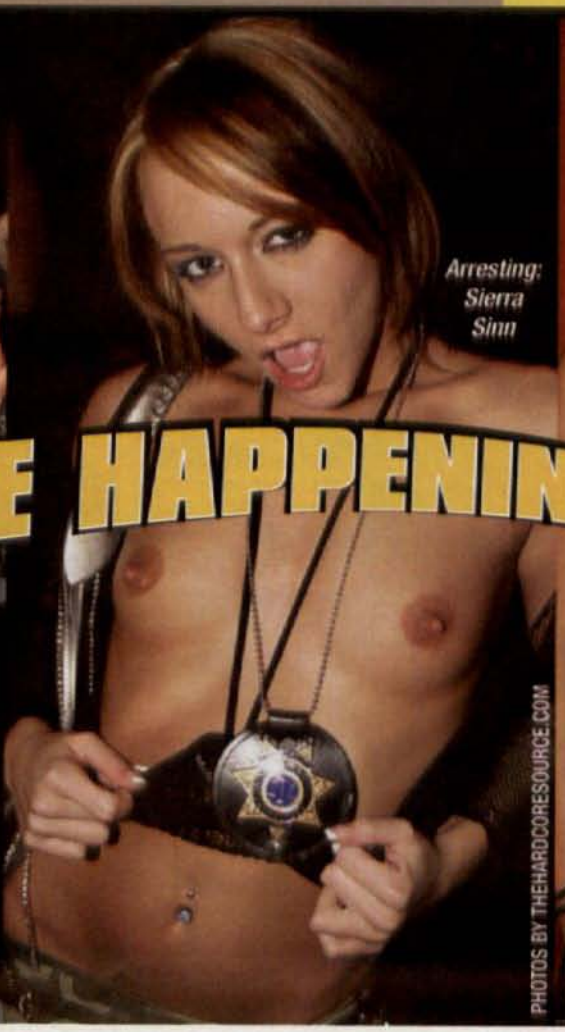
NUMBER 1

Anyone who has ever visited a HUSTLER Club knows that we employ some of the most beautiful women in the world. That's why we've launched this brand-new *Bits & Pieces* feature.

Meet Alanna, a dancer at the HUSTLER Club in Washington Park, Illinois. The twentysomething babe, who loves to fish and play video games when not working the brass pole, has a lofty sexual fantasy: joining the Mile High Club.

Charlotte Stokeley: up against the wall

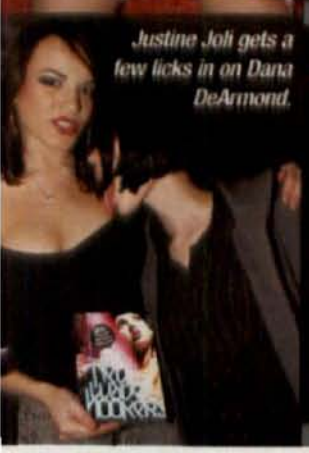
Joanna Angel, Theresa Flynt, Riley Mason & Sierra Sinn



Arresting: Sierra Sinn

Valentina

HARD-CORE HAPPENING



Justine Joli gets a few licks in on Dana DeArmond.

TAKE THE BIGGEST STARS in alternative porn, mix them with a remake of a 1980s porn classic, then toss in about 100 party guests at Miss Kitty's in Hollywood, and you have the launch of Eon McKai's latest XXX film, *Neu Wave Hookers*.

PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

"Chastity: the most unnatural of all the sexual perversions." —ALDOUS HUXLEY, AUTHOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Gwyneth Paltrow LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

GWYNETH PALTROW is one of the most famous actresses in the world. With her girl-next-door looks and perky breasts, she has long been an object of our desire. Unfortunately, the natural beauty hasn't shown any skin since 1998's *Shakespeare in Love*.

Now that she has married that sissy singer from Coldplay and had a baby the couple named after fruit (that should be grounds enough for child services to take the new arrival away), we know we won't see any sex anytime soon. That's why we had to take action and put a pulsating prick in Paltrow's kisser.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Gwyneth Paltrow actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.

ANGRY GIRL D'ARCY

BY MAX BURBANK

Lets take a moment and examine the evolution of the Dick Cheney sneer.
2000
Calls reporter a 'major league asshole'
2004
Tells Senator Leahy 'Go fuck yourself.'
2005
Tells Larry King the Iraq Insurgency is in its 'last throes'.
CNN
2006
Shoots guy in face,
2007
Fulfills pact with Satan by opening doorway to hell

NEWSBITES

Pencil Dick

A man in Serbia needed emergency surgery to remove an unlikely writing tool from his tool. Seems the guy, who had a history of erectile dysfunction, wanted to impress his new lover and thought it was a good idea to put a thin pencil inside his cock. His hopes of maintaining an erection were dashed when the pencil shifted and got lodged in his bladder, forcing the Romeo to call an ambulance. Guess his girlfriend now knows why she always has a graphite taste in her mouth.

Where the Buffalo Roam

Did you hear the one about the dung-spraying water buffalo in England? It's not a joke. Seems the confused beast of burden was seen lumbering through the town of Lymington, spewing feces everywhere. Police had to tell locals to stay away from the animal. Wait! Did they really have to tell the locals not to go near a poop-dispensing water buffalo? Wasn't the fact that it was spraying shit everywhere enough of a sign that people should keep their distance?

Horsing Around

Drunk driving is not funny, unless you're on the back of a horse. A man in Kentucky was arrested and charged with a DUI recently for operating a horse while under the influence of alcohol. The 42-year-old man admitted to drinking a 12-pack of beer before mounting the steed, but was unaware that a horse is considered a vehicle under state law. Maybe next time he should hop on a dung-spraying buffalo.

Confucius Say, Go Fuck Yourself!

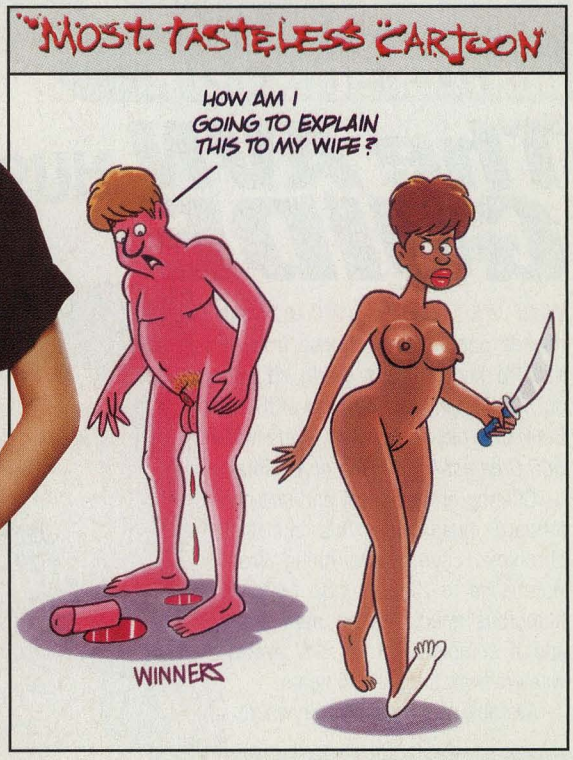
Who wants some dirty cookies? Not the attendees of an annual Brooklyn, New York, fund-raiser organized to send poor kids to camp. But that's what they got when 80 guests cracked opened their fortune cookies and found pornographic predictions tucked inside. The tasty treats for the G-rated event were accidentally switched with X-rated ones created by a bakery that makes both. The bakery apologized for the shipping mix-up, while the fund-raising organization is considering a lawsuit. Well, that's the way the cookie crumbles…bitch!

A TV Ad We'd Like to See.

Harry, you're shot. Why aren't you yellin'? You must be gellin'!
Despite considerable redness and swellin'.
Don't worry, Dick. I won't be tellin'.
That's good. If I weren't Vice President, this would make me a felon.
Dr. Scholl's
massaging gel

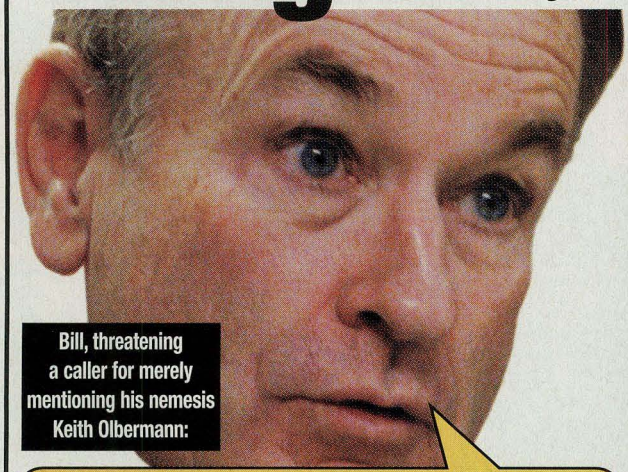
WATCH WHAT YOU WEAR

THIS SHIRT IS MADE IN THE USA by a group of disgruntled artists with a slogan we can fully get behind. What happens if their clothing line becomes so successful that they must incorporate? Then the entrepreneurs will have to kill themselves. Check out more at **KillCorporateAmerica.com**.



"For birth control I rely on my personality." —*MILT ABEL, DROLL FUNNYMAN*

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately



Bill, threatening a caller for merely mentioning his nemesis Keith Olbermann:

"You know, we have your phone numbers...and we're going to turn it over to Fox security, and you'll be getting a little visit. When you call us, just so you know, if you say anything untoward, obscene or anything like that, Fox security will contact your local authorities, and you will be held accountable. Fair?"

PORN FROM THE PAST

Thanks and $150 go to C.P. of Brattleboro, Vermont, for providing this "Cozy Couple" photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"Ah, yes, divorce, from the Latin word meaning 'to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet.'" —ROBIN WILLIAMS, COMIC

HUSTLER will not interview the following celebrities because they are dead.

LOU RAWLS
"You'll never find another corpse like mine."

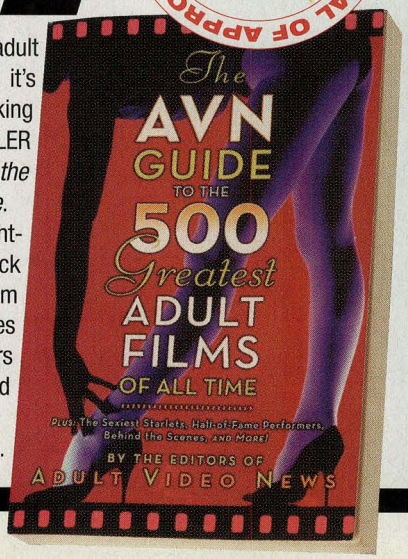
SHELLY WINTERS
Winters just got a little bit colder.

CHRIS PENN
You know... Sean's fat, dead brother.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

The AVN GUIDE

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL



WITH WELL OVER A MILLION adult movies out there to choose from, it's hard to know what's worth checking out. That's why this month's HUSTLER Book Club pick is *The AVN Guide to the 500 Greatest Adult Films of All Time.*

Offering gritty, honest and straightforward evaluations, this skin-flick chronicle covers everything from *Adrenaline* to *Zazel.* It also features humorous anecdotes on porn stars and a complete list of *AVN* award winners from the past 25 years.

Available at bookstores everywhere.

NEWS BABES

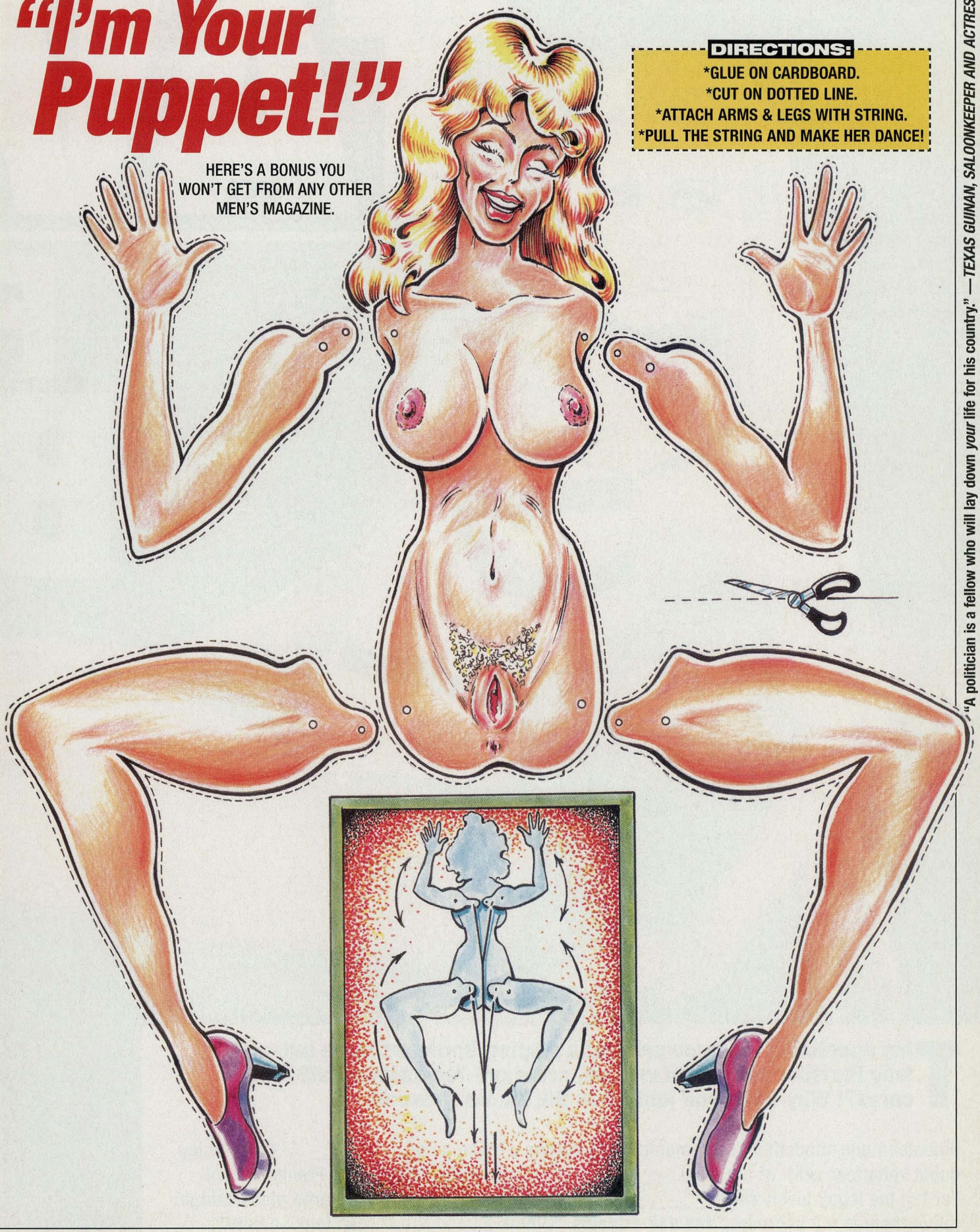
AUGUST'S NEWS BABE IS DOMINIQUE SACHSE from KPRC in Houston. Thanks to J.W. for submitting this beautiful talking head. Remember, to nominate a local newscaster, provide the hottie's full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible). If your favorite is chosen, you'll receive a nifty prize pack. Send your selection to HUSTLER's "Hot News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces,* 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"I'm Your Puppet!"

HERE'S A BONUS YOU WON'T GET FROM ANY OTHER MEN'S MAGAZINE.

DIRECTIONS:

*GLUE ON CARDBOARD.
*CUT ON DOTTED LINE.
*ATTACH ARMS & LEGS WITH STRING.
*PULL THE STRING AND MAKE HER DANCE!



"A politician is a fellow who will lay down *your* life for his country." —*TEXAS GUINAN, SALOONKEEPER AND ACTRESS*

TAV

F

B

This appetizing mademoiselle was sipping Bordeaux in an out-of-the-way Parisian café when we...oh, come on! You know what? Who cares?! Why don't you just fill in the blanks yourself.

Between nude-modeling assignments, Tavia makes a living as a _____. "I also enjoy doing volunteer work at the local _____," she tells us in a sexy French accent. For fun the leggy lovely rides _____ and collects _____. "I have a large glass cabinet full of them in my bedroom," the doll explains. "I think a _____ can look so cute."

IA ILL IN THE LANKS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

When it comes to sex, Tavia is incredibly open. "I love to _____ and _____ while watching _____ in the afternoon. Plus, I'm really into _____—just as long as you have enough lube." What is the craziest thing she's ever ever done? "You mean in bed?" Tavia pipes. "Well, I once stuck a _____ in my pussy and an entire _____ in my ass at the same time. It hurt, but in a good way."

Although Tavia admits to being "very sexually active," the fetching feline entertains a heavenly fantasy: "I hope to _____ with a hot _____ and a HUSTLER reader someday soon."

Send your filled-in answers to *Tavia's Tale*, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. The funniest and most creative entrant will receive a HUSTLER prize pack.

THREEWAY TIT FOR TAT

Two big, fat, throbbing dicks—one pushing slowly to the back of my throat, the other stuffing my slit. Or maybe one thick slammer jamming my tight quim, and the other—not so big—spanking my ass before plugging my shitpit. Or, wait! Perhaps one cock could slide through my cleavage while I jacked a second one off with my feet? My tits are huge!

The possibilities were endless. For months it was all I could think about. I wanted—no, I needed—to be fucked by two men at once. I couldn't live without a threesome.

There was only one thing standing in the way: my husband, Raymond, a straitlaced bastard if there ever was one. Oh, I don't really mean the bastard part. We get along pretty well. Except that he's a lawyer—and a Republican. He does have a nice prick, though. My man has given me more orgasms in one night than I ever thought possible. But he's a Bible-thumping teetotaler, so I figured my fantasy was destined to stay just that.

But then, all of a sudden, a brainstorm hit me like a lightning bolt. Of course! If I could get darling hubby to participate in a love triangle with another woman, well, it would be pretty hard for him to refuse my wish. Right? Sure, Raymond might be conservative, but he's definitely all man. And, really, what guy is going to say no to two beautiful, naked women sprawled out on his bed, waiting for him?

I confided in the wildest woman I know—Myra, my college roommate, a raven-haired, voluptuous slut who, back then, frequently booked three or four dates, one after the other, for the same night. She was an insatiable coed and an even more insatiable divorcée. Plus, she's had a crush on Raymond since forever.

So the next Friday night, when hubby dragged his ass home after a long day at the office, he found Myra and his lovely wife lapping pussy in a sizzling 69. His jaw practically dropped to the bedroom floor along with his briefcase, but in a flash he was naked between us. Myra licked up one side of Raymond's pecker while I laved the other. When we met at the top, we tongue-dicked his piss slit together.

Then I lavished my spouse's asshole with a sloppy rimjob, while Myra mouthed his whole nut sac! We were having a blast. Ray was in heaven. He started pleading for pussy, and we gave it to him every which way. My gal pal and I faced each other, Myra impaled on his sword, while I sat on his face. Kissing and twisting each other's tit buds, we quickly developed a good rhythm. Soon hubby's mouth and balls were dripping with our juices, and he was bucking his hips off the bed. So I gave Myra the prearranged signal, and the ménage à trois came to an abrupt end. We simply climbed off the poor man and left him hanging.

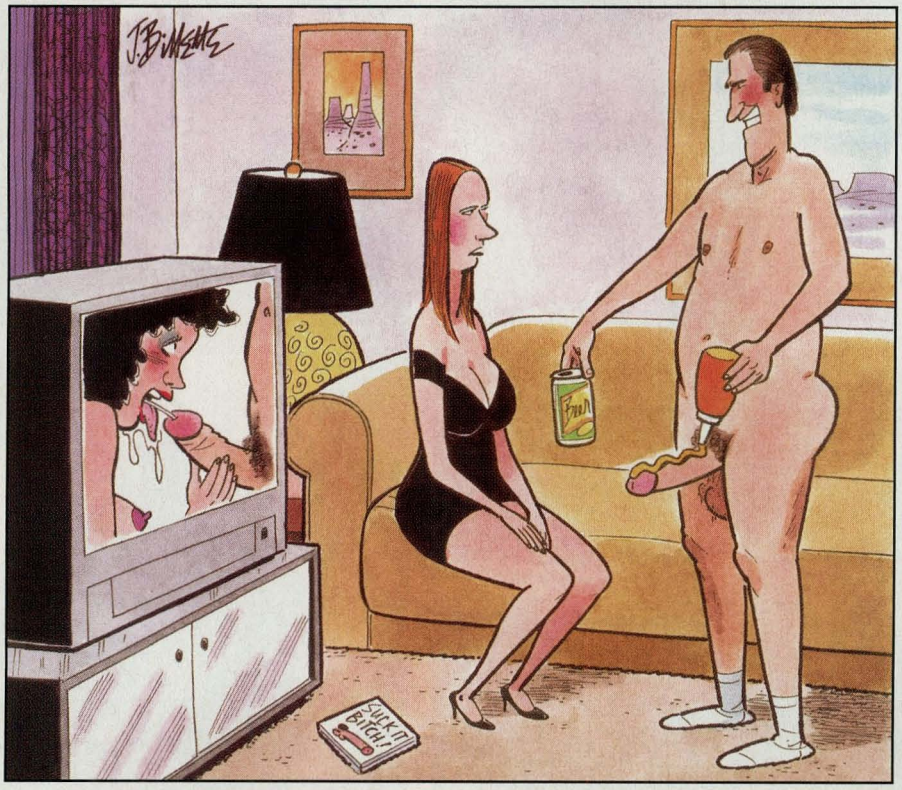
The look of desperation in Raymond's eyes made me very nearly feel sorry for him. Trailing my long fingernails up and down his shaft, I told him what I *really* wanted. I expected him to be a little pissed. Instead, like a slimy fuckin' lawyer, he slyly negotiated. Sure, I could have my threesome with two men, if he could do whatever he wanted with both of our derrieres. Myra grinned at me.

Seconds later my girlfriend and I were facedown, side by side, on the king-size mattress, bare bottoms majestically raised high in the air. Raymond started by spanking each of our fannies, lightly slapping one ass, then the other, before winding up and truly whacking both at once. *Mmmm.* Our lesson for being such bad girls, I guess. Every inch of my tush tingled. I was so ready to be fucked. Myra and I started necking passionately. The sight was enough to spur Raymond into action.

Keeping us on edge, Raymond drooled lines of spit into our butt cracks, and I felt a finger slowly being pushed into my rosebud. Oh, yeah! I slid my right hand down my belly to pinch my clitoris. Of course, with something new at his disposal, he dicked Myra first, tamping his big, fat cock into her browneye and moaning about how very tight she was. Meanwhile, his finger stayed in my shitter, jamming in and out in time with his thrusts.

A couple minutes of Myra, and he switched to my starfish, stuffing it with long, deep, penetrating strokes. I counted 12 of them. Then back to Myra's bunghole. A dozen incredible lunges apiece, over and over, till we girls were trembling in climax. Myra was screaming into the mattress when Raymond switched back to my pooper. A few seconds later he gasped that he was about to come. He pulled out of my rectum, and Myra and I jockeyed for position to see who could catch the most jism on her tongue.

So now I'm trying to decide who the other dick should be in my threesome. The ripped checker down at the supermarket? Or maybe hubby's boss? —MRS. SPICE-THINGS-UP
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

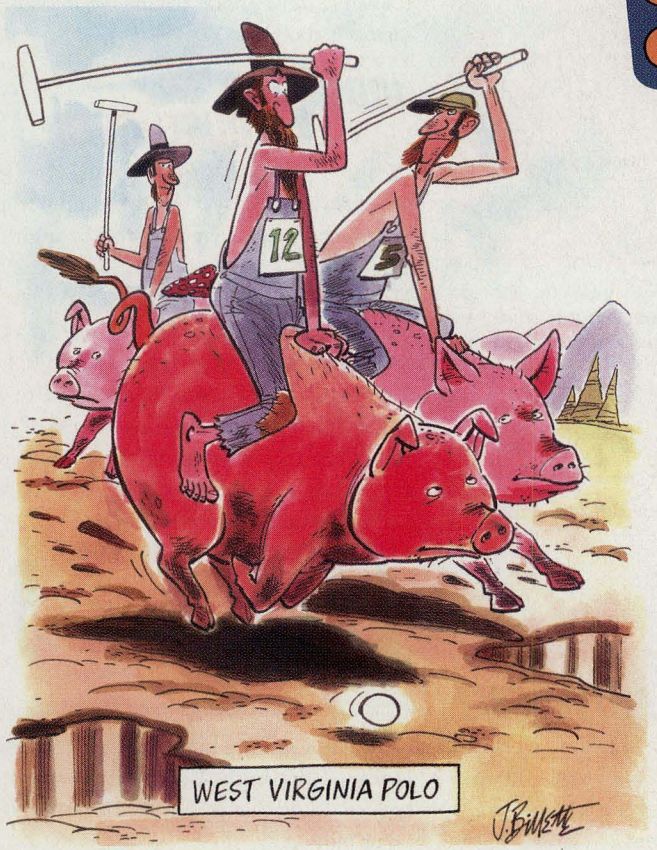


"Alan, is this your idea of dinner and a movie?!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"Damn, this new recruiting tactic is powerful."

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"For God's sake, let him fill out the forms later!"

SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> **"No actresses like other chat lines."**

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

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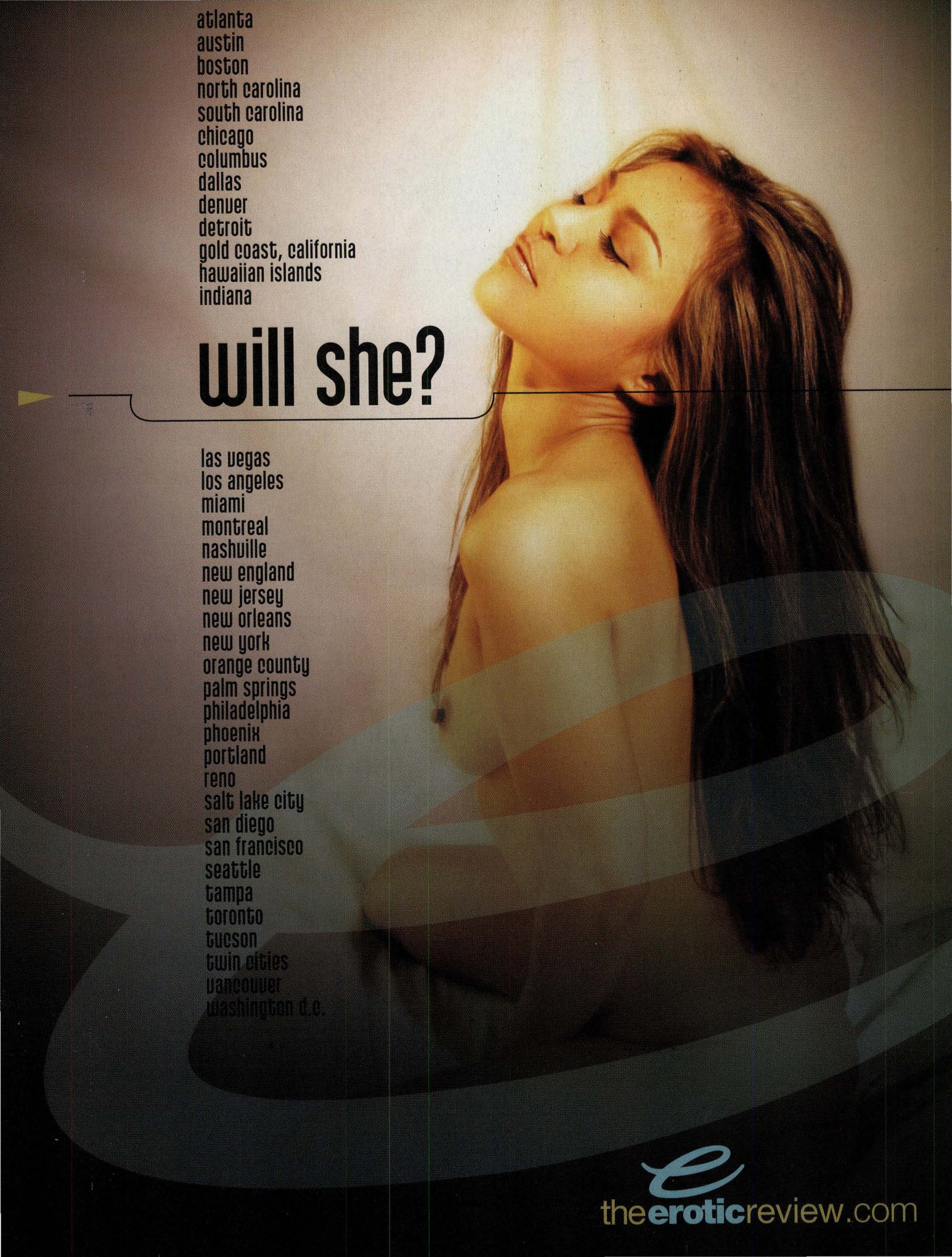
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THE POST-KATRINA

Survivors of America's worst natural disaster are still without basic human necessities like food, shelter and running water. Mississippian Dr. Ben Marble reports from the Gulf Coast.

RAW WINDS BLAST JOHN WINSLOW. He squats on crooked, wooden steps rising out of a pile of concrete chunks, shattered boards and glass that he once called home.

Winslow's grey-stubbled chin rests against the plump cheek of his ten-month-old grandson. With an exasperated sigh he swats away swarms of mosquitoes. His visibly pregnant daughter-in-law peers out from a nearby tent before finally emerging. This is the Winslows' new life—post-Katrina style.

They live on the new Mississippi Gulf Coast, where police and fire stations still lie in ruins, where officials estimate it will take years to rebuild the water and sewer systems, where construction jobs are given to grossly exploited illegal aliens enticed by Bush's lax immigration incentives. The old, the sick, the pregnant and the poor live here in tents pitched on top of mud.

Clutching his grandson, Winslow speaks in a sharp voice. "My son and his pregnant wife are living in a camping tent because of FEMA."

Winslow's son and daughter-in-law were lucky enough to have evacuated before Katrina hit on August 29, 2005. When their Mississippi home was destroyed, the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) notified the couple that they would receive rental vouchers for one year, allowing them to use their limited remaining funds to move into an apartment in Arkansas and buy new furniture. But FEMA never sent the rental vouchers. The Winslows were evicted from the apartment and forced to return to the devastated coast.

Once there, they applied for a "FEMA trailer"—government-subsidized temporary housing—which, according to FEMA officials, would be delivered "soon."

Three months later the promised trailer has yet to arrive. Living in a camping tent crammed with new furniture that cannot be stored elsewhere, the Winslows brave the rain and the cold. Unfortunately, their story is common in southern Mississippi.

In the worst-hit area sits an elderly woman with no transportation, power, heat, food or water. In a tent puddled with rainwater she waits for FEMA officials who told her they would

DISASTER

come three weeks ago. Now, with the temperature near freezing, she refuses to leave for fear of missing them and her chance at a camper trailer. She hangs her wet sleeping bag from a nearby tree, hoping it will dry by nightfall.

"If I leave my tent," she says, "I will miss the FEMA people, and then I won't get a trailer."

While the Katrina horrors fade from the national consciousness, they only multiply for the victims reliant on FEMA. An estimated 9,300 Gulf Coast families are still waiting for temporary shelters. Officials in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama have requested more than 100,000 trailers, yet empty units are kept in holding areas far outside the hurricane zone.

At press time some 10,000 furnished FEMA travel trailers and mobile homes sit empty at a former military base in Hope, Arkansas (the childhood home of former President Clinton). The Hope Municipal Airport is a graveyard of empty trailers that could be used by Katrina victims, but FEMA officials say federal regulations—such as one forbidding trailers to be parked on floodplains—prevent their delivery. FEMA spokeswoman Nicole Andrews claims, "The challenge is where to place them. You can't plug a trailer into a tree."

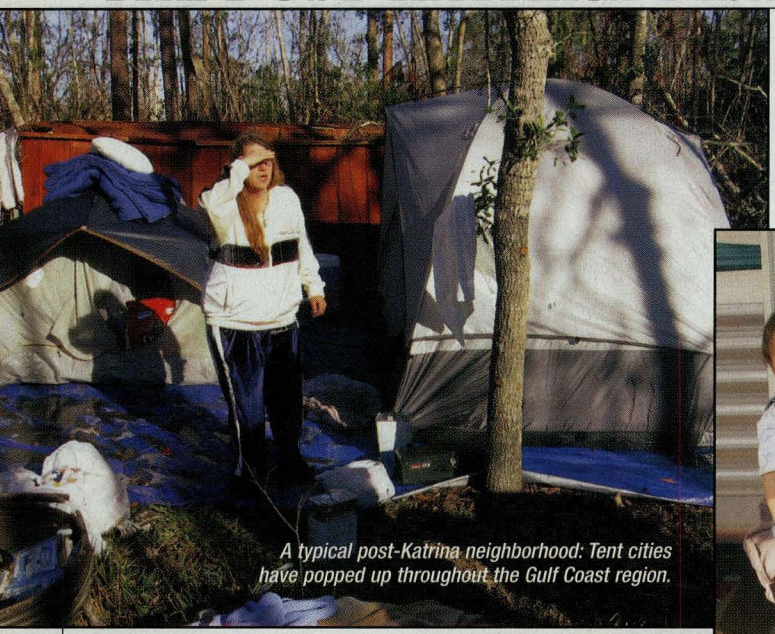
FEMA's actions have been disappointing, but the one person most responsible for the continuing snail-pace response is unquestionably President George W. Bush's appointed lackey, former U.S. Attorney Michael Chertoff, Secretary of Homeland Security.

Chertoff's shady history is worth mentioning. As a judge, he forced military detainee John "American Taliban" Lindh to sign a false statement declaring he had not been tortured by American soldiers. Chertoff was instrumental in drafting the USA PATRIOT Act, which tramples our civil rights, and he wrongfully imprisoned hundreds of Arabs who were later deemed innocent.

Prior to the hurricane's making landfall, Chertoff—as Secretary of Homeland Security—had ample authority to order federal agencies into action without a request from state or local officials. But he ignored the well-established National Response

ILLUSTRATION BY TRICI VENOLA

THE POST-KATRINA DISASTER



A typical post-Katrina neighborhood: Tent cities have popped up throughout the Gulf Coast region.

PHOTOS BY BEN MARBLE

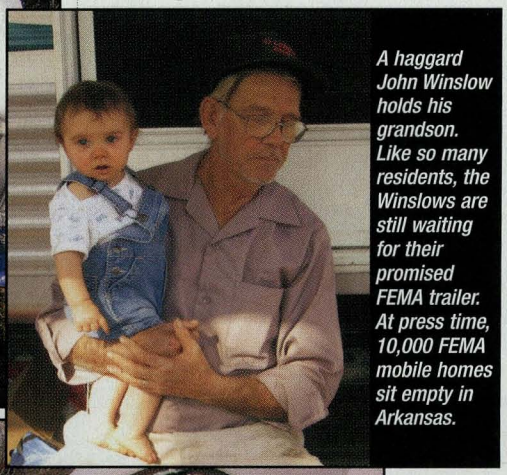
Plan—the government's 2003 blueprint for handling major natural disasters and terrorist incidents—by waiting a staggering 36 hours to declare Katrina an incident of national significance. Then he passed the buck to FEMA chief Michael "Brownie" Brown, making him the "principal federal official" in control of the storm efforts.

Chertoff has even admitted the Katrina response was bungled, telling a Senate Committee, "It is completely correct to say that our logistics capability in Katrina was woefully inadequate." Apparently confused and scared, he waited for President Bush to return from a ceremony in San Diego before giving the official "okay" to begin rescue efforts. The delay cost hundreds of Americans their lives.

As you read this article, American soldiers are repairing or rebuilding Iraqi homes, schools and police stations. Bush reports that in Najaf "construction jobs are putting local residents back to work," and new water treatment and sewage units are being installed. But what about America's Katrina victims who are now out of work?

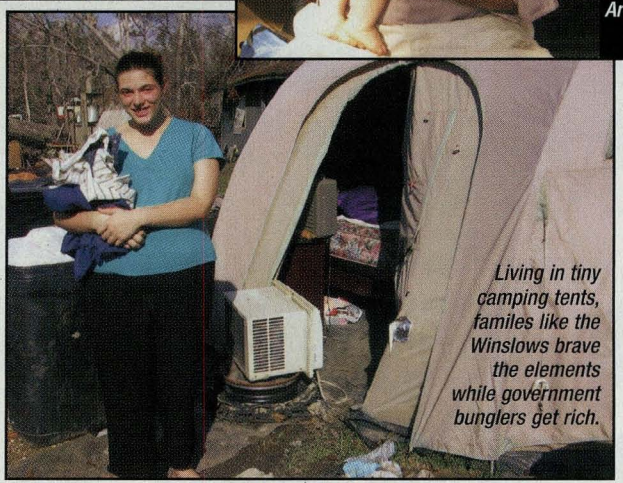
Immediately following the hurricane, Bush suspended the Davis-Bacon Act, which establishes a minimum pay for workers hired under federal contracts. Coupled with the Homeland Security Department's announcement that federal contractors would not be prosecuted for failing to check the legal status of employees, Bush set the stage for an influx of immigrant laborers (a/k/a illegal aliens) who are taking much-needed jobs away from local residents.

The Department of Labor completed the goal of using immigrants as legal slaves on September 9, 2005, by suspending government affirmative action requirements assuring that contractors employ women, veterans and disabled workers. This has allowed contractors to hire whomever they want, for whatever wage they choose to pay. Biloxi's *Sun Herald* recently estimated that there are between 30,000 to 60,000 new immigrant workers in the post-Katrina area.



A haggard John Winslow holds his grandson. Like so many residents, the Winslows are still waiting for their promised FEMA trailer. At press time, 10,000 FEMA mobile homes sit empty in Arkansas.

Lured by promised high wages and paid living expenses, migrant workers have found a much different reality upon arriving in the coastal region. Dishonest contractors—under the umbrella of Bechtel, Shaw Group, and Kellogg, Brown & Root (all companies with ties to Halliburton and the Bush Administration)—have not paid promised wages to their workers.



Living in tiny camping tents, familes like the Winslows brave the elements while government bunglers get rich.

These companies have crowded their work crews into tiny trailers with no electricity or water and refuse to provide medical care for those injured on the job. This disgusting abuse of illegal labor was well-reported shortly after the hurricane cleanup began, but today the problem has grown exponentially.

Victoria Cintra of the Mississippi Immigrants Rights Alliance (MIRA) has been fighting the overwhelming battle to stop this abuse. "These are not *all* undocumented workers," Cintra emphasizes. "Many are documented and here legally, but are *still* afraid to report abuse [at risk of losing employment]. Yesterday I

Long after Hurricane Katrina unleashed its fury, damaged vehicles and structures still litter the Gulf Coast.

had four cases of men who were not paid, dumped off or abandoned with no place to live."

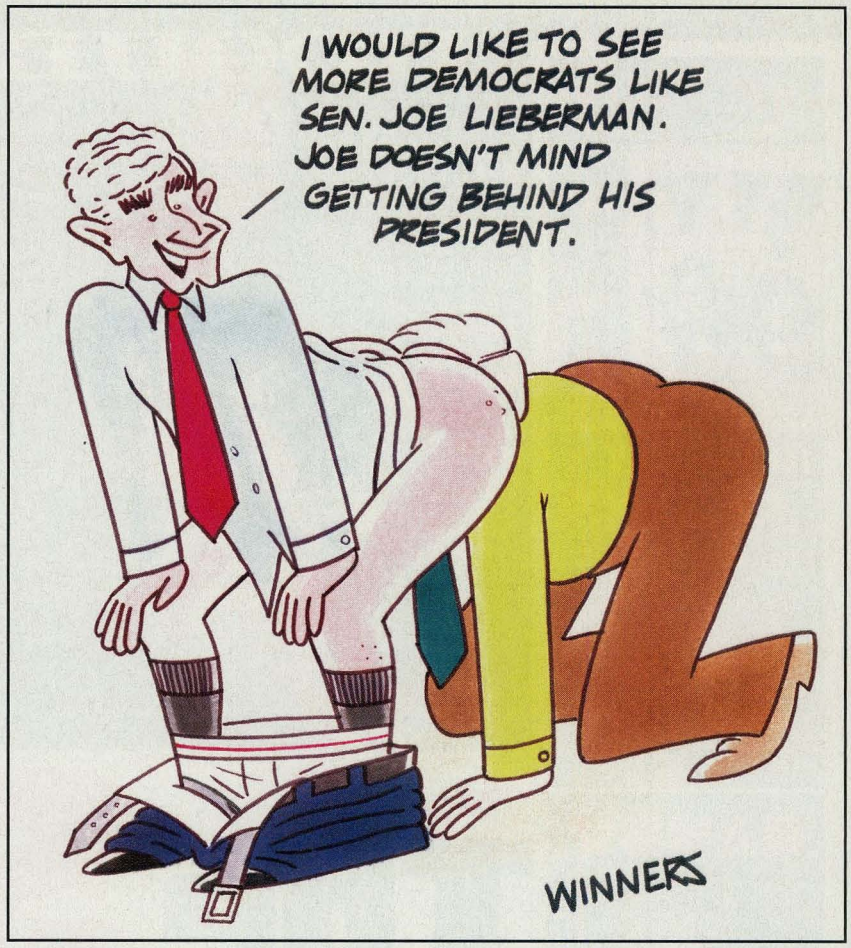
Cintra discovered 12 workers crammed into a single hurricane-damaged trailer with no running water or power. The men, who had each put in a 66-hour work week, had not been paid and had not eaten in three or four days. A neighbor had allowed them to run an extension cord from her trailer to generate a lightbulb as their only source of heat. The trailer's owner agreed to allow them to stay one month for $100 each, $1,200 per month total, even though the contractor had promised the men they would live "rent free." One of the 12 was a worker who'd been used by KTC Services, a Halliburton contractor, but was never paid his wages.

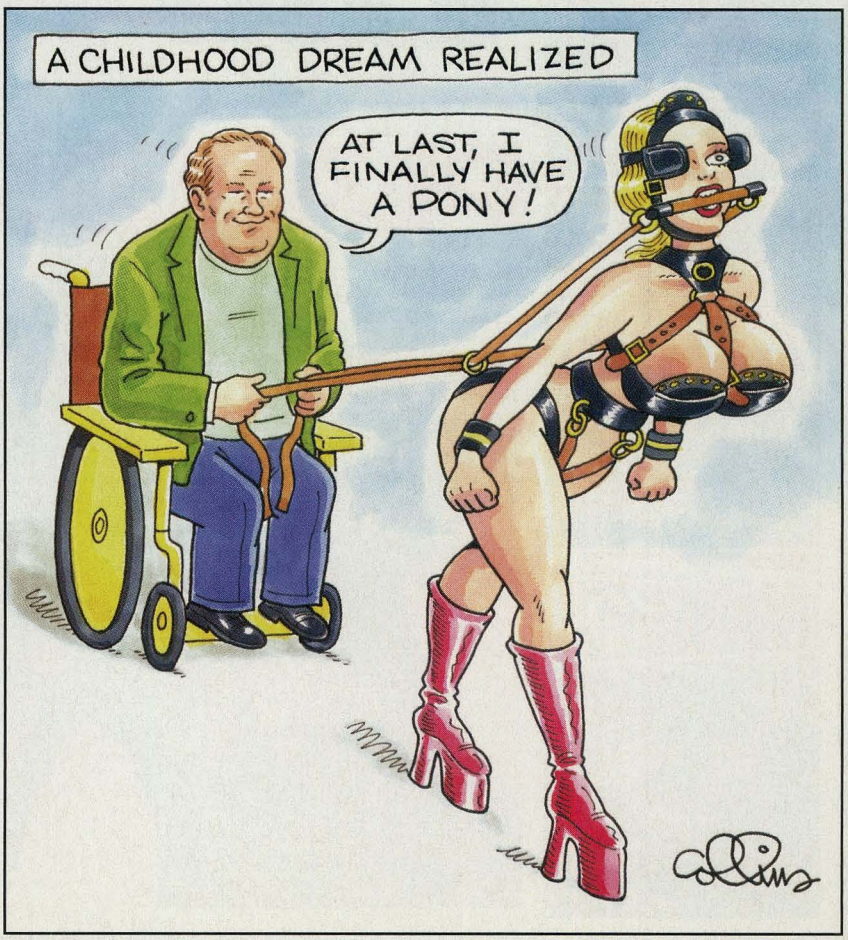
These immigrants don't have health insurance, and they have a high incidence of communicable disease (such as tuberculosis). Without any means for health care, the local emergency rooms have seen a drastic influx of undocumented workers.

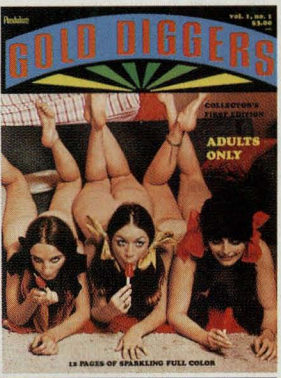
According to officials at the Harrison County Sheriff's Department, narcotics arrests in the Gulf Coast area are up 300% since Katrina hit. Cocaine overdose rates have gone through the roof in local emergency rooms. Working as an ER doctor in Mississippi, I recently witnessed four patients overdose on cocaine in one night alone. I pronounced two persons dead from cocaine overdose over the '05-'06 New Year's weekend. It has been surmised that the illegal aliens have brought an abundance of cocaine that is purer than the local blow, resulting in more overdoses.

These are all symptoms of the Bush Administration's lackluster rescue and cleanup efforts. It seems American citizens from the "poor" South are only relevant to Big Business (i.e. the Bush Administration) because this disaster can add money to their already fat pockets. The reason Iraq is priority number one to the President is simple: Dragging the occupation out will make Bush and his cronies billions of dollars. In typical W. fashion, the misery of the Katrina victims is easily put aside for greed.

Here the impoverished have learned the hard way not to rely on their government for help. Instead they have looked to the American people. Thousands of volunteers, made up of local citizens, are traveling through the miles of destruction in search of those who need assistance. People like Nina Sage and Julie Sidak, who have sent hundreds of blankets from Illinois; people like Terri Kirk, who searches almost daily for those in need of emergency shelter. These are people who aren't concerned with profit. Unfortunately, they aren't in control of the disaster relief funds.







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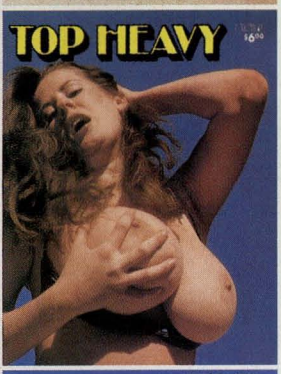
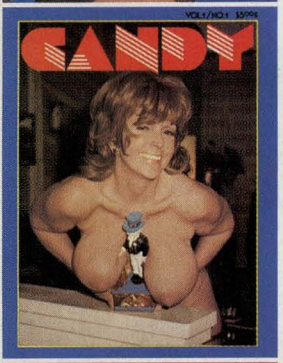
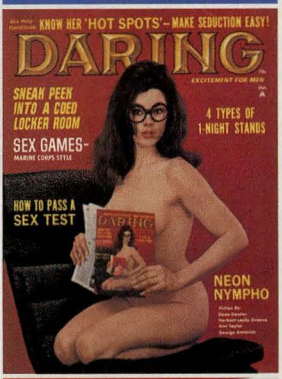




The Smut

Behold *The History of Men's Magazines*, a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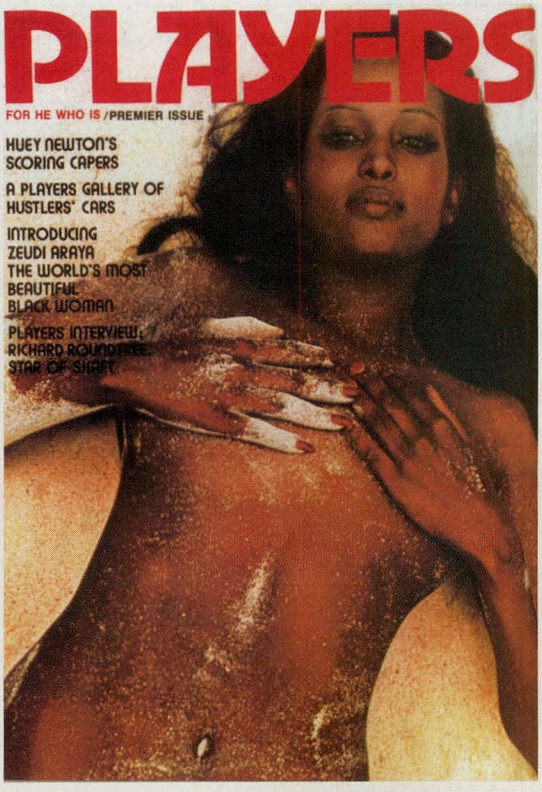
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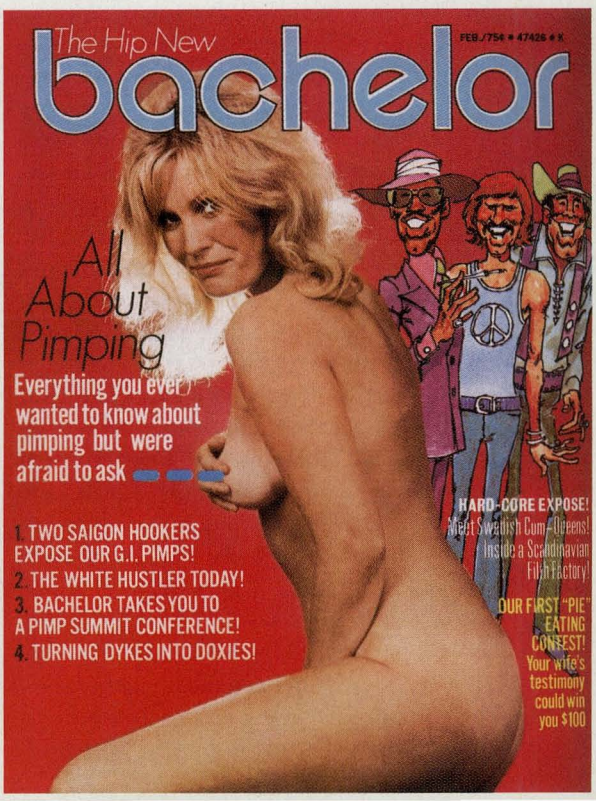
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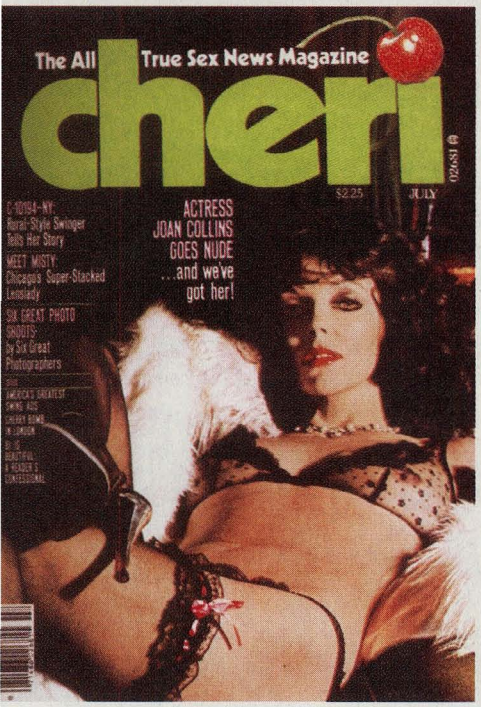
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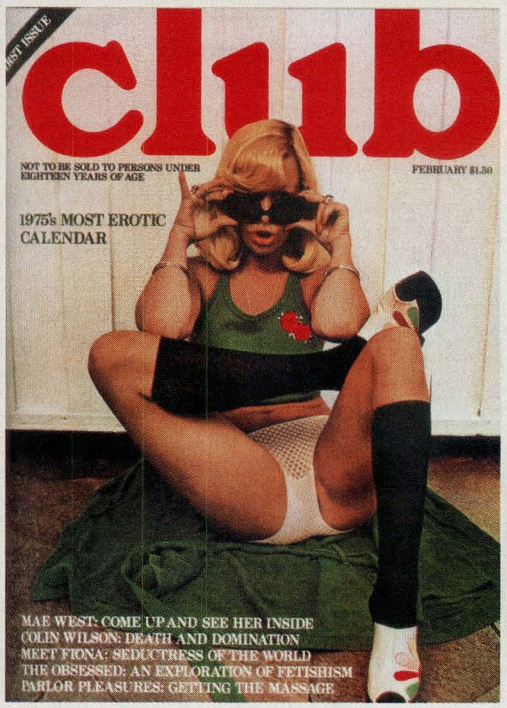
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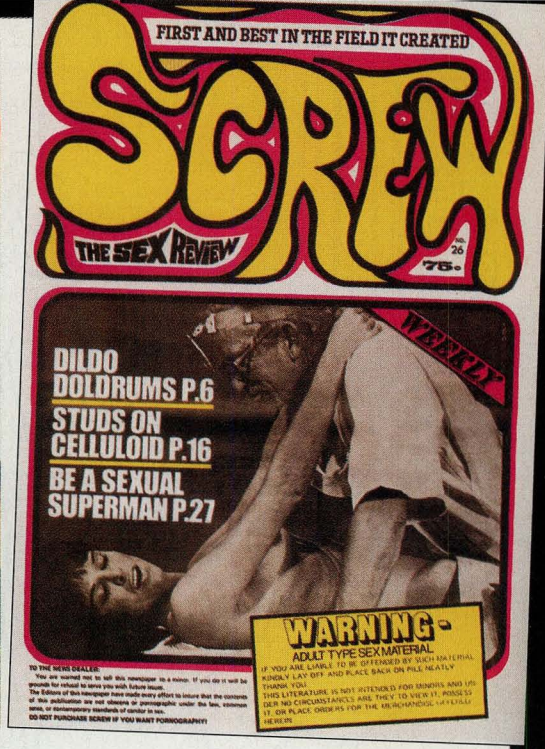

Chronicles

BOOK REVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

new book series revealing the true roots of commercial porn

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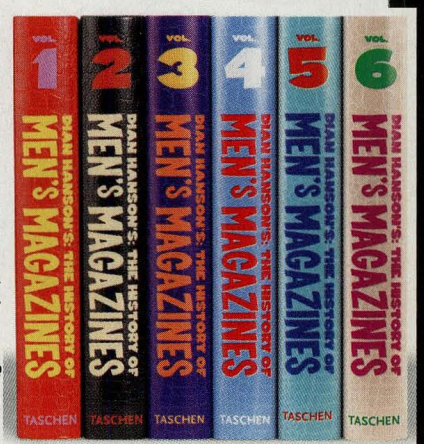
"We will no longer hang women up like pieces of meat." –Larry Flynt
LAST ALL MEAT ISSUE
PRIME
GRADE "A" PINK

DIAN HANSON—the longtime editor of *Leg Show* and *Juggs*, among others—has compiled *The History of Men's Magazines*, a series of hardcover books that every red-blooded American male should own.

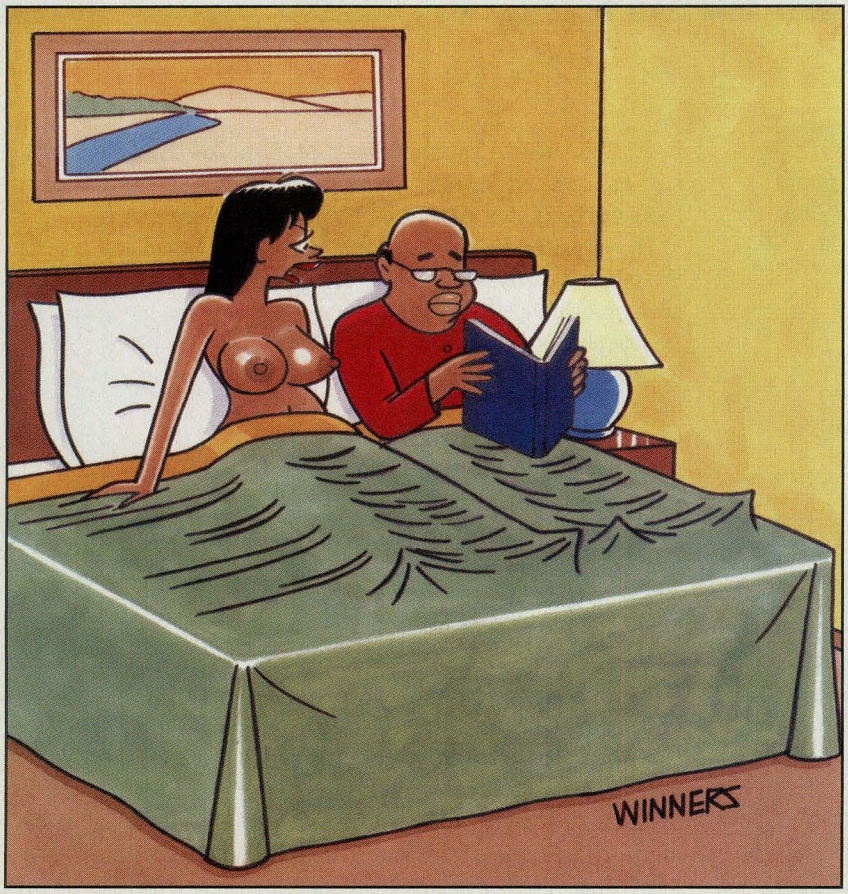
Each handsome edition is packed with the best smut ever printed. Eye-catching covers, sexy photo-sets, cartoons and even ads have been painstakingly catalogued for your pleasure. Hanson draws material from popular nudie mags, lesser-known XXX periodicals and obscure European publications.



Latest in the ever-growing series are two recently released tomes that take an in-depth look at an era near and dear to our heart—the swingin' '70s!

Volume 5: 1970s at the Newsstand documents the true golden age of adult magazines, when the once-taboo art of porn became a mainstream hit. Entire chapters are devoted to the major publications like *Cheri*, *Screw* and, of course, the greatest men's magazine ever—HUSTLER. One of our most infamous covers of all time is featured in Volume 5—the ultrarare meat grinder image that graced the June 1978 edition and literally had

"Pay attention to your mother, Francine! Did you see how I swallowed Jimmy's cum right down? Husbands like that."



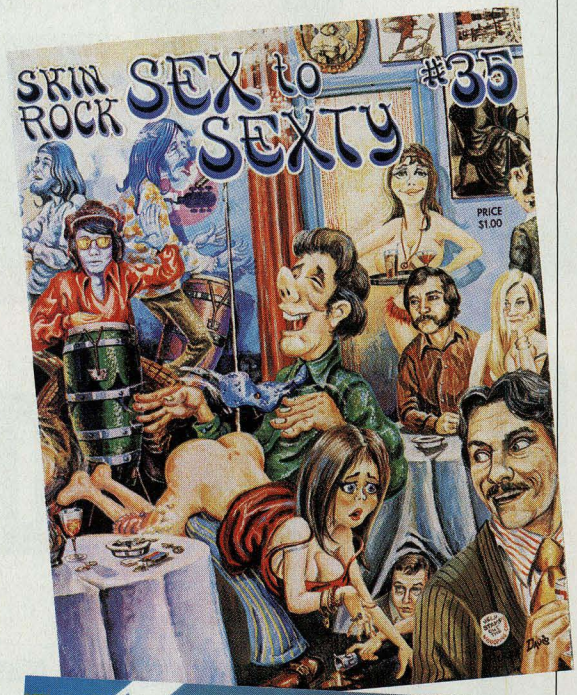
"You should will your dick to science, because you never use it!"

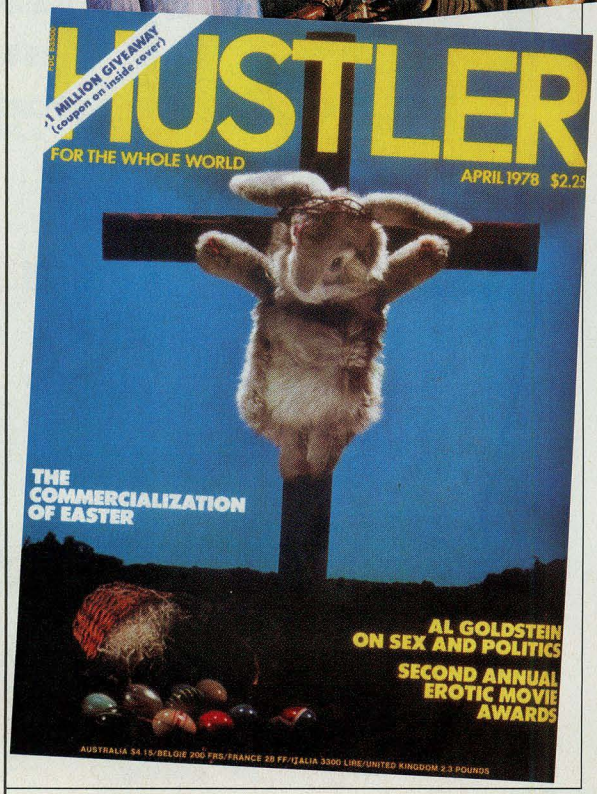
The Smut Chronicles

feminists marching in the streets.

Volume 6: 1970s Under the Counter gets even more down and dirty, showcasing raunchy and hard-core images of double penetration, lesbian sex and every other kink imaginable. The now-rare publications were essentially a dirty little secret in their day and sold exclusively at underground stores. Even the cover images (many of which the author included in her chronicle) depict explicit sex, making them highly collectible in today's market.

The History of Men's Magazines Vol. 1 through *6* is available at bookstores nationwide or at Taschen.com.

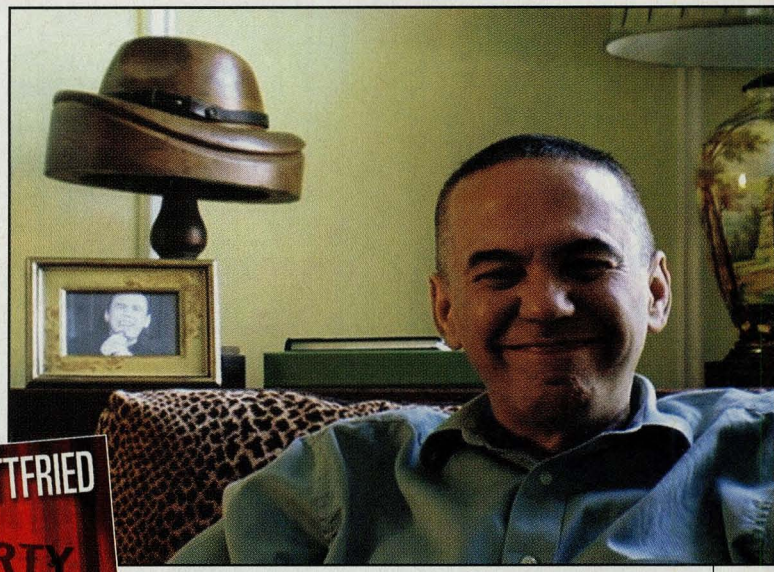




"Dating Rush? Okay, but, Daryn, if you suck his dick, never kiss us again."

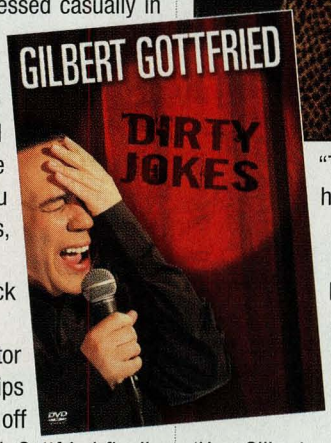
Gilbert Go

Fresh off an appearance on The Tonight Show to promote Dirty Jokes—his first DVD—Gilbert Gottfried hooks up in Los Angeles with HUSTLER staffers Keith Valcourt and Tom Farrell to chew the fat. The venerable New York City comedian and Howard Stern Show regular is a bit introspective, but eventually warms up thanks to a restaurant patron with a foul-mouthed affliction.



IT'S 7:30 P.M., and Gilbert Gottfried is on time like clockwork. Stepping into the lobby of the Universal Studios Sheraton, the diminutive comic is quite the opposite of his raucous stage persona. Quiet and subdued, he almost seems depressed, a far cry from his intense and loud on-camera alter egos.

"I'd like a nice piece of fish," Gottfried mutters when asked about his dining preferences. Making idle chatter about how whitening toothpaste is making his teeth hurt, the 5-foot-5 funnyman is dressed casually in dark gray and goes unnoticed as we make our way along Universal CityWalk to our destination.



We settle into a back booth at Gladstone's restaurant. Farrell has forgotten his reading glasses and squints at the menu like it's the Rosetta Stone, while Valcourt slowly pulls Gottfried out of his shell. "If you were an adult star," HUSTLER's resident yuckster asks, "what would your porn name be?"

"The Mighty Jew," smiles Gottfried, slumping back into the booth.

Our waiter—one of those good-looking, aspiring actor guys—greets us with menus just as a swear word rips through the air from behind us. The cursing catches us off guard, but we're unfazed. Unable to make up his mind, Gottfried finally orders *four* side dishes because he can't decide between the two that accompany his halibut dinner.

Pointing to the tape recorder, Gottfried queries, "Is that going to stay on long?" We assure him it won't, as another obscenity erupts into the relative quiet, causing the family of four sitting behind us to flinch noticeably. Again we ignore the outburst, chalking the rant up to L.A. lunacy, and begin to discuss *Dirty Jokes*, the 51-year-old comedian's first and only DVD. Our waiter arrives with the food. Gottfried is flanked by an array of side dishes. More swearing cuts through the room like a barrage of flatulence.

"FFFUUUUCCCCCKKK! CUUUNNNTT!"

"Whaddya got, a guy with Tourette's Syndrome back there or something?" Valcourt asks the waiter as the neighboring family cowers over their plates. The employee smiles politely and apologizes, answering, "Actually, sir, yes, we do. I'm afraid the gentleman two tables away has Tourette's." He motions toward a twentysomething Asian man who seems agitated. "I can move you to another table if you like."

"No!" barks Gottfried, who is now nearing hysterics. "This is perfect!" The comedian shakes with laughter and regains his composure, shifting the conversation to his role in the comedic documentary *The Aristocrats*, where his telling of "The Joke" is credited as the pick of the litter. "There's another version of The Joke from *The Aristocrats*," he says, "but I don't have the energy to tell it."

"SHIT! FUCK!"

"Okay…I'll tell it!" our guest concedes, bursting into laughter and slipping under the table. He never recovers enough to tell the other version. Our waiter inquires if we'll be having dessert. We wave off his offer as Gottfried gives us a tight-lipped smile and clears his throat. "Um, I believe now is the time one of you is supposed to say, 'Hey, Gilbert, we're having dessert. Would you care for some?'"

Standing corrected, we instruct the waiter to bring over the dessert tray. The wiry-haired Gottfried squints, points and says, "I'll take the rice pudding."

"COCKSUCKER! FUUUUCK!"

"All right!" he sighs, casting a sideways glance at the man who'd become known simply as The Tourette's Guy. "I'll have the apple cobbler."

The family of four departs quickly as Gottfried talks about his love for silent-era cinema. "You know, Buster Keaton did mostly blowjob jokes in his films, but you never heard them," he says. "And Lon Chaney played a deformed man who could blow himself."

"That's not a deformed man, that's a lucky man," says Valcourt, who tries to pull the interview back on track. "Mainstreamwise, you're most famous for playing the voice of a cartoon parrot in Disney's *Aladdin* and a talking duck on the AFLAC insurance ads. Don't you worry about the

A Dirty

BY KEITH VALCOURT & TOM FARRELL

ttfried

impending bird flu epidemic affecting your career?"

"Yes," he replies in typical Gottfried fashion, "I have the bird flu right now. A bird flew out of my ass!"

By this point Gottfried's practically lying on his side in the booth. "I'm also a bird on the PBS kids show *Cyberchase*. It's good to plug *Cyberchase* in HUSTLER because it's really the same audience. I happen to jerk off to early-morning kids' shows," he howls, erupting into laughter. "I'd jerk off right here in the restaurant!"

"You started off doing stand-up when you were a teenager," Farrell interjects, "back in the glory-hole days of XXX-rated Times Square. What was your first experience with porn?"

Sitting up a bit, Gottfried recalls sarcastically, "I was in my late 60s." Then he comes clean. "It was actually a double feature of *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Unattractive women. Although I still think Harry Reems could have had an acting career. I wasn't built for porn. I used to work The Improv a lot, back when [Times Square] was truly the most disgusting place on Earth.

"I'd go into these places where there were booths, and the frightening dregs of the Earth would be there. They were scary and had knife wounds and bullet holes in their heads. Then there were the [private booths where movies] would come on, then play up to a point where the girl starts lifting her skirt up, and that's when your quarter runs out, and it stops. Then I put in another quarter, and she's adjusting her skirt. Then another quarter, and she's just about to open her blouse, and you—

"FUUUCCCK!"

"I'm the one who gave him Tourette's!" quips Gottfried. "He saw me jerking off, and all of a sudden yelled 'FUCK!'" We erupt into laughter as Gottfried thinks of what his life would be like if he'd chosen a different career path. "I'd be sitting in the back of a restaurant—"

"SHITFUCKCOCKSONOFABITCH!"

"I can't stand it when he steps on my lines!" Gottfried laments.

"That's why Martin and Lewis broke up!" Valcourt adds.

"Lewis had the Tourette's," Gottfried reflects, "but he still loved Dean like a brother!"

When asked about his career lowlight, the funnyman smiles. "I think this is one of those moments that counts as both the highlight and lowlight. This is like one of those dreams you have when you get a really high fever."

Minutes later The Tourette's Guy quietly slips out into the night. We collect ourselves, pay the check and decide to go in search of the obscenity-spouting fellow for a photo-op. "He shouldn't be too hard to find," Farrell quips. "Just listen for his shouting." But the night remains quiet, and The Tourette's Guy goes unfound. We hit a few of the stores that cater to the Universal Studios tourist trade—Gottfried's a big fan of vintage horror movies—but nothing attracts his attention.

Back at the valet carport, Gottfried—famous for his utter frugality—notices a vending machine that offers free coffee and cocoa to hotel guests.

"I gotta check this out," he cracks. "How do you get a cup for this thing?" The valet points out the cup dispenser to the comedian, who begins sampling the machine's wares. "Wow...good coffee," he says, downing every drop and moving on to the cocoa.

A few minutes later, while our valet waits patiently, Gottfried sips the greenish chicken soup, then pours it out. We hand Gottfried his obligatory HUSTLER shoebox of porn, and he quietly disappears behind the closing doors of an elevator.

Check out *Dirty Jokes* on DVD or CD at retail stores, or visit GilbertGottfried.com.

PHOTOS BY MARK ROSENBERG

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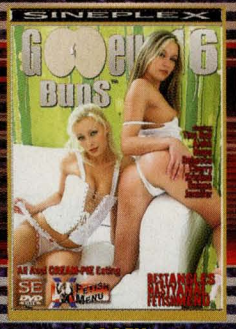

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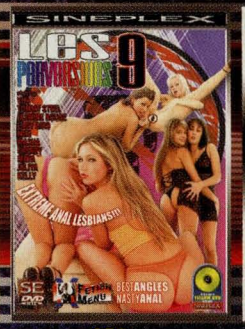

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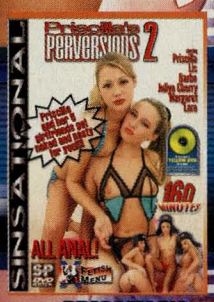

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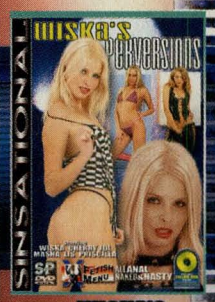

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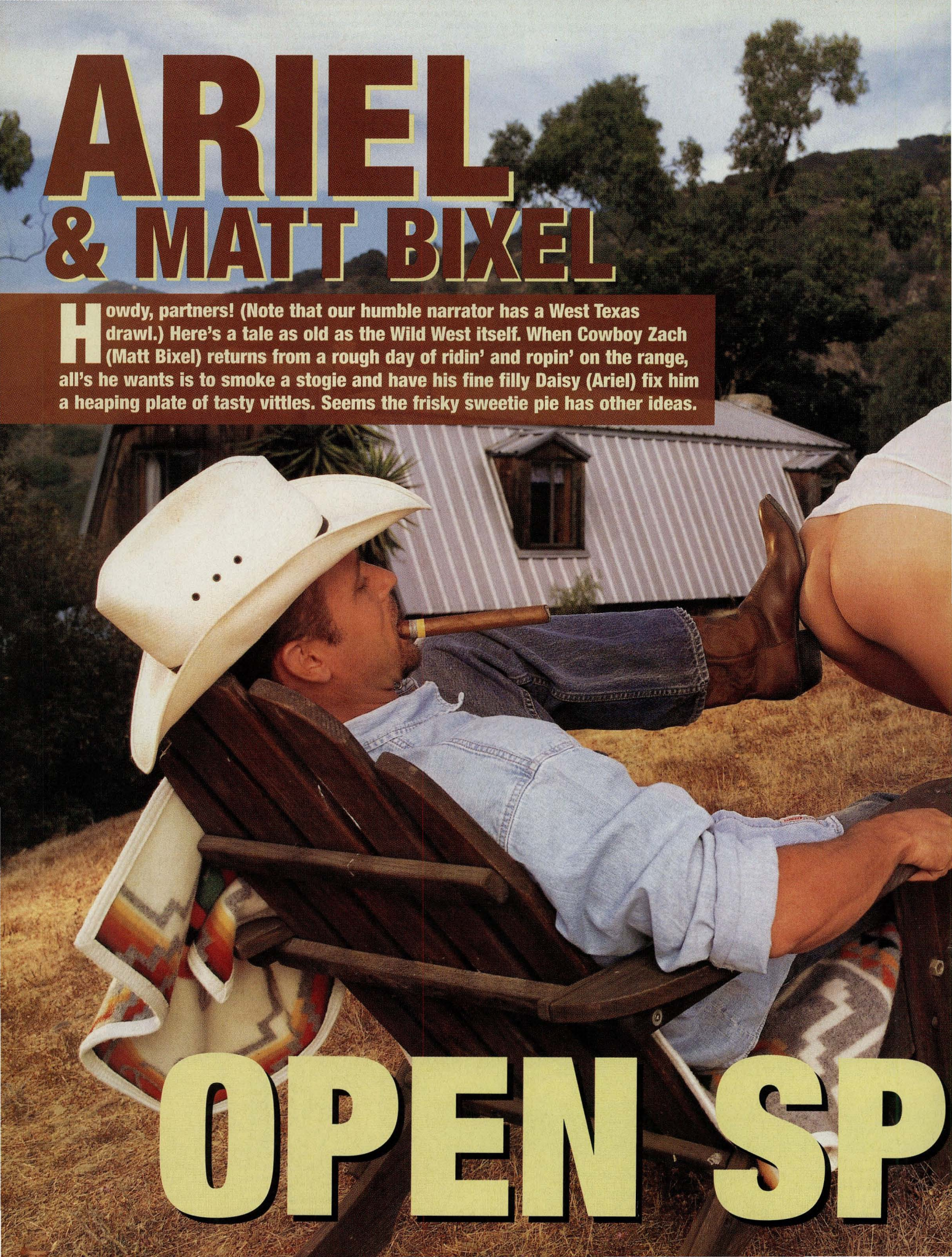
ARIEL & MATT BIXEL

Howdy, partners! (Note that our humble narrator has a West Texas drawl.) Here's a tale as old as the Wild West itself. When Cowboy Zach (Matt Bixel) returns from a rough day of ridin' and ropin' on the range, all's he wants is to smoke a stogie and have his fine filly Daisy (Ariel) fix him a heaping plate of tasty vittles. Seems the frisky sweetie pie has other ideas.



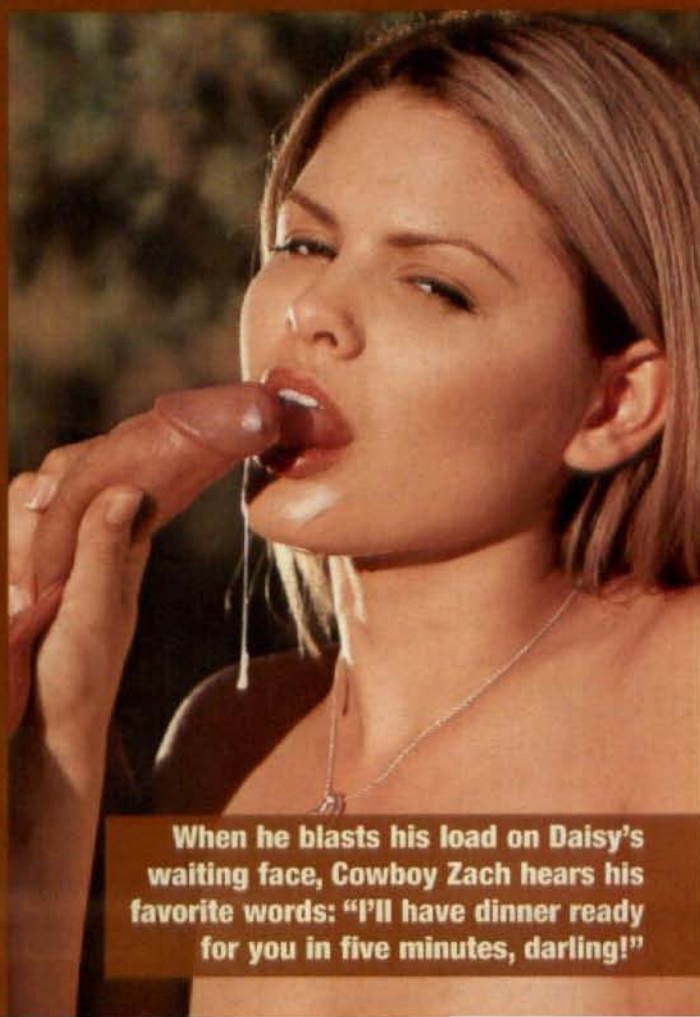
OPEN SP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

WIDE ACES

Since Zach is all man (not like those rump wranglers in *Brokeback Mountain*), he jumps at the chance for a little action before supper. He grabs hold of his hickory stick, offering Daisy's hungry mouth a taste.

Wanting more good stuff, Daisy saddles up, mounting her cowpoke bareback to ride his throbbing cock like a bucking bronco. Zach then heads down south and licks at the good-time gal's yummy twat.



When he blasts his load on Daisy's waiting face, Cowboy Zach hears his favorite words: "I'll have dinner ready for you in five minutes, darling!"

Why the M

Who better to discuss how vital information is fed to the

EMMY WINNER DANNY SCHECHTER is well known for challenging the corporate-run media. After producing TV news for both ABC and CNN, Schechter left the mainstream in 1988 to start his own production company, GlobalVision. He has since gone on to become executive editor of the popular news blog MediaChannel.org; the author of such books as *The Death of Media* and *When News Lies*; and the award-winning filmmaker of *WMD (Weapons of Mass Deception)*, which deconstructs television news coverage relating to the U.S. invasion of Iraq. Over the years Schechter's investigative reporting has proven that our media is nothing more than a corrupt cabal of Big Business players mounting an attack against the American people. Read on to learn how to fight back.

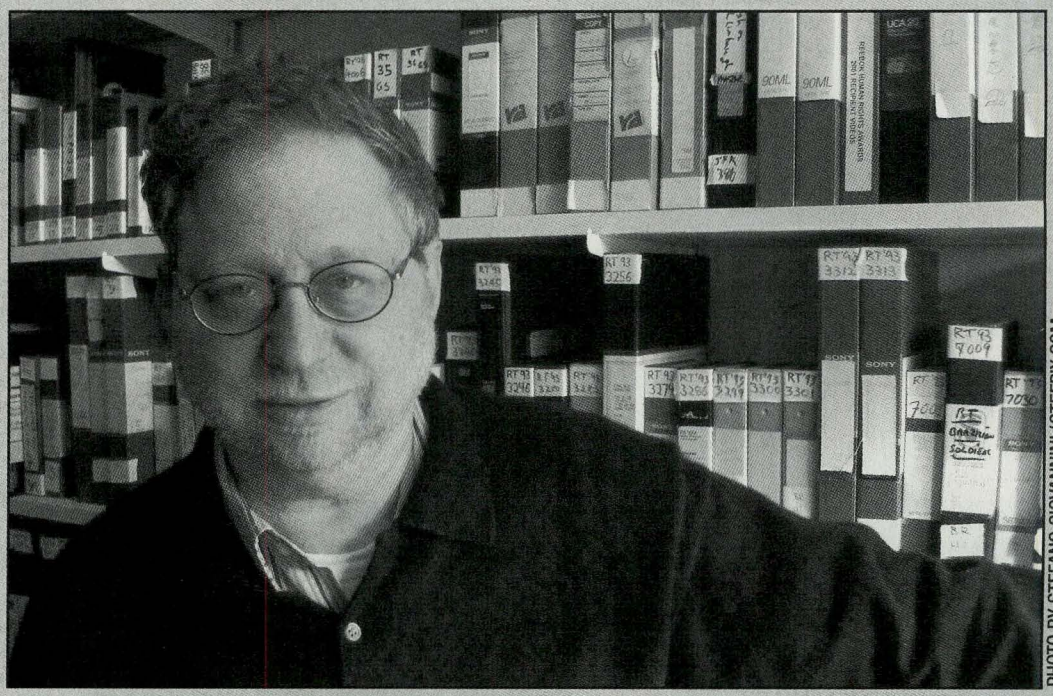


PHOTO BY STEFANO GIOVANNINI/STEFFPIX.COM

Thorough researcher and ardent crusader: Danny Schechter leads a movement to debunk the mainstream press. He says influential advertisers decide which news stories are covered.

HUSTLER: What have you been working on lately?

DANNY SCHECHTER: I've written my latest book, *When News Lies*, the goal of which is to not only talk about how the media played a role in selling the [Iraq] war and in promoting the war, but also to raise questions about its culpability for this, for complicity in making war. I cite the Nuremberg Trials and other investigations that have held media responsible for helping incite conflict, and I suggest the same may be applied to the war in Iraq.

In terms of what's happening domestically, why does there seem to be a total news blackout, in which the real news—what is really going on—is frequently not dealt with at all?

We're talking about a media system which boils down to about seven major companies that are competing with each other for a share of the market, whose values are driven not by public interest values or any obligation to inform us, but by a desire to market to us. And as a consequence, they tend to get along by going along.

The White House Press Corps has been deferential to a fault, giving the government a sort of on-bended-knee kind of coverage. The news organizations have cut back on their investigative reporting, generally speaking, made the pictures in the newspapers bigger and made the story smaller. More news in less time seems to be the approach on television.

Most Americans are not very well informed about their own communities, about the United States, about our role in the world, about our economy, about any of the issues that really matter to people. Sometimes you have to go to newspapers in other countries to get better coverage about our own country.

Are you saying that the news blackout is driven by the dollar?

Ted Koppel was on CNN's *Reliable Sources* program. He was asked about television news and about ABC, his own former network. He said they've been cowed by the advertisers. Now what does that mean? Advertisers are dictating, in a sense, what gets covered or how much airtime there is for real news, and nobody wants to offend *them*.

There are about 50 companies that are responsible for about 80% of all the advertising on television. I'm not talking about the Roto-Rooter ads or the late-night TV ads for the latest sponge to clean up your bathroom. I'm talking about major automobile and product advertising. These companies are very powerful, and the media companies, in a sense, cater to them.

INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID AND HANS FEUERSINGER

Media Lies

masses than "The News Dissector" himself, Danny Schechter?

And from time to time you have an occasional investigative report. A good example is the mine disaster that claimed the lives of those men. [See *Sago and Alma: Disasters in West Virginia*, HUSTLER, July '06.] The whole focus of it was on human interest, not on the health and safety violations responsible. What have we heard about the mining industry in all the coverage that we saw? Very, very little.

And this is not just the mining industry; it's many industries. Suddenly 100,000 auto workers are out of work—Ford, GM cutbacks and the like. There's very little examination of that because automobile advertising is dominant. You have to understand what television is about. It's about repackaging the eyeballs—our eyes, our attention spans—for advertisers. The programming is constructed to take us to the next commercial break. It's not about the program so much. It's about what's being sold. And in addition to that, there's the mind-set of the status quo.

Are we talking about a corporate mind-set?

Yeah, this corporate guy is a guy who's into the status quo. That's what drives the news business, and that's why there are rules [in place] to critique people of power in the government or in the corporate world.

During the Katrina disaster we saw many in the news business suddenly speaking up. Ted Koppel challenging this guy Michael "Brownie" Brown. Anderson Cooper raising questions about why there was no proper response by the Federal Emergency Management Agency [FEMA], etc.

The result was that suddenly we saw a media where, at least some people in it, were doing the job that reporters were supposed to be doing. It was so surprising that people commented on it.

What consequences might an outspoken TV reporter face in today's hostile corporate-run media?

There's a kind of internal radar system. We know what we can get away with. We know how far we can push our bosses to get involved in particular stories. By and large there's a sense of what's acceptable and what isn't.

Nobody wants anybody being too high profile, ruffling feathers. Most of it is done as show. You have Bill O'Reilly yelling and screaming. But this is show business, not news business. It's more heat than light.

And in many ways cable television is structured around the most popular programming, which is wrestling. So they've taken wrestling formats and brought them into the news, where you have very heated confrontations, very emotional language. This is a way to build audience interest in the news, but it really doesn't inform people because it's missing context, background and explanation.

What about government deregulation of the media and access to the White House? How much of that influences the corporate media in terms of how tough they're willing to be on the government and on the administration?

The best kind of story is the story that is ongoing, almost like a soap opera, where people will tune in to find out what the latest is. So no reporter wants to burn their sources. They want to maintain access. They want to maintain the illusion that somehow they're part of the game, that they can take their audience on the inside.

When I visited the Clinton White House during the whole Monica Lewinsky affair, I ran into a former cameraman that I worked with at ABC. I said, "What's it like covering this story?" He said, "This is not a story; this is an industry." People inside the news business are often extremely cynical about the media.

How are things changing in the mainstream media?

The media has become a little bit tougher on Bush. It's because the perception is that public opinion is changing and that there's red meat in the water.

Is the corporate media willing to placate Bush to get their ends? After all, Bush has been very supportive of media deregulation, and he is seriously supportive of corporate interests.

I wouldn't say that all the journalists are simply tools of corporate interest functionaries, but they're in a system, they're part of a system. They understand the rules of the game, and they tend to play by those rules. The problem is the game has shifted.

We have an administration now that has an agenda which is in my opinion pretty dangerous and needs to be scrutinized and examined, and that's why I focused on the war in Iraq. A trillion dollars has been spent there. American soldiers have

In his film WMD (Weapons of Mass Deception), Schechter examines how the Bush Administration used "information dominance" to sell the Iraq war.

died there. Now the military is admitting that many of the soldiers just didn't have proper protection. This issue was first raised a year ago. Nothing was done about it, and there was very little follow-up to keep focusing on that issue.

Can you give any more examples of how our media is biased?

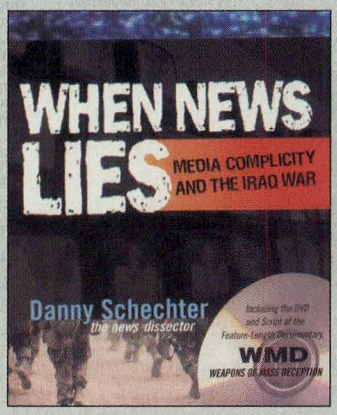
In the run-up to the war, of 800 experts questioned only six opposed the war. Out of some 1,000 sources cited by network journalists, only 3% were critical of the war. In Europe they were seeing some more balanced coverage, certainly. In the Arab world, during the war, they were seeing the casualties of the war, what effect and impact war has on people. We didn't see that.

I think the 9/11 attack scared a lot of people in the media—once they saw Americans vulnerable, Americans under attack. Many felt they had a patriotic responsibility to help build unity in the country, to help explain the government's response, not to challenge the government at a time when Americans were "in harm's way." So you had this sort of political correctness, if you will—patriotic correctness really—by many in the media. That set the tone for all this.

Then behind the scenes you had an administration that was committed to what they call "message discipline," very strong control over what they said, preventing any internal leaks, keeping everybody on one message if possible, using information-warfare techniques to shape news, to dominate it, manage it. We've seen all these scandals of commentators who were being subsidized by the government. All sorts of improper attacks on media orchestrated by the White House or by outlets like FOX News that were very close to the White House.

So the media was an environment of fear, and many in the media sort of went along with it. It happened earlier in our history. Look at the McCarthy years: If somebody was called a Commie, it would be up to him to prove he wasn't, not up to the government to prove he was. So we have an environment of fear that leads to people pulling their punches, which leads to people not really doing the job you would expect them to do.

Schechter's film WMD dissects how the U.S. military used a "fire hose" approach to flood America's nightly news programs with propaganda.



Are things getting better?

Because of the basic failures in Iraq, failures in Afghanistan and the rhetoric of the Bush Administration, people began to raise questions. Families of soldiers began to raise questions. That, I think, in a sense gave some people in the media permission to do so as well.

This is the environment that we've been in, and this environment has been changing in part because reality has changed. If you present the view "It's us versus the terrorists, we're the good guys—they're the bad guys," and suddenly Abu Ghraib happens, people begin to raise questions about the benevolence of the administration. This has led to a shift in public opinion, so that the Bush Administration is now the minority voice in the United States.

How can the Progressive Left take advantage of this?

I think it depends on how Progressive politics are positioned. There's a lot of effort in some corners of the Left to bash the Right the way the Right bashes the Left. They're engaged in partisan-attack politics, not really explaining things to people, but labeling, stereotyping and all the rest of it.

That doesn't win over people we want to win over. The Progressive Left, it has a problem because the Democratic Party is really in the center—in some respects it's Republican lite. Many of the elective politicians are not offering any kind of independent political position. So Progressives who are loyal to the Democrats or who see the Democrats as the only way to beat the Republicans tend not to raise concerns about the political stand.

For example, I'm doing a film about one of the biggest issues in America—the credit squeeze. People are hurting; interest rates are squeezing. There are billions of dollars in late fees on credit cards. It's a predatory practice. And the Democrats are basically supporting it.

The Democrats went right along with the credit card and bankruptcy bills.

Exactly. All the issues do not break down along partisan lines. And sometimes the media is not very helpful because they believe that you have the centrist Democrats versus the centrist Republicans, and that's the range of the debate, when in fact it isn't.

Is that one way that corporations control the press, by pushing and narrowing the range of the debate?

In my book *The Death of Media and the Fight to Save Democracy* I point out that these trends are happening. [There is a] loss of support and faith in the government and in big media. [I examine] the growth of an independent media in America. The Internet sites that many people turn to for their news and information are challenging the news that they've been exposed to on the networks.

The Death of Media deals with the challenges that changed the media. What kind of media do we want? What should be the values of a media that really serves the people? In other words, we have to have some perspective about what we want, not just what we get.

I've been raising these questions on MediaChannel.org, the world's most robust online media issues network, where I'm the editor. I do a blog every day as The News Dissector. I try to offer a kind of counter narrative to what's in the morning newspaper, using sources from a wide range of places that most of the mainstream media ignores, including the press overseas, including independent organizations that are tracking various issues and are extremely well informed about

them. So in real time I provide an alternative and another perspective on what's happening.

The Progressive media has not really supported this in the way I believe they should have. Republicans impose message discipline. They try to keep all of their people towing the same line. It's almost like the old party line. The Communist Party is extremely focused. They're extremely clear about what they will say, and they do not deviate from that particular approach. In contrast, Democrats are all over the place. They don't seem to have any concerted, clear, common strategy at all. [At the Alito hearings] the Democrats' approach was less than aggressive or assertive.

What do you attribute this to?

Republicans had to think through how things were going to play in the press and design the hearings so that the first sound bites, in a sense, are the ones that are going to get the most pickup and define the rest of the hearing. That's when Alito said he would have "an open mind." Basically the question was a softball toss to him by Senator Arlen Specter [R-Pennsylvania]. So it seemed as if there was more choreography and frustration on the Right and more confusion and competition among the liberals.

What's interesting is how the media plays this, boils it down. They're looking for the sound bite; they're looking for the pithy phrase. They're looking to portray the judge in a very calm way. And what came out of this discussion was the suggestion that, in fact, the Republicans' strategy was not as ideological as had been presented. They weren't there to try to debate issues. In fact, they were trying to keep issues from being debated. And their strategy was to keep it boring, to turn off as many people as possible. To assure that the issues would be lost in a kind of banal presentation in which the most outrageous things are said in the calmest possible way.

This is a way to influence the public. It's really a strategy called P.M.—Perception Management. Progressive folks and critics of P.M. believe in PR [public relations], issuing position papers, issuing fact sheets, getting information out there, whereas the Republicans seem to be anti-information. Keep it as vague and as simplistic as possible, really try to spin the perception of what's going on and leave the issues and the details out of it as much as possible.

Fact-based information is being overtaken by faith-based information. Trust our leaders, trust what they say. There's a tendency to go for what's called K.I.S.S.—Keep It Simple and Stupid. This seems to be the strategy the Republicans have shaped because they understand how the media works. They understand that in order to get their message into the media, they have to keep it simple and stupid and to keep the sound bite as pithy and as punchy as possible.

What can we do to bring about change?

Media is an afterthought for people on the Left. It's not really something that a lot of people focus a lot of their attention on, including the activists. They want to establish facts for the record. They want to kind of challenge the administration, very rarely the media, so that's the first thing—make media an issue. That's very important.

Second, inform yourself about how it works and try to question your own assumptions. Realize that this is not just a partisan issue. It's really an issue about corporate power, and put it in the proper context.

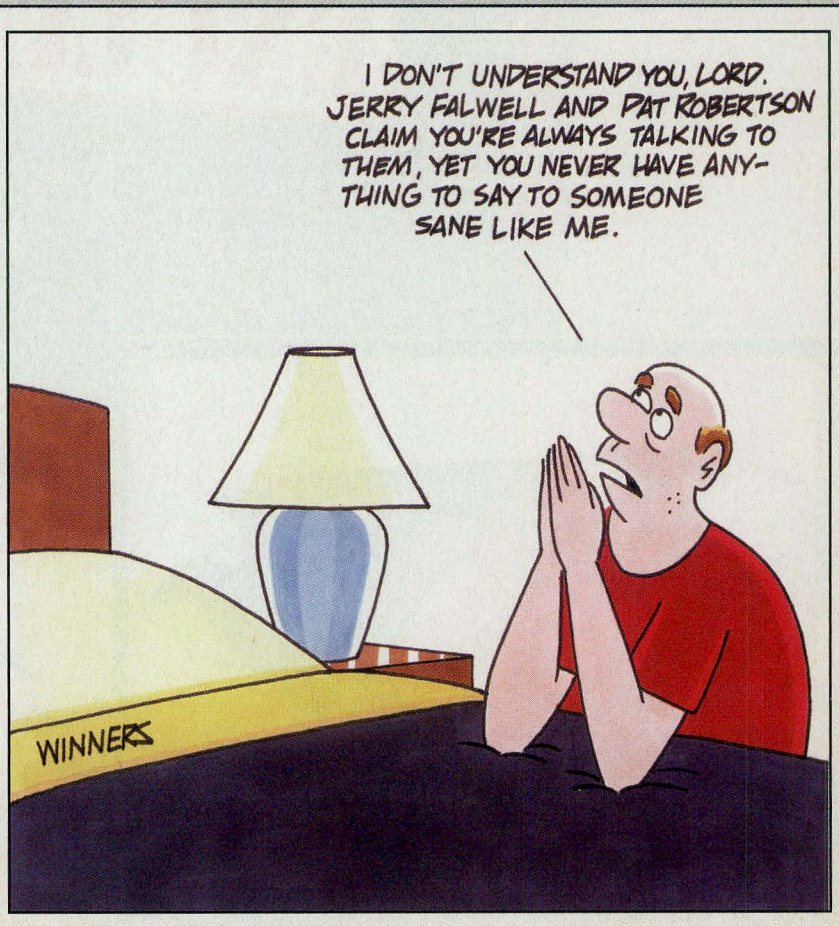
Third, recognize that there are two levels to work on: the national level and the community level. You can support national programs for change, but also work locally to make your newspaper, your TV station, your community more responsive to more diverse views [that are] more representative of the community itself.

The most vital information seems to have moved, migrated from television and radio onto Web sites and blogs and the like, making it easier for people to get access to a greater range of voices.

Let's fight for free wireless, something many communities have been doing, making wireless access almost like a public utility, so you can take some of the profit out of it, erode the digital divide so working people, older citizens, etc., can also be online, can be part of the whole digital world, which is reshaping the media.

A new media is coming in. It's very imperfect. It's still dominated by big players, but there's more of a shot at voices that haven't been in the mainstream to get heard. Encourage people to *be* the media. Citizen journalists have a say in what's going on. Write about your experiences, share it with your neighbors, critique your local TV stations and newspapers. It doesn't necessarily mean that you'll win on every issue, but by delegitimizing a kind of a media that's totally distorted and biased, you are also getting people to understand that their own understanding of things has been contaminated, has been influenced.

For additional information check out MediaChannel.org and WMDtheFilm.com.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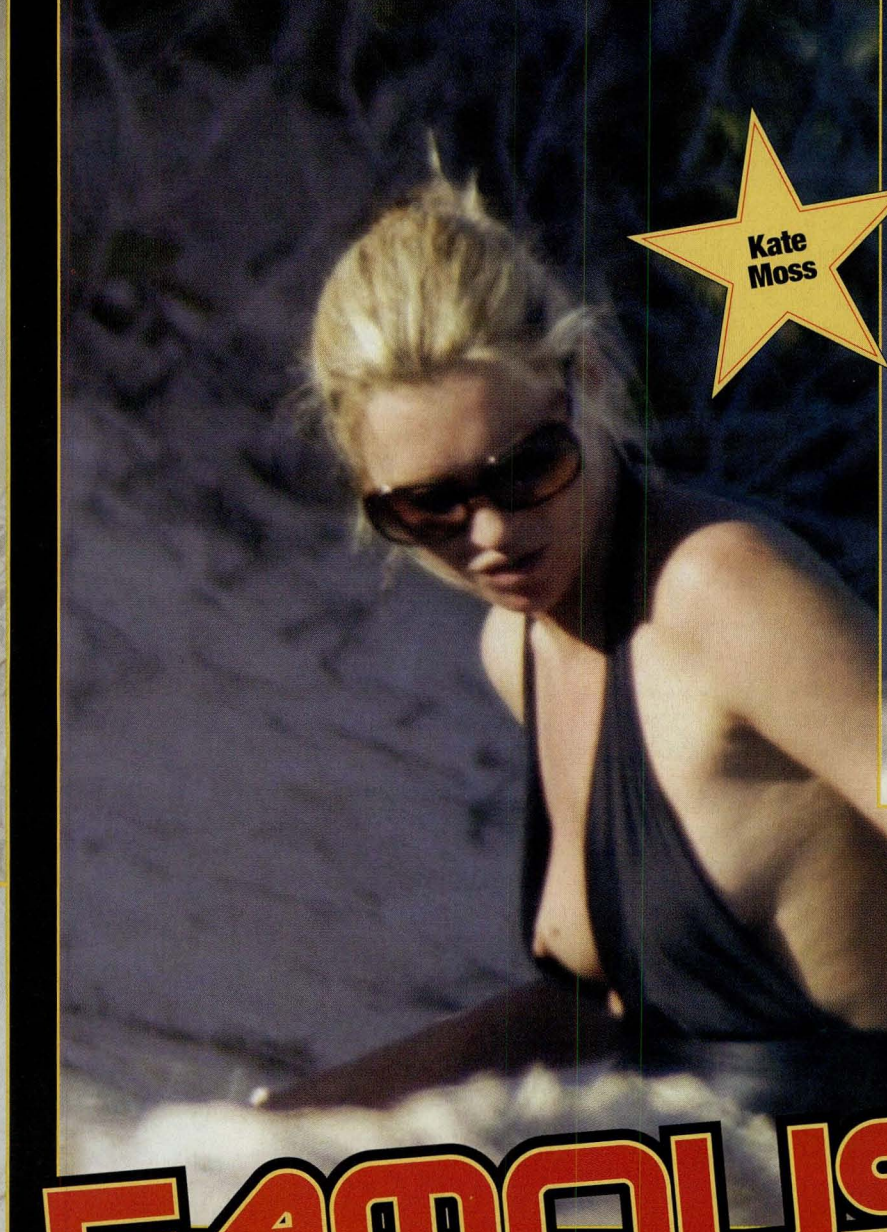
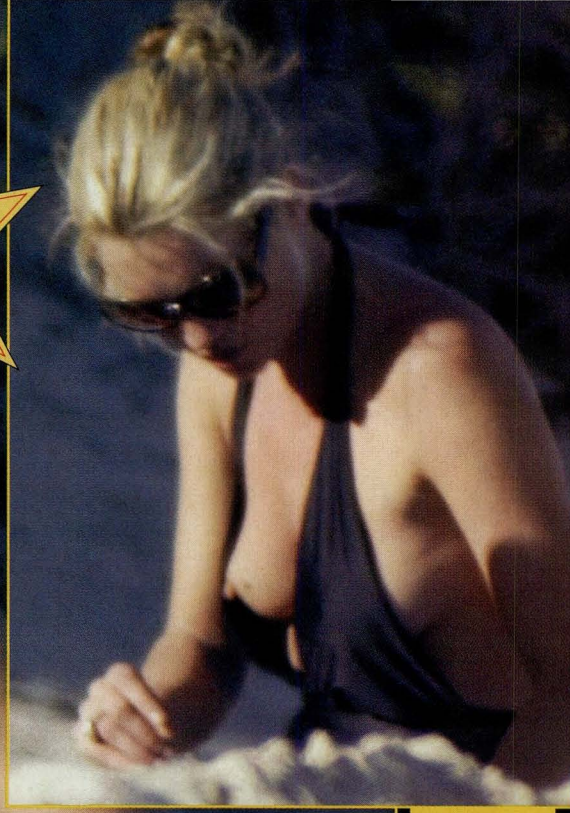
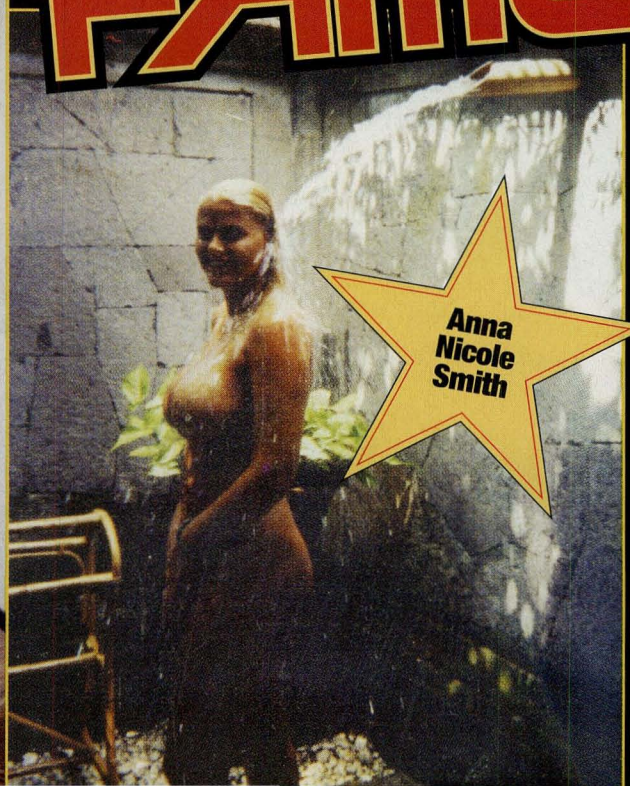




FAMOUS FLESH

EXPOSÉ BY KEITH VALCOURT



Anna Nicole and Kate Moss

PRIOR TO HER REALITY SHOW and ballooning to Elvis-like proportions, **Anna Nicole Smith** was just a buxom 26-year-old Texan with dreams of marrying a rich guy. The lucky tycoon turned out to be 89-year-old multimillionaire **J. Howard Marshall**. Our candid shots of the blushing bride were taken by a relative (what a family!) as she prepared to walk down the aisle with her geriatric groom. Rounding out an extraordinary sneak peek, Anna Nicole also dallies in front of a fireplace and enjoys a nonwedding shower.

And then there's the newly clean-and-sober **Kate Moss**. Here we see the cute catwalker relaxing on a public beach in Malibu, California. Notice how her former mosquito-bite breasts are now blossoming? That's because Kate, who just discovered a drug-free existence, started consuming that stuff called "food." Lucky for us, one of her enlarged titties decided to get some sun. As runway queen **Tyra Banks** would say, "You work it, girl!"

Got naked celebrity pictures? Contact HUSTLER about publishing them by e-mailing nakedcelebs@lfp.com.

Finger-dipping Felicia and Stephanie Swift worship Faerie Queen Jenna Jameson in the Wicked Pictures retro offering **Jenna's Depraved**.

"Hey, my car keys!" Alexa Rae brings along an anal probe for lunch with Jenna.

Young Jenna gives it up to the more experienced Jeanna Fine.

Jenna's Depraved: *Ooh-rah! Jenna supports the troops, or at least Brad Armstrong (her real-life future ex) in the flashback vid's sole boy/girl tryst.*

Did the NY Dolls have a yard sale? Jenna and Nikki Tyler (in hat) whip out the glam rags as Felicia finds hot pussy.

BY TOM FARRELL

JENNA DEPRAVED

ONCE AGAIN, WICKED PICTURES HAS SCOURED ITS XXX ARCHIVES TO RELEASE ANOTHER JENNA JAMESON COMPILATION. ***Jenna's Depraved*** packages eight scenes from the Queen of Porn's formative years.

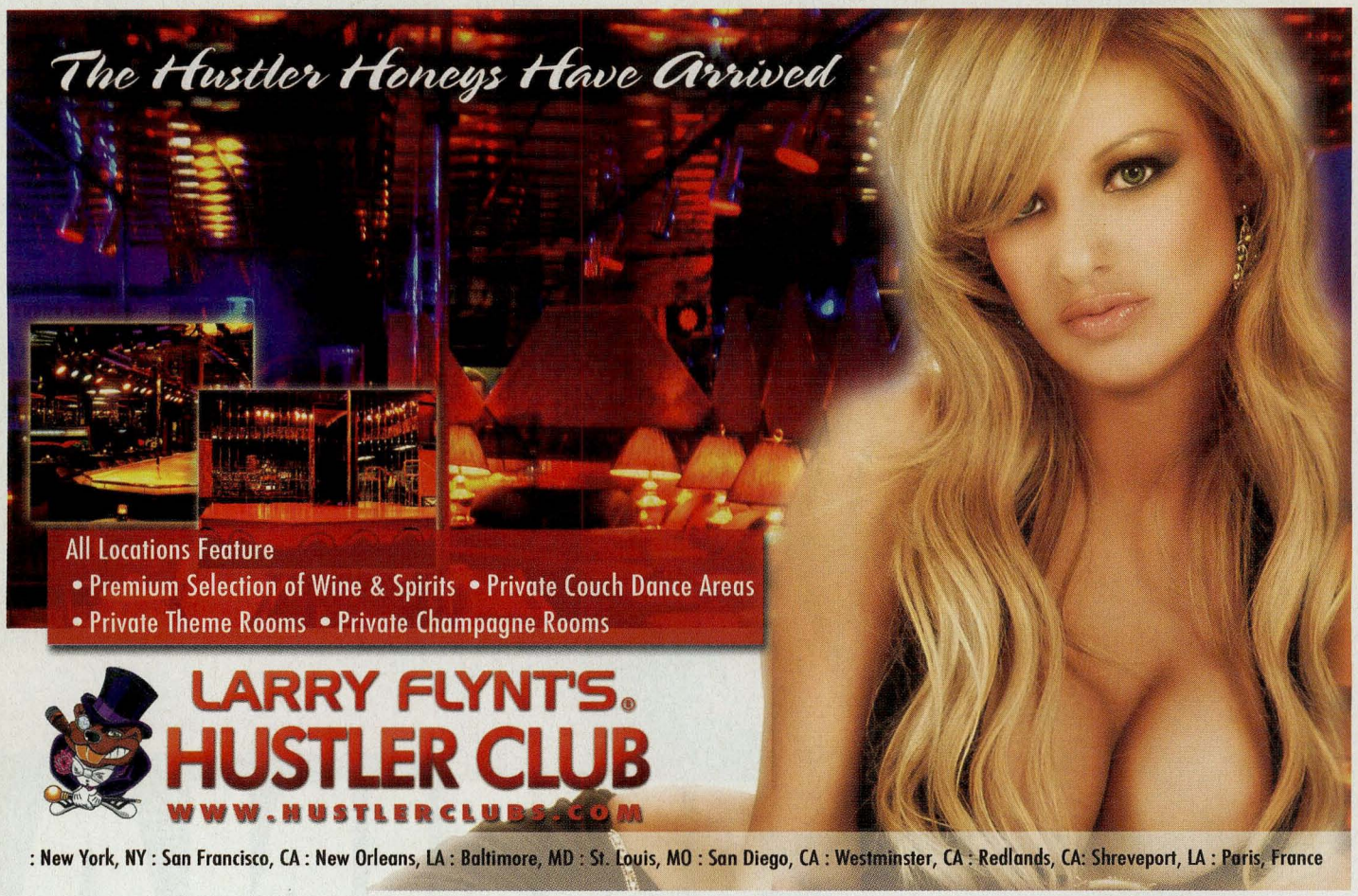
Since the overwhelming majority of the footage is lesbian action, expect more dykes than dicks. As a 22-year-old, Jenna gets down with Jeanna Fine in 1996's *Hard Evidence*. Then we get to see the tantalizing superstar romping with Nikki Tyler, Felicia and Shayla LaVeaux in 1999's *Hell on Heels*. There's more girl-on-girl action in 1997's *Jenna Built for Speed*, in which the horny nymphet's partner is bodacious Brittany Andrews.

The two hottest and most splendidly filmed scenes in ***Jenna's Depraved*** are from 1999's *Dreamquest*, an ersatz sword-and-sorcery affair. The interplay between Jenna as a young adventuress and Alexa Rae as the Sapphic Ice Queen is truly amazing. This segment is eclipsed only by the Ridley Scott fairy-tale feel of the *Dreamquest* tryst featuring Stephanie Swift and Felicia as sylvan nymphs who make sweet, sweet love to Jenna.

The new Wicked compilation contains just one hetero encounter, taken from 1996's *Jenna Ink*. Here Jenna is paired with Brad Armstrong, who gets blown and then fucks his future real-life wife while dildoing her ass. What's billed as Jenna's first on-camera anal experience comes courtesy of an inanimate object. In fact, the "All Anal Extravaganza" promised on the box cover involves nothing but toys. At least Armstrong winds things up by blasting a load on Jenna's pretty face—the only cum-shot in ***Jenna's Depraved***.

The finale is a gonzo bit with Keri Sable and doesn't even feature Jenna. Go figure. But if you check the Special Features section, you'll find a bonus threeway with Jenna, Channone and Mark Davis from *Hard Evidence*—as well as a photo gallery, a Wicked casino game and more.

Presented in 5.1 Dolby Surround Sound, ***Jenna's Depraved*** is hosted by Wicked contract girl Jessica Drake.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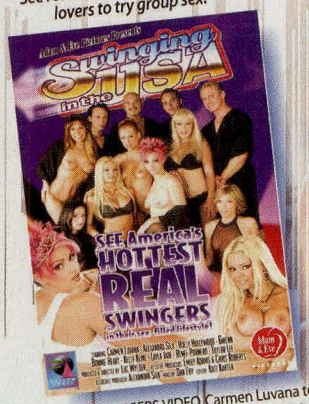

In this authentic SWINGERS VIDEO, Carmen Luvana teaches curious couples how to be pornstars! She kicks things off with a 12-person orgy. Every scene is loaded with group sex, attractive amateurs and more swinging than a playground.

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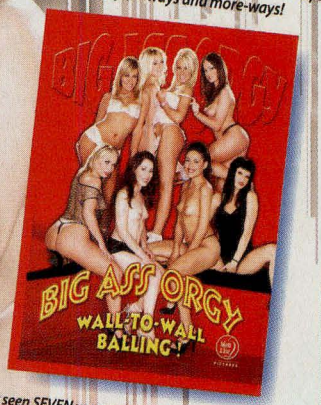

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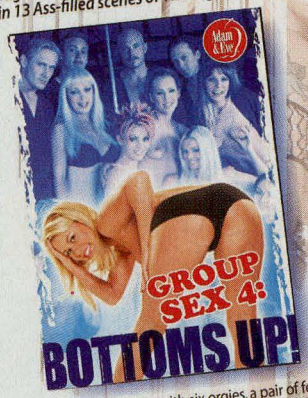

This collection piles it on with six orgies, a pair of female squirters, five 3-ways, 4-ways and three double-filled penetrations! ALL-STAR CAST!

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L
&
CABI

Cabin fever is defined by the Internet's *Wikipedia* as: A condition that produces restlessness and irritability caused from being in a confined space. It possibly originated from the United States at the time when settlers would be snowed in frequently, in remote, unsettled lands, with no communication with the outside world. Although it's equally likely that the phrase originated from the days of wind-powered sea travel, where the absence of wind would cause a crew to remain in the same spot in the middle of the ocean for prolonged periods...

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THOMAS RIFTER

ACIE HEART
UNNY LANE
I FEVER

A possible source for this phrase could be that during an outbreak of some disease, people who had a fever were confined to a cabin as quarantine. Hence the phrase "cabin fever."

Also see:

*"mad as a hatter"

*"stir crazy"

So if two chicks are trapped in a deserted cabin miles from civilization—with their passions burning out of control and their boyfriends unable to reach them due to a blizzard—they might get a little crazy and have hot lesbian sex? Makes sense to us.

See blond Lacie Heart give in *Atomic Vixens*, *2 Wise as Nice*, *HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #17*, *XXX Cream Pie Eruption* and *Stripper School Orgy* and pigtailed Sunny Lane receive in *HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #17* and *Britney Rears 2: I Wanna Get Laid* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERhollywood.com to order.

Fascism on the March

OHIO LAWMAKERS ARE SPEARHEADING A NEW GOP REGIME OF REPRESSION BY TURNING THE BUCK

THE REPUBLICANS HAVE TAKEN OVER OHIO, and your state is next. The right-wingers in the Buckeye State are using draconian laws, coupled with self-serving election reform, to erode our freedom. Ohio, historically a pivotal state in U.S. Presidential elections, has become little more than a sinkhole of corruption and repression.

In 2005 Ohio's GOP-run legislature passed House Bill 1 (HB 1) and House Bill 3 (HB 3), tandem laws that allow unparalleled sums of money to pour into Republican coffers while simultaneously purging hundreds of thousands of traditionally Democratic, working-class voters from the registration rolls. [*Various 2004 Ohio voting irregularities are detailed in Part 1 of this report, published in the July '06 HUSTLER.*] HB 3 also makes it impossible to challenge the results of a Presidential election in Ohio.

Senate Bill 9 (SB 9) enforces the new "Ohio Patriot Act," which assaults the Bill of Rights by scaling back Fifth Amendment protections, expanding search and seizure powers and putting the safety of citizens at risk.

The players involved in this far-right Republican coup are as corrupt as they come. GOP Governor Bob Taft has pleaded guilty to four corruption charges, making him the nation's only sitting governor who is a convicted criminal. His close friend Tom Noe, a key player in the contested election of 2004, has been charged with 53 felony counts of corruption leading straight to Taft's office. The trail of taint goes back to Ohio's former governor, George W. Voinovich, who allegedly enriched many of his cronies before being elected to the U.S. Senate. Voinovich's chief aide, Paul Mifsud (a Bush family friend), was a former military intelligence officer and was George H.W. Bush's Ohio campaign manager. Ohio Congressman Bob Ney is under investigation for his ties to indicted lobbyist Jack Abramoff.

Finally, there's Ohio Secretary of State J. Kenneth Blackwell, a Republican who controlled the '04 Ohio tally by using his powerful position to deter Democrats from voting. He also championed HB 1 and HB 3, casting a long shadow over the future of Ohio vote counts. In 2000, when Florida successfully stopped the Presidential recount, Blackwell was a highly visible GOP presence.

The hulking, blunt Blackwell held the post of Bush-Cheney's Ohio 2004 campaign cochair at the same time he was responsible for counting the Ohio vote (a glaring conflict of interest). While at that position, he effectively trashed more than 16,000 provisional ballots, refusing to count them for that election. He also refused to count more than 90,000 "machine-spoiled" ballots that *may* have had minor flaws or anomalies.

Blackwell also leads a powerful network of far-right fundamentalist churches, the most visible of which is the huge, super-rich World Harvest Church of Reverend Rod Parsley. Parsley is a close Bush-Rove associate. More than 30 Ohio churches have filed suit challenging World Harvest's tax-exempt status because of its political involvement.

The Republicans have also opened the doors for intimidation and misinformation at the polls by allowing partisan "challengers" to stand at

BUCKEYE BAMBOOZLERS

Ohio Governor **Bob Taft**, the great-grandson of 27th President William Howard Taft, has confessed to four misdemeanors while in office, including failure to report paid favors and taking illegal gifts from wealthy coin dealer Thomas W. Noe. Taft, who preached ethics and self-reliance before soiling the family name, tried unsuccessfully to keep a damper on the Coingate scandal. Now a laughingstock, Taft still plans to serve out his term. Expect him to get a slap on the wrist.

The linchpin of the Coingate scandal, longtime Republican palm-greaser **Thomas W. Noe** has been indicted on 53 felonies, including multiple counts of theft, money laundering and forgery. As an investment manager at the Bureau of Workers' Compensation, Noe invested $50 million of state money in rare coins, making a multimillion-dollar chunk of it dis-

EYE STATE INTO A BREEDING GROUND OF REPUBLICAN CORRUPTION.

BY BOB FITRAKIS & HARVEY WASSERMAN

Part II

Ohio precinct tables, demanding proof of identity from those who have come to vote. These tactics were used in Ohio's inner cities, where Blackwell failed (apparently intentionally) to get voting machines installed. Long lines and confusion became commonplace, and the GOP intimidators had a serious impact on the Ohio 2004 election. By making their presence permanent, the Republicans are certain to cut down the traditionally Democratic black vote in Ohio and wherever else they can get away with it.

The "Ohio Patriot Act" a/k/a SB 9, yet another repressive law, passed the state's legislature despite fierce opposition from such diverse groups as the Gun Owners Association, American Conservative Union and the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU). The act disturbingly suspends the Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination under a wide range of circumstances. It vastly expands the search, seizure and investigative powers of the state's Division of Homeland Security, widening the agency's ability to mine personal data from private companies.

SB 9 also allows police to demand official ID without probable cause from any person at any "transportation infrastructure site," such as airports and harbors or bus and train stations. This means a cop can search you just for picking up a friend at an airport or for walking along a pier. SB 9 violates the Bill of Rights by giving government officials free rein over American citizens.

In discussing SB 9, the ACLU explains, "Communities that refuse to conduct 'sneak-and-peak' searches" could be denied funding. The group maintains that SB 9 embodies an "assault on political dissent," and it "attacks core freedoms while doing nothing to make us safer."

While crushing Ohioans' individual liberties, SB 9 also specifically exempts corporate owners of Ohio's nuclear plants from reporting threats to public security. The two reactors at the Davis-Besse plant have long been on the brink of catastrophe. The facility's owner, FirstEnergy Corp. (which once blacked out the entire Northeast), recently agreed to pay a $28-million penalty—the highest nuclear safety fine ever issued in the U.S.—for letting boric acid eat a pineapple-size hole in a Davis-Besse containment vessel, threatening to irradiate the entire Great Lakes region. FirstEnergy has since admitted to making false statements to federal safety regulators. While site owners can now hide operating errors from the public, SB 9 lets police arrest anyone even suspected of threatening a nuclear facility.

Having test-marketed cookie-cutter laws like HB 1, HB 3 and SB 9 in Ohio, the GOP will soon use them to cement their power all across the country, state by state. And why not? The voting coup in Ohio, which started with Blackwell, guaranteed George W. Bush four more years in the White House.

While Bush's Blackwell-certified official margin of victory was less than 119,000 votes out of some 5.7 million, Blackwell still refuses to count those 106,000 provisional ballots. By steadfastly refusing to cooperate with attempts to get at log books, voting machine audits and other

ILLUSTRATION BY SEBASTIAN PARKER

appear in the process. He also faces federal charges of funneling $45,400 to Bush's reelection campaign. To boot, Noe's wife ran the election board that delivered thousands of votes to Bush. Noe faces up to 175 years in prison.

Ohio's Republican Congressman **Bob Ney** coauthored the federal "Help America Vote Act," requiring the installation of unreliable electronic voting machines throughout the United States. Ohio Secretary of State J. Kenneth Blackwell supported the law and has been working hard to keep Ohio vote-rigger-friendly ever since. Ney relinquished his House Administration Committee chair after being implicated with his pal Tom DeLay in Republican lobbyist Jack Abramoff's fraud and bribery schemes.

Back when he was governor of Ohio, now-Senator **George Voinovich** approved Ohio's investment in his friend Noe's coin scheme. Always the generous

BUCKEYE BAMBOOZLERS

contributor to Republicans who smile on him, Noe has donated $21,000 to Voinovich over the past two years. The dirt on Voinovich goes way back: As governor, he turned Columbus into a watering can to distribute funds and contracts to his cronies. One of them, Paul Mifsud, ended up doing time. Voinovich, meanwhile, skipped off to the Senate as his Ohiogate crimes disappeared down the memory hole.

In what must have been meant as a bad joke, the Republicans tried to put the DeLay-Abramoff fiasco behind them by tapping an Ohio Republican to take over as House Majority Leader. **John Boehner**'s past record includes almost $14,000 in free trips from the lobbyist-connected Ripon Society. He also infamously handed out checks from tobacco lobbyists to Republican members on the floor of Congress back when Newt Gingrich commandeered the GOP ranks. Always the loyal goon, Boehner has voted in near-total lockstep with DeLay for the past three years. ■

basics of conducting a meaningful recount, Blackwell has beaten back three attempts to get an impartial ruling on how the votes were actually counted in the state that decided the Presidency.

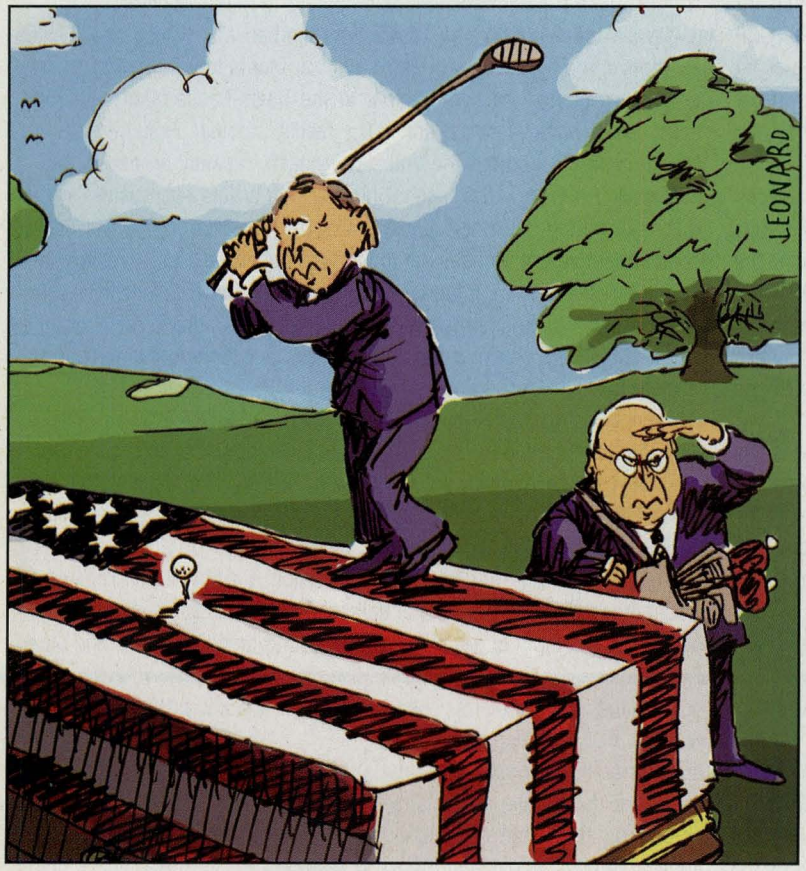
In direct contradiction of election law, Blackwell barred independent observers access to simple registration information. Standard global practice was ignored, as Blackwell also blocked international observers from monitoring the election and its vote count.

Nearly all of Ohio's votes in 2004 were cast or counted on electronic voting machines or computerized central tabulators. Roughly 15% of those votes—about 800,000—were run through machines made by Diebold, whose then-CEO, Walden O'Dell, pledged to "deliver Ohio's electoral votes to George W. Bush." Prior to the 2004 election, Blackwell tried to give Diebold a $100-million no-bid contract for virtually all of Ohio's voting machines.

A major study issued by the Government Accountability Office (GAO) now shows that Ohio's electronic voting machines—about half of which ran on Diebold's GEMS software—could easily be hacked and "flipped." Wonkishly dubbed "Federal Efforts to Improve Security and Reliability of Electronic Voting Systems Are Under Way, but Key Activities Need to Be Completed," the GAO report says electronic vote counts can be manipulated at will by a single operative—like Blackwell—with simple access and information. Even mid-level hackers could have changed the vote in Ohio (and other states) just by driving past precinct or county tabulating centers with focused wi-fi equipment, according to both the GAO and studies by Congressman John Conyers Jr. (D-Michigan).

We have strong evidence that Blackwell met with George W. Bush when the President and Karl Rove stopped in Columbus, Ohio's capital, on Election Day 2004. Soon came a flood of "glitches," including touchscreen machines that switched votes for John Kerry to votes for Bush as voters cast them; a host of statistically impossible county-wide vote counts; a machine in Youngstown that subtracted 25 million Kerry votes in a city of 80,000; and 4,258 votes generated for Bush in a precinct where just 638 people cast ballots. (Since the polling place was a fundamentalist church, this tally has been Biblically dubbed the "loaves-and-fishes" vote count.)

Prior to the 2004 election, a combined 133,000 largely Democratic voters were purged from Hamilton County (Cincinnati) and Lucas County (Toledo) registration lists. It's recently come to light that Cuyahoga County (Cleveland)—*the* Democratic stronghold in Ohio—also eliminated more than 175,000 names off its registration lists. This doomed the Democrats right off the bat, although nobody knew it at the time. Bush only won by an alleged 119,000 votes. In fact, Cleveland went more than 60% for Kerry.



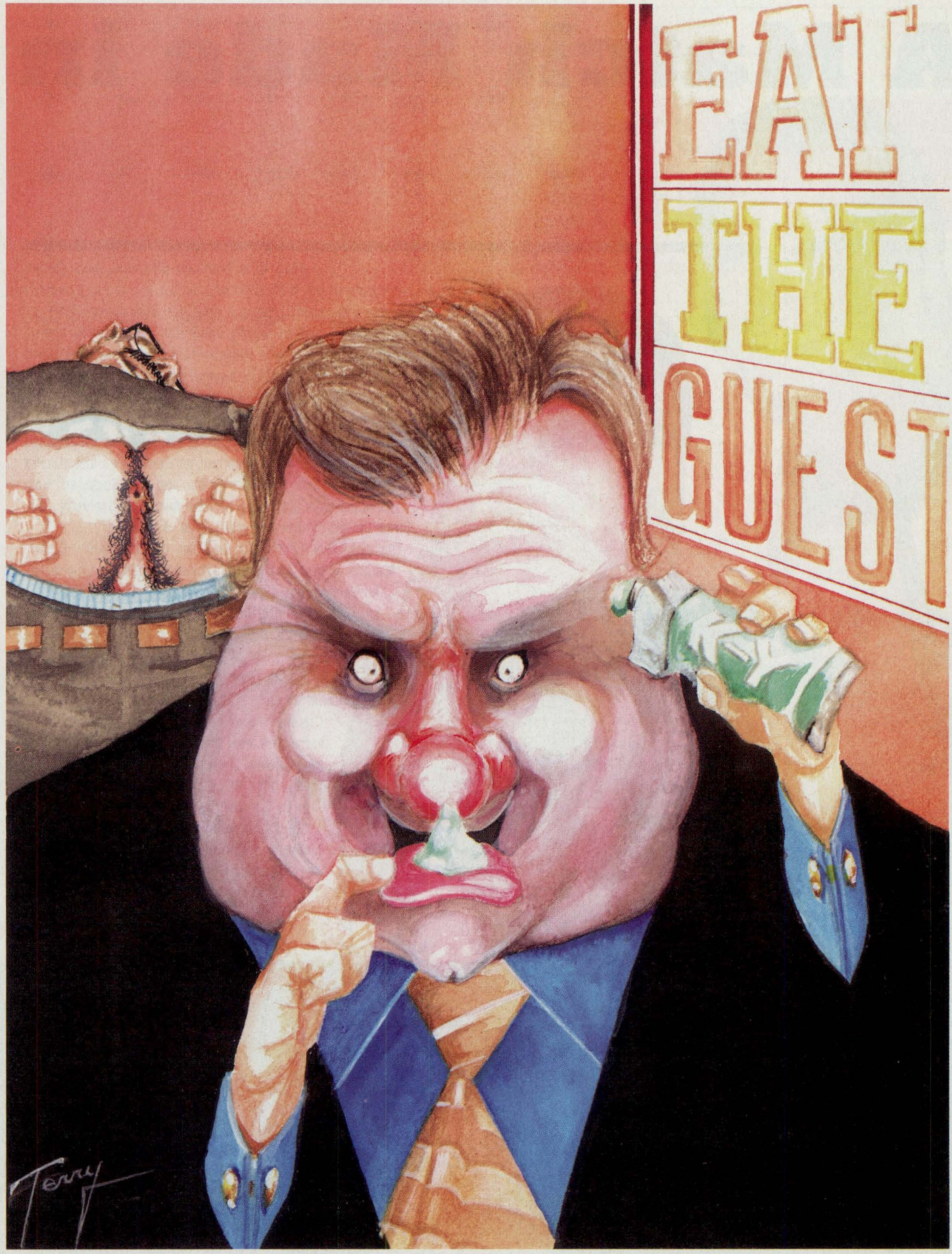
STAYING THE COURSE

Independent experts now claim that Kerry may have won the national election by as many as 5 million votes. The same experts say that as much as 30% of the Democratic vote may have been trimmed or flipped in rural Republican counties throughout the country. Other evidence (posted at **FreePress.org**) shows Kerry probably carried Ohio by several hundred thousand votes, more than enough to give him the Presidency.

There's even more reason to believe that Ohio's electoral votes were stolen in 2004. After the statewide 2005 election, laregely Democratic Franklin County (Columbus) purged another 170,000 voters, meaning the Democrats will go into the 2006 and 2008 campaigns with 480,000 fewer prospective voters in four of their top strongholds. With HB 3 in place, reinstating these voters will be next to impossible.

On the '05 ballot were four election-reform issues. The *Columbus Dispatch*, with a long tradition of foreseeing voters' leanings, accurately predicted the outcome of a bond issue on the same ballot to within 0.5% of the official results. But in an "error" unprecedented in decades, the *Dispatch* was "wrong" by more than 30% on two of the reform issues that went down to highly unlikely defeat. Without serious electronic vote-flipping, this outcome was a virtual statistical impossibility.

Despite widespread reports of GOP corruption, Ohio's ballot failures have dropped the state's Democratic Party into even deeper disarray. Once a moderate, labor-friendly state, Ohio is now a heartland anchor for right-wing duplicity. With an electronic grip on key electoral votes, the GOP cabal is guaranteed to continue ruling the nation for years to come.



Tim Russert prepares for another deeply penetrating interview.

A Match Made in HEAVEN

Stand-up comics and a pair of XXX hotties collide as

TWO OF PORN'S MOST BREATHTAKING PERFORMERS—Vivid Girls Monique Alexander and Stefani Morgan—are appearing at the Hollywood Improv, L.A.'s legendary comedy club. No, the sexy dolls aren't filming a new skin flick called *Tickle My Funnyboner*. They're part of Vivid's inaugural XXX Comedy Improv Night, where top comics hit the stage in front of a near-sellout crowd that includes porn mainstay Ron Jeremy and TV's Drew Carey. With Monique and Stefani sitting stageside, the stand-ups then masterfully work the hotties into their already-risqué routines.

Originally from Sacramento, California, Monique Alexander posed for her first HUSTLER photo-spread when she was just 19. Her Vivid entries include *True Porn Fiction* and *Wife Swappers*. Now 23, Monique says appearing at the Improv is "absolutely awesome; I'm pretty funny [myself] most of the time."

The *New York Post*'s gossipy Page Six calls sultry Stefani Morgan a "new porn star plaything" for Mötley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee. The willowy, blue-eyed blonde is a classic California babe from Riverside with a million-dollar smile. An ex-*Girls Gone Wild* flasher, this 20-year-old has top billing in Vivid's *Star* and its remake of the 1978 porn classic *Debbie Does Dallas*. "I'm a very lighthearted girl," Stefani remarks.

Onstage, Monique and Stefani greet us with a warm welcome, flashing a bit of skin to get the crowd going. Then Monique introduces the Cincinnati-born MC, Tom Segura—a semifinalist on Comedy Central's *Last Comic Standing*.

"Here's one of [comedy's] biggest dicks," Monique says. She then adds, "Sorry for not fucking you tonight."

"It's so fucking weird to hear [porn stars] talk,

Porn stars Stefani Morgan (in white) and Monique Alexander steal the show at Vivid's first XXX Comedy Improv Night.

Comedian Daniel Tosh incorporates the porn world into his schtick.

isn't it?" Segura quips before introducing comic number one.

First to tackle porn schtick is German-born Daniel Tosh, a preacher's son and college graduate who grew up in Florida and is now a surfboarding L.A. resident. Full of attitude, the slim, bearded comedian pulls out material he didn't dare use as a guest on *Late Show With David Letterman.*

"Butt sex is a lot like spinach," Tosh kids. "If you're forced to have it as a child, you won't enjoy it as an adult." Off to a good start, his routine just gets better. "I'm all *for* women who decide to get plastic surgery," he says. "Put *me* on *Extreme Makeover*—I'd like a vagina under my arm. *That's* extreme!"

As the audience howls, Tosh doesn't miss a beat. "I wear black condoms because they're slimming," he yells. "That's a joke—I don't wear condoms. I refuse! It looks trashy. Fuck safety, I'm into the arts. And when the fuck is porn going to an IMAX theater? How long do I have to wait for *that?* Eating popcorn, staring at a 90-foot cooter. Goddamn, this is realistic! Your lady's [asking], 'Can you find the G-spot *now?*'...Comics make fun of porn all the time. 'The music's cheesy; the acting's horrible.' Of course it is! The film cost 50 fucking dollars. Hollywood spends $100 million making Vin Diesel look straight, [which] is not an even playing field. Give *porn* a $100-million budget."

"What the fuck is this table for?" Tosh asks the Vivid Girls.

"Lap dances," Stefani responds.

"We were talking about a threesome...with *you*," Monique adds.

"I'd fucking brutally disappoint *one* person," Tosh admits. "What do you think of the war?"

"We just think about sex," Stefani answers.

Next on the mike is rubber-faced Jeffrey Ross from Newark, New Jersey. The bicoastal comic/writer has appeared on Comedy Central, *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* and is featured in the 2005 jokester documentary *The Aristocrats.*

"I was just over in Fallujah, entertaining the insurgents," Ross jokes. "Rough crowd, man. I was at the Improv in Fallujah. After the show some guy says, 'I laughed so hard, I stabbed my friend.' I nearly Shiite my pants....I went to a Friars Roast for Larry Flynt. He's in a wheelchair. Woody Harrelson sat next to him—they did that movie together—but Harrelson's the opposite of Larry Flynt. He's dead from the neck up."

The paunchy Ross offers the Vivid Girls the chance of a lifetime when he starts talking about his tiny dick size. "The best two inches of your lives," he brags. "I'm hung like a Tic Tac. I have an 'innie.' Every time I get excited, I get a stomach ache. I haven't had a hard-on since 9/11. If I was a rapper, I'd be 'Dickie Smalls.'"

Ross then mock-raps a line from one of his songs. "When I make love to the ladies, I always make them smile/Because they're cool with the fact that I'm hung like a child/My little penis is so cute and sweet/If I made a porno, it'd still be rated G."

He looks at the Vivid Girls and asks a heartfelt question. "Why is it that the size of a penis counts, anyway? How come they can't factor in the depth of a vagina? 'Check *her* out, I'll bet she has a shallow vagina.'...Wouldn't it be great if, instead of bad things, good things could be transmitted through sex? Like skills? 'Baby, I'm gonna fuck you until you're an architect.' 'Don't stop until I can juggle!'"

When the Vivid Girls take a bathroom break, Ross calls them stupid cunts. Monique sternly corrects him, shooting back, "We're *filthy* cunts!"

Last to go on is Chelsea Handler, who puts the head in the word *headliner.* She is that rare thing among comedy's funny faces—a female as sexually liberated as the Vivid Girls.

"If things don't work out with my stand-up, I'll consider [porn]," Handler jokes. The thirtyish blue-eyed blonde from Jersey—who's half-Mormon and half-Jewish—says her looks enable her to "have sex with more people." Delivering sexually charged humor with rapier-like wit, Handler calls herself "a girl with a guy's point of view." She has even written a book, *My Horizontal Life: A Collection of One-Night Stands,* detailing encounters with the numerous guys she's screwed. Besides being a *Tonight Show* correspondent, Handler has appeared on the Oxygen Channel's *Girls Behaving Badly* and recently landed a major role in the upcoming movie *National Lampoon's Cattle Call.*

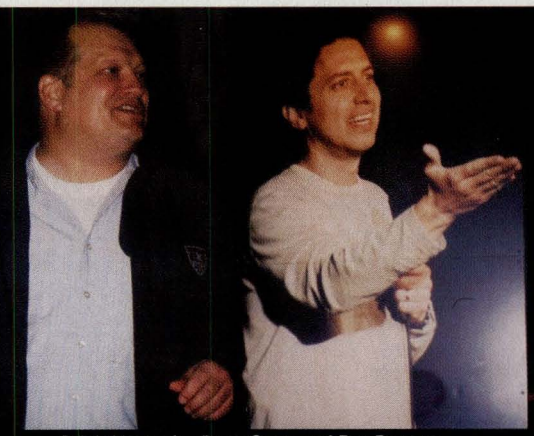
"Got rearended today, but I didn't report it," Handler muses. "That's because it happened in my bedroom. Went out with a guy who told me, 'Chelsea, you don't have to drink to make yourself more fun to be around.' I said, 'Listen, I drink so *you're* more fun to be around!' AA is for fucking quitters! I went out with a guy the other day. He was funny. He made me blush. He made me laugh. He made me pay. He said, 'I forgot my wallet.' I said, 'I forgot my vagina.' Guys, if you're writing poems, you're making up for some other shit, like...[having] one ball. I don't want poems and roses. You wanna fuck me? Pay my rent, motherfucker!"

When all is said and done, the night proves to be a big hit. Great standup, gorgeous porn stars and a packed house. In fact, the event proves to be such a success that other Vivid Girls plan to appear every month at the Improv. So it's official: Comedy and porn are a match made in heaven.

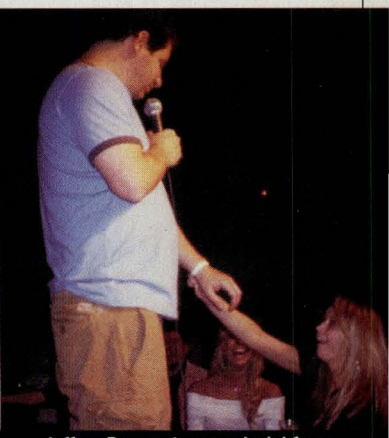
For more information or to order tickets for an upcoming XXX Comedy Night, visit ComedyNights.net/XXX/ or Improv.com. For more of Stefani Morgan, Monique Alexander and the other Vivid Girls, head to Vivid.com.

some of the country's funniest personalities take on the sex industry.

Chelsea Handler's raunchy sense of humor sends the Vivid Girls and a packed house into hysterics.



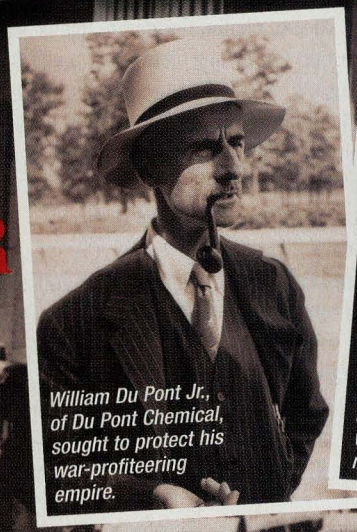
Celebrity comics Drew Carey and Ray Romano pop in to check out the scene.



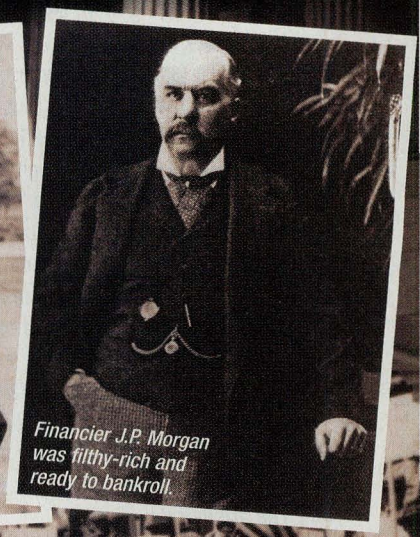
Jeffrey Ross gets some lovin' from Monique Alexander during his routine.

COUP D'ÉTAT IN AMERICA

HOW THE RULING CLASS PLOTTED TO OVERTHROW FDR



William Du Pont Jr., of Du Pont Chemical, sought to protect his war-profiteering empire.



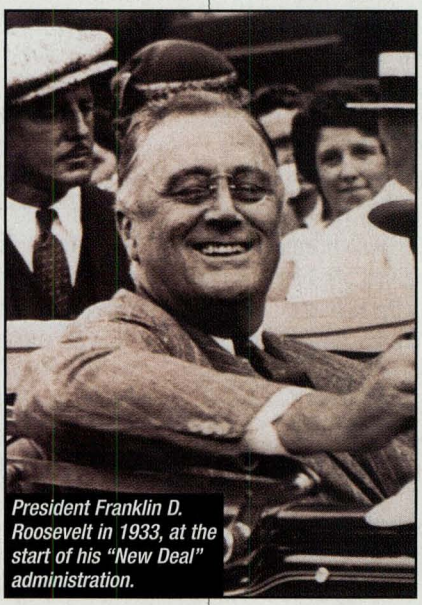
Financier J.P. Morgan was filthy-rich and ready to bankroll.

In 1932, "Bonus Army" veterans of World War I staged a mass vigil on the steps of the U.S. Capitol, demanding payment of a war bonus bond from Congress.

BY MONIQUE RAPHEL HIGH

SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT PRESIDENT GEORGE W. BUSH is obviously the Big Business President; that Bush is little more than Vice President Dick Cheney's sock puppet; that every time Bush makes a policy statement, it's actually Cheney, with his hand shoulder-deep up Bush's ass, doing the talking; that Cheney is the *real* Evil Emperor of the U.S., quietly taking care of business for big oil (Halliburton, his old employer), big construction (Kellogg Brown and Root, the outfit that's mostly rebuilding Iraq, owned by Halliburton) and big everything else. Ridiculous? Paranoid? Couldn't happen here? In fact, it almost did.

In 1934 the United States was struggling through the depths of the Great Depression like a stumbling, outclassed heavyweight in the late rounds of a losing fight. Fifteen million people were out of work. The national income was less than half what it had been before the Depression. Five thousand banks had failed, taking 9 million savings accounts with them. Army Chief of Staff Douglas MacArthur and his subordinates—Majors George S. Patton and Dwight D. Eisenhower—had routed the Bonus Army out of Washington. Newsreel-watchers were treated to the detestable spectacle of U.S. troops turning their weapons on American veterans.



President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933, at the start of his "New Deal" administration.

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's New Deal had made *some* progress in alleviating the nation's suffering, but the Democrat's daring programs were beginning to stall. Many people were searching for more radical solutions to America's economic problems. Some thought that the Soviet Union had the right idea; Communist Party membership in the U.S. was at an all-time high. Others wanted absolutely nothing to do with the Communists or their fellow travelers. These included some of the country's richest and most powerful citizens, who began looking toward Europe, where Hitler was putting the Germans back to work (building tanks and dive-bombers, it turned out), and Mussolini was making Italy's trains run on time. Anybody who could convince the Italians to stop arguing and work together efficiently had to have *something* on the ball, right?

The rich were particularly dissatisfied with President Roosevelt. Many viewed him as a "traitor to his class"—the inherited-wealth class. They felt especially threatened by three of FDR's reforms. First, the Securities Acts of 1933 and 1934 had set controls on such time-honored activities as insider trading and stock manipulation. As his first SEC chairman, FDR picked Joseph P. Kennedy, father of future President John F. Kennedy. "I'll set a thief to catch a thief," the President joked. It was no joke to wealthy banking families like the Morgans, whose brokerage interests were now being regulated.

Second, there were rumors that the Senate was going to investigate arms manufacturers and their role in inducing the country to enter World War I. This was unwelcome news to Delaware's Du Pont family, at the time the world's leading makers of armaments.

Third, almost immediately on taking office in 1933, Roosevelt had removed the U.S. from the gold standard. "Hard" (that is, gold-backed) money was what all right-thinking people wanted us to have. The moneyed interests feared that "soft" money would lead to rampant inflation. Inflation is a good thing if you owe money to a bank, but a bad thing if you own one.

In 1933 a number of wealthy anti-New Dealers decided that it would be a good idea if a paramilitary force of disgruntled vets and jobless men could either force the President out of office or compel him to accept certain fundamental changes in government. In other words, they began plotting a coup against FDR. Of course, any paramilitary force has to have a leader, and the plotters had one in mind.

Retired Marine Corps Major General Smedley Darlington Butler was an oddball in many respects. He was a Quaker—an unusual religious affiliation for a general. Instead of attending a service academy, he'd come up from the enlisted ranks. He'd won the Medal of Honor twice. He was a vocal supporter of the Bonus Army. He'd commanded Marines in Haiti, China, Nicaragua and Cuba. In 1935 he would write a book titled *War Is a Racket*. That same year, he was to say in an interview with the Socialist newspaper *Common Sense*: "I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I helped in the raping of half a dozen Central American republics for the benefit of Wall Street. ... In China in 1927 I helped see to it that Standard Oil went its way unmolested. ... Looking back on it, I felt I might have given Al Capone a few hints. The best he could do was to operate his racket in three city districts. We Marines operated on three continents."

But in 1933 Butler hadn't yet written his book or publicly expressed these opinions. He was beloved of his troops and one of the few career officers to openly champion the Bonus Army. He was just the sort of leader whom men would follow into battle. The plotters hoped that they'd follow him into insurrection.

Two members of the American Legion—Gerald C. MacGuire and Bill Doyle—paid a visit to Butler. MacGuire, a bond salesman for a Morgan firm, invited the general to address a Legion convention. They hoped that the members would rally to Butler and help them oust the veterans group's current slate of leaders. Butler declined, but the pair returned. This time they brought a bank book showing over $100,000 in deposits (an astronomical sum in 1933) and a prepared speech they wanted him to give. Said to have been written by former Presidential candidate John W. Davis, the speech called for the convention to pass a resolution demanding America's return to the gold standard.

Butler declined again, but his suspicions were aroused. He kept MacGuire coming back by asking him questions. Who was he really working for? Who was financing his group? Butler might consider throwing in with them, but only if he could meet the head man directly.

After a period of hemming and hawing, MacGuire admitted that two of his organization's top men were Singer sewing machine heir Robert Sterling Clark (also affiliated with Sun Oil) and brokerage house owner Grayson M.P. Murphy, a director of Guaranty Trust (a bank owned by Morgan), who also had interests in Goodyear, Bethlehem Steel and Anaconda Copper. Clark visited Butler and hinted that his organization just might be persuaded to pay off Butler's mortgage. At another meeting, MacGuire whipped out his wallet, pulled out 18 thousand-dollar bills and told the general that he wanted to pay for his help.

Major General Smedley D. Butler, patriot and whistle-blower.

Finally, MacGuire told Butler what was really on his group's mind. It wanted Butler to lead an insurrectionist army of 500,000 veterans in a march on Washington. President Roosevelt would be forced to resign, or perhaps just be kept on as a figurehead. FDR would have to appoint a "Secretary of General Affairs," with

broad general authority, who would (of course) run things on behalf of the interests who bankrolled the coup. The Vice President and the Secretary of State (at that time the third person in the Presidential succession) would resign, leaving the Secretary of General Affairs in charge should anything, ah, happen to the President.

Butler at first didn't believe that the plot was serious, but MacGuire impressed him with some accurate predictions about White House personnel changes. He also predicted the public announcement of a new group that would support the coup by issuing anti-FDR propaganda. A few weeks later Butler read of the formation of the American Liberty League, the most vocal and best-financed of the anti-New Deal groups. The League was backed by the Du Ponts and headed by John J. Raskob (of General Motors), but it also attracted former Democratic Presidential candidates John W. Davis (1924) and Al Smith (1928) and onetime Democratic National Committee Chairman Jouett Shouse.

At this point Butler proved just how badly MacGuire and his friends had misjudged their man. Perhaps they'd forgotten that the Marine Corps' motto, *Semper Fidelis*, means "always faithful" and not "Where's mine?" Butler went to some friends in Congress and the media, most prominently reporter Paul Comly French of the *Philadelphia Record*, and denounced the plot. Soon, the House Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities agreed to give him a hearing.

During the hearing Butler testified that Robert Sterling Clark had told him that "the organization" considered him "too radical" to lead the coup and that it preferred two other candidates—one of whom was Douglas MacArthur. Reporter French testified that MacGuire had told him that the plotters could raise a million dollars from Morgan or the National City Bank and that arms could be obtained from the Remington Arms Company, largely owned by the Du Ponts. According to French, MacGuire had told him not to worry, that "the poor suckers will go for it."

MacGuire testified that there was no plot, that he was merely a member of a bring-back-the-gold-standard lobbying group called the Committee for Sound Dollar and Sound Currency Inc. He could not, however, explain away the large sums of money deposited in several of his accounts. Clark had sent MacGuire on a tour of France, Germany and Italy to study economic conditions, said MacGuire. But evidence showed that while abroad, he had met in all three countries with veterans who belonged to paramilitary fascist groups, such as Italy's Blackshirts and France's *Croix de Feu* ("Cross of Fire").

An independent witness, Veterans of Foreign Wars Commander James Van Zandt, corroborated Butler's story and said that he, too, had been approached to lead an insurrectionist army.

Surprisingly, the House committee did not call such alleged coconspirators as Morgan banker and Liberty League treasurer Grayson Murphy, General Hugh Johnson (the head of the National Recovery Administration), former New York Governor Al Smith of the Liberty League and General MacArthur. The committee's final report read: "This committee received evidence from Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler (retired), twice decorated by the Congress of the United States. He testified before the committee as to conversations with one Gerald C. MacGuire in which the latter is alleged to have suggested the formation of a fascist army under the leadership of General Butler.

"MacGuire denied these allegations under oath, but your committee was able to verify all the pertinent statements made by General Butler, with the exception of the direct statement suggesting the creation of the organization. This, however, was corroborated in the correspondence of MacGuire with his principal, Robert Sterling Clark, of New York City, while MacGuire was abroad studying the various forms of veterans' organizations of fascist character."

The committee had concluded that Smedley Butler was right, that there was indeed a Big Business, fascist-style putsch planned for the United States. The truly astonishing part of the story is what happened next. Nothing.

The *New York Times* ran two paragraphs on page five. *Time*'s story was titled "Plot Without Plotters." The Justice Department prosecuted no one at all, not even MacGuire, who had obviously perjured himself. When reporters asked, "Why?" the Justice Department said only that it had no plans to bring any prosecutions "at the moment." Less than a month after the report's release, "the moment" stretched out to forever when Gerald MacGuire, the only man who could testify about the plotters' instructions to him to recruit Butler, died at 37 from complications of pneumonia. Banker Grayson Murphy, the Liberty League treasurer, died soon after. The plot against FDR started as a minor story, then became a footnote to history, and has by now all but disappeared.

Why wasn't this story the Watergate of 1934? No one had an adequate explanation then. Roosevelt aide Harold Ickes thought the answer might be found in the near-monopoly concentration of newspaper ownership among major chains—sort of the opposite of today's "liberal media conspiracy" argument. Seventy years later the issue is even murkier.

What seems certain is that there was a plot to replace a popularly elected President with a sock puppet controlled by the hand of Big Business, and that it was exposed by a patriotic Marine general who believed that duty called him to protect the Constitution, not to subvert it. You might choose to read this story as having a moral to be applied to current politics—except that today, we can't seem to find a Smedley D. Butler.

Jesus, would you come already! That buzzing is driving me nuts!"

Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.

The Ultimate Fuck

Give Her A Cum-Drenching She'll Never Forget!

Learning "The Ropes"...

The letters keep pouring in, written by women of all ages, about a supplement that has made their sex lives "explosive" (literally). I'd like to share one, from a loyal reader...

Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always satisfied me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of cum. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his superhuman load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I do know all about what your last boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle in men, an added bonus—from a woman's perspective—is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these rope-like sensations during male orgasm.

As far as finding Serogen in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. The company has a product line for men that includes newly added Serogen-SP, a premium blend of the original. If interested in purchasing Serogen or SP, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.learntheropes.net.

Nancy Ann

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CHANEL ST. JAMES

CLASSIC BEAUTY

Chanel St. James appears courtesy of ClubJenna (ClubJenna.com)

girls of clubjenna

Since Chanel is a ClubJenna Girl, you may be surprised to learn that this is the first time she's ever posed naked. "I always wanted to do dirty magazines," the newcomer confides. "But I never trusted anyone till I signed with Jenna and knew she would watch my back. I never in my whole life spread my pussy and said, 'Let's take some pictures!' until now."

This busty beauty (34D-22-34 to be exact) has everything it takes to succeed. "The job of porn star allows me to be the person I really am," Chanel declares. "I love sex! I think about it all the time. I see a hot guy or girl, and I wonder what they'd be like in bed."

"I do crazy things all the time," the foxy lady admits. "I go to my mailbox topless. One day, the carpet guy came over to clean my rugs, and I fucked him. Another time I picked up this guy in the mall, a total stranger, and we ended up doing it in a store dressing room. I'm a freak like that."

How did our latest centerfold hook up with Jenna Jameson? "I had met her a couple times," Chanel explains, "and she invited me to hang out on the set of her directorial debut film, *The Provocateur*. Then she asked if I wanted to do a girl/girl scene with McKenzie Lee. I said, 'Hell, yes!' We shot it the very next day!"

When not in front of the camera or being lascivious on her own, Ms. St. James loves to head to her old hometown and work the brass pole. "I dance at a club called Bourbon Street Circus in Phoenix," she says.

In the future, Chanel hopes to continue making XXX films and captivating audiences. "Being able to put who I am and how I am on film is very exciting to me," she coos. "The fact that some guy will enjoy photos of me being very naughty is also exciting. I masturbate all the time, and if these photos get a guy off, I'm thrilled."

"COME BACK FOR MORE!"
XOXOXO
Chanel

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A guy unhappy with the blow-up doll he'd bought the previous day steps to the counter and tells the owner of the sex shop, "I blew this doll up last night, and straight away she went down on me. I want my $50 back."

"Hell," the store owner mutters. "If I'd known she was gonna do that, I'd have charged you $75!"

Question: Did you hear about the blonde who wanted to be a madam?

Answer: She bought a warehouse.

A car salesman was sitting at the bar when he complained to his pal, "Business has sucked lately. If I don't sell more cars this month, I'm gonna lose my fuckin' ass!" Then he noticed a gorgeous woman sitting a few stools away and quickly apologized for his foul language.

"That's okay, honey," the babe shot back. "If I don't sell more ass this month, I'm gonna lose my fuckin' car!"

A bunch of guys always got together after work at their favorite watering hole. One Friday, Jeb—the only one who was married—powered down his first beer in a single gulp. Turning to a drinking buddy, he grumbled, "Bob, old boy, times are getting tough. My wife had some really bad news this morning. She's going to cut back on having sex with me to just once a week. I can't fucking believe it!"

Bob put his hand on Jeb's shoulder and said, "You think *you've* got it bad? She's cut off some of us altogether!"

An ugly woman walked into a candy store with her two kids tagging along. As they looked around, the proprietor exclaimed, "What adorable children! Are they twins?"

The mother replied, "No, sir. Andy's nine, and Ashley is seven. Do you really think they look that much alike?"

"No, ma'am," the candy man bellowed. "I just can't believe you got laid twice!"

Question: What do rocks and women have in common?

Answer: If they're flat, you can skip 'em.

For her wedding, Camilla Parker Bowles bought brand-new shoes, which grew increasingly tighter as the big day went on.

That evening, when the festivities were finally over, the newlyweds retired to their quarters in Buckingham Palace. Flopping on the king-size bed, Camilla cooed, "Charles, darling, please remove my shoes. My feet are killing me!"

Eager to please, the Prince of Wales got down on his knees and attacked Camilla's right shoe with vigor, but it wouldn't budge.

"Harder!" his new bride yelled. "Harder!"

"I'm trying, darling!" Charles roared. "But it's just so bloody tight!"

"Come on, luv!" Camilla insisted. "Give it all you've got!"

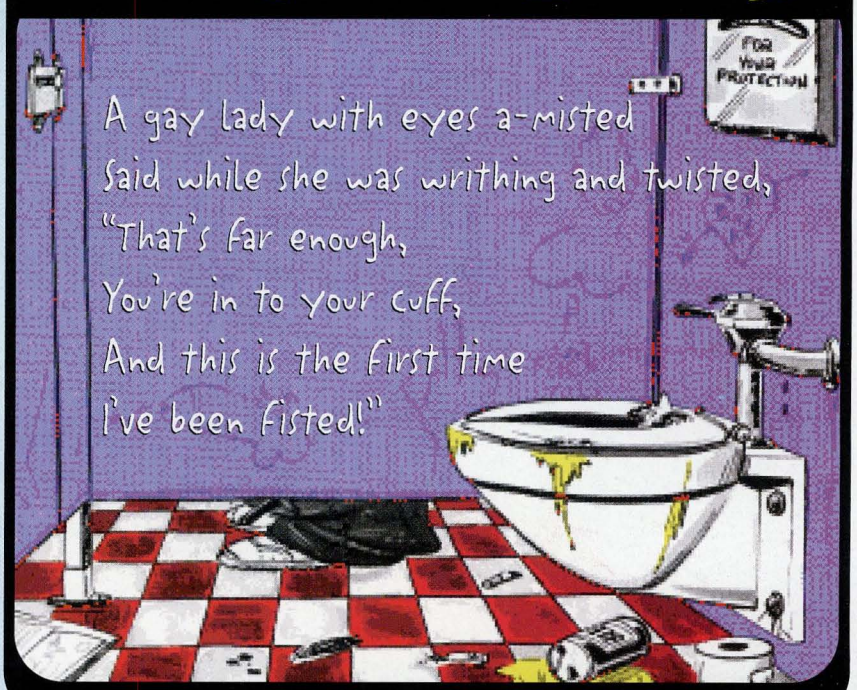
Finally, when the stubborn shoe came off, Charles let out a big groan as Camilla exclaimed, "There! Oh, God, that feels so-o-o-o-o good!"

Lying in the royal bedroom next door, Queen Elizabeth said to her husband, Prince Philip, "See, dear? I told you with a face like that, she was still a virgin!"

Meanwhile, as Charles persistently tried to remove Camilla's other shoe, he cried, "Oh, God, darling! This one's even tighter!"

At which, Prince Philip proclaimed to the Queen, "That's my boy. Once a Navy man, always a Navy man!"

GRAFFILTHY


A gay lady with eyes a-misted
Said while she was writhing and twisted,
"That's far enough,
You're in to your cuff,
And this is the first time
I've been fisted!"
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Thanks and $50 go to Clinton P.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

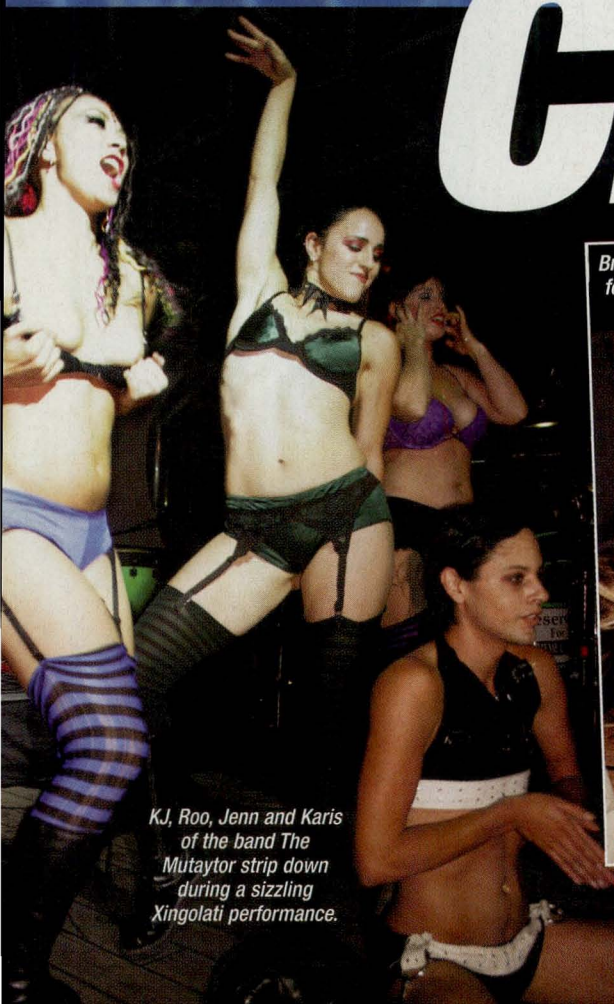
"Well, what you have here is an authentic personal letter to your mother from then-President Clinton."

Colorful costumes add to the excitement on the floating soiree.

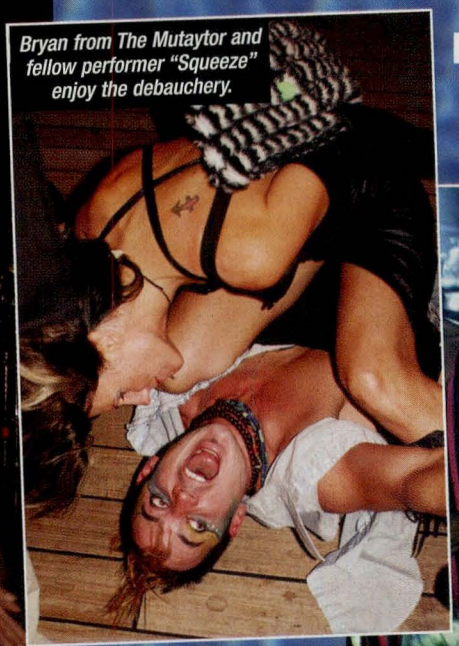
PHOTO BY CORY

"One funky-ass elevator going UP!"

Cruisin' for a



KJ, Roo, Jenn and Karis of the band The Mutaytor strip down during a sizzling Xingolati performance.



Bryan from The Mutaytor and fellow performer "Squeeze" enjoy the debauchery.

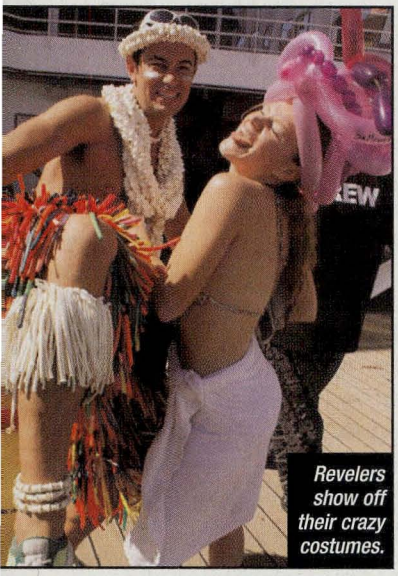
The Groove Cruise has been compared to Burning Man, making it a hit with hipsters.

BY HARMON LEON

As a gonzo journalist discovers, nothing is groovier than the ultimate *high* seas adventure.

Boozin'

THE XINGOLATI GROOVE CRUISE OF THE PACIFIC is a three-day music festival that takes place on a massive passenger ship. Call it Burning Man at sea or Cruise-a-palooza, it is what it is—an unforgettable experience for 2,000 wild and crazy partygoers. The Carnival Cruise liner—appropriately named *Paradise*—will take us from Long Beach, California, to Ensenada, Mexico, and since this is the first XGC ever, I can only guess what lies ahead.



Revelers show off their crazy costumes.

I had been warned: This is not your normal Carnival Cruise. Xingolati isn't about smorgasbords and shuffleboard; it's about getting totally wasted and letting loose.

This becomes evident as I join the long line waiting to board the ship. The group is made up of young bongo-drum-toting hipsters, pierced clubbers with multicolored hair and shirtless beach bums decorated with various tattoos. I happily surmise that there'll be plenty of scantily clad ladies around to accentuate the live performances by bands like The Flaming Lips and Medeski Martin & Wood. Perhaps these people will someday replace the stereotypical tourists who normally inhabit cruise ships. *Bloody unlikely,* I quickly tell myself.

A hush envelops the impatient line. Something has momentarily stressed out the group in front of me. Then I realize this is the customs line! I can suddenly read the minds of every person waiting: *Hide the drugs or throw them out?* Surprisingly, most people get through without much hassle.

"Whatever you need, just let me know," says Viking, a hulking event organizer who sports long, red hair and a beard. He chats with us as we check in.

To combat the customs problem, Viking has taken it upon himself to hollow out candles and fill them with sheets of LSD, then professionally reseal them with a wrapper. "I gave it to my girl to carry on," Viking tells us with a huge smile, referring to his smuggled acid. *What a nice boyfriend!*

After slogging through the lengthy customs line and getting shipside, I sense a manic energy building in intensity. Loud dance beats immediately start up on the main pool deck, and in mere minutes the bar is raided by revelers like a treasure trove by pirates. The wig and plastic-love-bead industries must have made a killing on XGC—there's an overabundance of both—reminding me of those crazy Mardi Gras celebrations.

I make a beeline for the bar, passing a group dressed as characters from the Bill Murray movie *The Life Aquatic.* I make a mental note that there are dozens of off-duty strippers onboard, whose demands for attention are easy to spot—the slutty chicks parade their gargantuan fake tits like Olympic medals.

Caught in this youthful whirlwind that has quickly become a stupendous party, a few older, respectable folks look a bit confused. And the *Paradise* hasn't even left the pier in Long Beach yet!

Once out on the open water, the vessel becomes a community of like-minded people. From the elaborately dressed adults to the young, greasy hippies wearing Burning Man tribal wear, the passengers represent a cross-pollination of America's socioeconomic groups. Somehow it all works.

Posing as fictional Olympic triathlete Bobby Jenner, I'm wearing stars-and-stripes hot pants, socks pulled to my knees, fake gold medals and a patriotic track-meet top. I march through the crowd, madly waving an American flag and screaming, "USA! USA! USA!"

My tirade eventually transforms into a wandering exploration of the ship that evening. Several musical and artistic events are happening at once on the main stages. Even in the tiny nook-and-cranny side rooms and hallways, people are playing music and partying. I stop and listen to a four-piece bluegrass band jamming near the most eccentric elevator I've ever seen.

"I just spent three hours riding the elevator," exclaims a woman wearing an afro wig who wants to be called Doctor Cory. On your typical cruise, elevators transport passengers from deck to deck; here they also entertain. A keyboardist in sunglasses plays on a portable electric piano, accompanied by a vocalist and saxophone player. Out-of-their-mind Groove Cruisers dance gleefully within the cramped space. Needing a rest, I head to my cabin. Minutes later, Viking makes an unexpected visit.

"Wanna see something really cool?" the giant asks. That's a no-brainer. "Close the door," he says.

Viking pulls out what looks like an ordinary piece of white cardboard. "There are 400 doses of acid on it," he explains. "This stuff is sick—$2,000 worth, and no one can tell." Then Viking licks an entire side of the sheet as I watch in wonderment.

"That's cool," I say as Viking wanders off.

Things start to get really sloppy later that night. Peoples' pupils are dilating into black saucers; the amount of drug consumption and debauchery is increasing to unbelievable levels. A sexy female roller-skater wearing panties and a life jacket slides by.

The Mutaytor, a musical troupe that originated in the Burning Man subculture, jams under the full moon, their music echoing out over the silver ocean, the *whoosh* of sea air rushing against my face. Standing in the outdoor stage area, this breeze of ecstasy hits me as I witness glowing hula hoops, fire-spitting maniacs and dancers hanging from scaffolding.

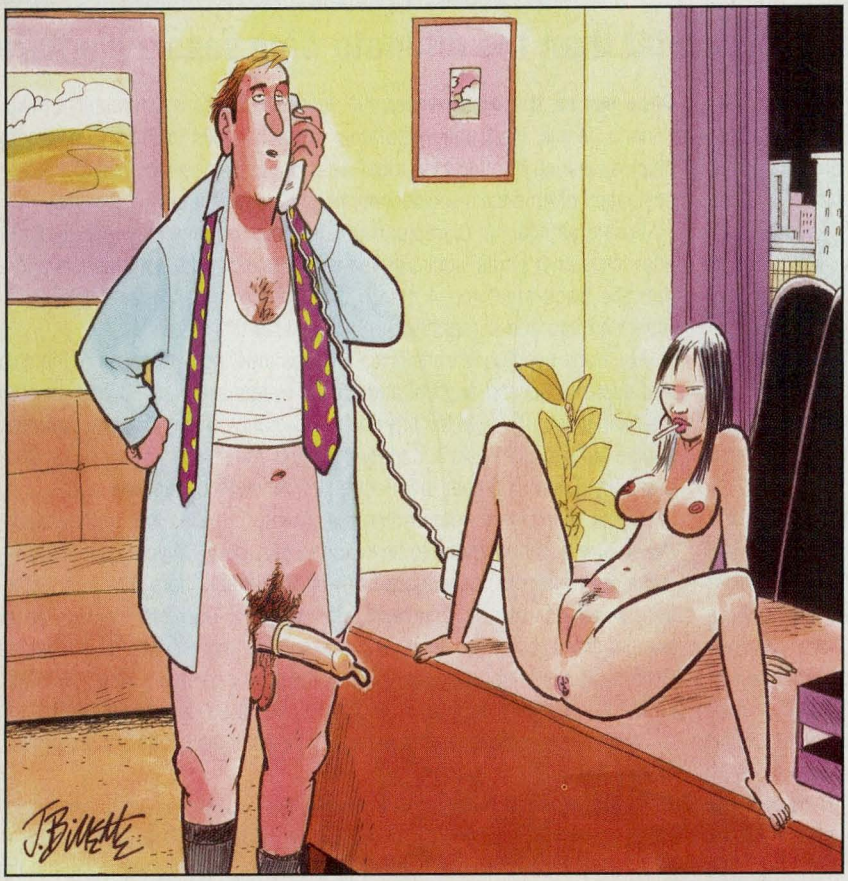
It becomes a bit too much for my senses, so I take refuge in the ship's club, where DJ Laird leads a psychedelic techno dance session. My head is swimming as the boat sways passengers back and forth. *I need a drink,* I think to myself. *Damn! It's past 2 a.m.!*

Then relief washes over me. The laws are different in international waters, where liquor flows all night long on cruise ships. While waiting for another beer, I smell the pungent aroma of weed. Following my nose, I am drawn to an area where stoners are lighting joints and pipes at every corner.

Horny, off-duty crew members (still clad in their crisp white uniforms) are just as wasted as everyone else, grinding on the dance floor with the passengers. Must be a nice break from the sunburned tourists they typically cater to. "We normally don't get passengers like this," a Romanian crew member tells me. Then we do a tequila shot together.

One complaint: The cabins are tiny. Even too small for some good old-fashioned fucking. So the deck and dance club become alternative locations to get it on. Many passengers are dosed up on the love drug Ecstasy,

PHOTOS COURTESY OF PIXELVISION/MULTIMEDIA SOLUTIONS



"Yeah, sorry, honey, I'm workin' late. Nah, don't worry. I ordered a little Chinese takeout."

"Ain't no funds to fill potholes, so we's just makin' 'em more appealing!"

Cruisin' for a Boozin'

and at this late hour the effects are kicking into full throttle. It becomes commonplace to see lap dances, girl-on-girl makeout sessions and other sexual misconduct taking place in abundance.

At about 5:30 a.m. I learn a valuable lesson in drug use: Never stick out your tongue to let a stranger drop some liquid on it. I know it's bad when this hippie who looks like he eats LSD for breakfast says to me, "Do you know how big of a dose you just put on your tongue?" I have no idea how big it was, but I'm about to find out.

I realize I'm the "really fucked-up guy"—that dude who is so wasted he can barely stand, let alone focus. I stumble around pathetically in my Bobby Jenner costume, stepping over people passed out in the hallways and formed to the contours of the wall. One girl is out cold, her skirt hiked over her head, thonged ass sticking out for all to see. She wakes up when the cameras start snapping. "Where's the party?" she asks in a daze.

Sometime the next day I figure out that the *Paradise* is anchored and swaying. My waking hours are spent with a Bloody Mary in hand. I take my leave from the poolside when this hairy-ass naked guy goes down the water slide, holding his swimsuit and beer over his head, balls-a-danglin'.

We disembark to spend the afternoon in Ensenada. Unfortunately, all I remember are flashes from a drunken spat at the legendary tourist bar Papas & Beer. I recall a bunch of jarheads dry-humping a single girl on the dance floor, and I remember a number of the vacationing strippers engaged in some sexy pole dancing.

Upon our return to the ship, a voluptuous (yet very wasted) San Diegan stripper falls down. Her equally wasted friends attempt to keep the tipsy blonde on her feet. "Tiffany, don't talk until we get on the fucking boat," says her aggressive boyfriend. When a customs official asks for her passport, she lies down on her back, puts her feet in the air and spreads her legs. Despite the tawdry spectacle, she's eventually allowed back onboard.

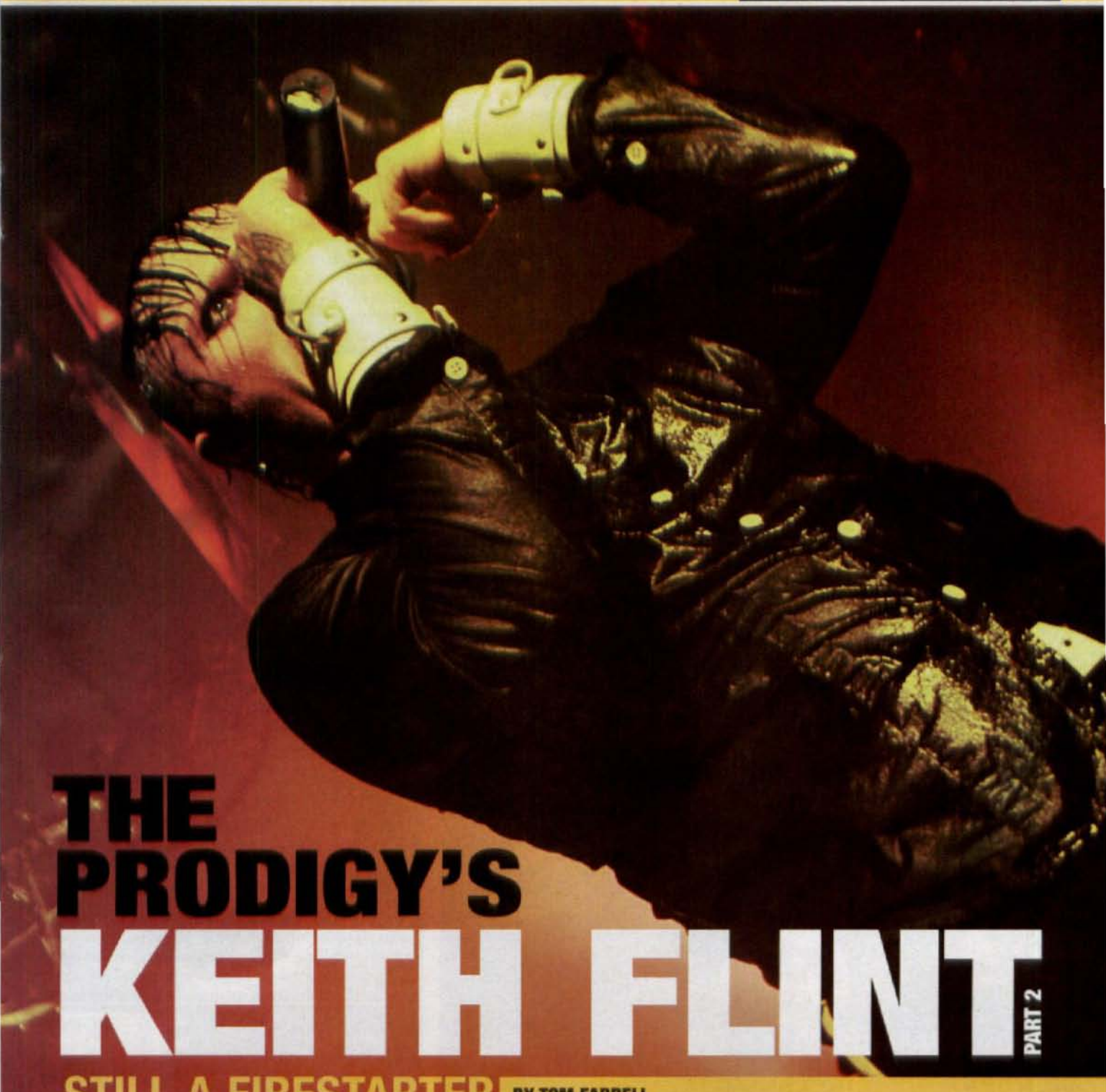
Before I even know it, we're docking in Long Beach, wallowing in a three-day pile of fucked-up-itude. The crew hoses down the deck to rid the once-sparkling vessel of sweat and patchouli oil—the hippie smell.

Unfortunately, we are delayed from disembarking because officials need to remove a dead body. *What kind of drug party doesn't need a corpse removed at the end, right?*

"I heard somebody died," a girl says as a suited FBI team departs. It turns out one Xingolati passenger committed suicide. This is not surprising—large quantities of hard drugs drive people to do crazy things.

Back on solid ground, I look up at the immense ship. The skies have opened up with invigorating rain, and a new group of plump tourists with fanny packs waits to get onboard. The vacationers look dumbfounded as a ruffian with blue dreadlocks and bloodshot eyes approaches them. "Enjoy the cruise," he says, continuing down the gangplank. "I had a far-out trip, man."

For more information or to order tickets for the next festival, visit Xingolati.com or Mutaytor.com.



THE PRODIGY'S KEITH FLINT PART 2

STILL A FIRESTARTER

BY TOM FARRELL

LAST ISSUE we spoke with The Prodigy's Liam Howlett about the ravers' new video/CD compilation—*Their Law: Singles 1990-2005*—and their upcoming U.S. summer tour. This month we wind up the interview with The Prodigy's wild frontman, Keith Flint, who talks about sex, drugs and rave 'n' roll.

HUSTLER: You started out with The Prodigy as a long-haired, hippie dancer.

KEITH FLINT: You look back at a your old school pictures when you thought you were the funkiest kid in the class, but your mullet doesn't wear too well. But I'm cool with it. I mean, fuck, I'm the luckiest man alive. I'm in a cool band with cool sounds.

Your look transgressed from raver to the "Firestarter" punk look. You've been very instrumental in The Prodigy's punk attitude, from your look to your ethic.

It seems really planned, but the honest truth of the matter is that it wasn't planned. As a kid, I was always into bands like The Jam and The Specials. I loved the shock of punk because punks these days don't shock anyone. My "gran" would walk down the street and see punks and be "Oh, my Lord, what on Earth is it?"

And that's the way it should be.

Yeah, when punk was around, they couldn't

PHOTOS BY CHRIS DAVISON

understand it. But I wanted to be a "face" [English slang for "mod"] like Paul Weller [of The Jam]. I really looked up to him. I thought, *One day I'm going to be like that guy.* I've always been expressive—it's in my nature. I do that visually and vocally.

Besides, Bruce Foxton [former Jam bassist] had that cool mullet.

(*Laughs.*) Yeah, he could rock that mullet!

Tell us about the upcoming album.

We just started it. The vibe is really good, and we're going into the studio off the strength of our sold-out U.K. tour. We're on the back of that. We're determined and really on fire.

What's kept The Prodigy's fire burning for 15 years?

Ourselves. We're the fire. We're brothers. We're warriors. When that music fires up onstage, I'm alive. It's like anarchy, like this battle, and all the energy from the kids, it's really amazing. It's the best drug in the world.

A lot of the ravers and electronic bands—Fatboy Slim, the Chemical Brothers, yourselves—are all nearing middle age and the big 4-0. Do you still party as hearty as you used to?

I've been partying as much as I've done in a long time. I have to be fit enough to do the shows. That's important to me. I won't shame myself. No one's gonna ever buy a ticket and see me just plod around with a hangover. I just can't. I enjoy partying. You have to have it all. That's something that's in me and won't stop. I don't have a wife or kids. I like to burn it at both ends. I'm a free spirit. I like to party as hard as I can. I left a hotel room once after drinking a bottle of red wine and partying, and I woke up in another hotel room naked with none of my clothes around me. When the people had come looking for me, I'd been into the local church praying—naked at the altar!

Was is on a Sunday?

Yeah, Sunday morning, and the congregation was there! It happened in Europe, and one of the locals was saying "Oh, yes, the one with the blond Mohican! He comes in here with no clothes on!" Sometimes I lose it. Partying can do that to you. I love to go till there's no one left.

What kind of groupies does The Prodigy get?

I like the hot chicks. Can't have the fat birds. I'd rather go have a wank. The other boys are married, so I do their bit for them. I love sex. I'm sure I fucked enough chicks—that's what your dick is there for. I want to know when I die that I've used my dick more times for fucking than for pissing. ■

"I want to know when I die that I've used my dick more times for fucking than for pissing."

SIX-PACK

A look at some of the hottest CDs that you need to know about.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Alright, This Time Just the Girls, Vol. 2
Sympathy for the Record Industry

Female-fronted bands reign supreme! With 30 tracks by groups including The Muffs, Candypants, 5.6.7.8's and The Kirby Grips, you get a smattering of pop, punk and garage rock from the fairer sex's perspective. Add in ultracool cover art by Camille Rose Garcia, and this comp will make you clap your hands and say yeah. *—Michelle McCarthy*

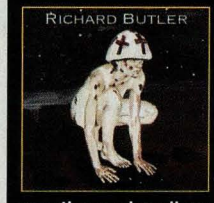
TAYLOR HAWKINS & THE COATTAIL RIDERS
Taylor Hawkins & The Coattail Riders
Thrive

If you dig Foo Fighters (Hawkins is their drummer—here he sings and plays drums), you'll enjoy this record. Echoing guitars ignite the record, and the '80s rock with a 21st-century edge doesn't let up until your headphones melt off. *—Hans Feuersinger*

BANG SUGAR BANG
Thwak Thwak Go Crazy
S.O.S. Records

The buzz surrounding this L.A. trio's live show is reinforced on their sophomore release (produced by old-school punk legend Geza X). Songs such as "Punk Beat" and "The Machine Gun Song" showcase BSB's brand of power punk—and the energy is palpable. *—M.M.*

RICHARD BUTLER
Richard Butler
Koch Entertainment



The Psychedelic Furs frontman takes another break (remember Love Spit Love?) from his '80s unit to put out this thoughtful, introspective and mellow CD. Unlike some of his contemporaries, Butler's voice has aged well, and his lyrics are still packed with the edgy wit that made hits like "Pretty in Pink" and "Love My Way" staples. *—Keith Valcourt*

NYCO
Two
ThickFace Records

Fans of Jack Johnson and the Dave Matthews Band vibe can add this Chicago quartet to their laidback playlists. With a sampling of pop, jazz and rock, NYCO is destined to be a big hit at Bonnaroo some day soon. *—M.M.*

MOTH
Immune to Gravity
Hey Domingo!

Creating power pop with substance, Moth perfects the "short-and-sweet" aspect of songwriting on their fifth full-length release. It'll suck you in on the first spin. *—M.M.*

NEWS

"Who needs TV when I got T-Rex?" David Bowie experiences life before Tivo in The Man Who Fell to Earth.

BOWIE DVD FALLS TO EARTH

Criterion/Image has released David Bowie's cult space tale *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, an artsy telling of a spaceman in search of water for his home planet. Directed by Nicholas Roeg, the movie capitalized on Bowie's early-'70s Ziggy Stardust persona by portraying the androgynous rocker as a lovable alien trying to cut it with the folks of planet Earth. The sci-fi flick is a bold statement of alienation in modern life told in an almost hallucinatory vision. Candy Clark, Buck Henry and Rip Torn turn in noteworthy supporting performances.

David Bowie is out of this world.

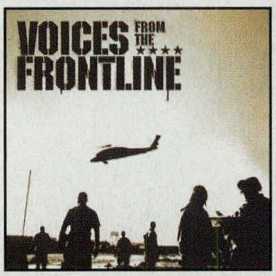
The two-disc DVD release includes nearly 20 minutes of deleted scenes, commentaries from Roeg, Bowie and Henry, interviews with cast and crew, trailers, and TV spots—all in high-def wide-screen transfer.

VINE TIME

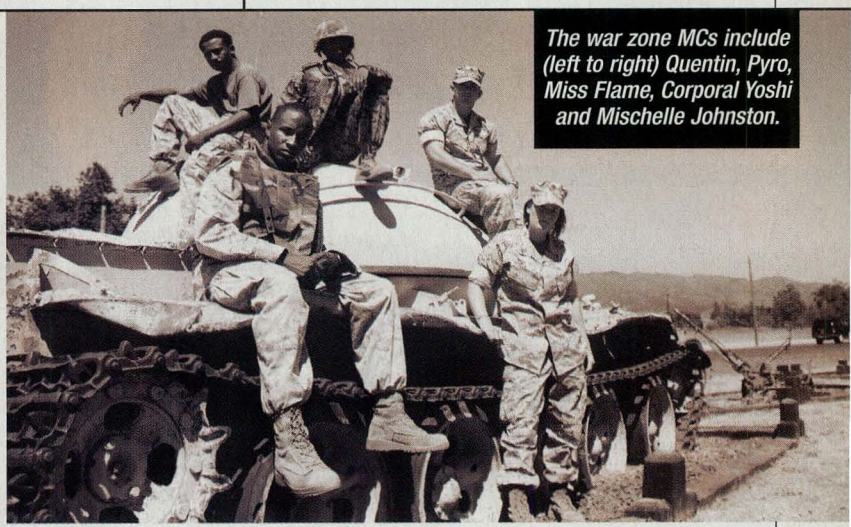
Troubled Australian rockers The Vines have released their third album, *Vision Valley* (Heavenly/Capitol). But don't count on catching them in concert, on TV or anywhere except on the radio. Lead singer Craig Nicholls, well known for his erratic onstage (and off-stage) behavior, has been diagnosed with Asperger's Syndrome, a neurobiological disorder and form of autism. From what we hear, The Vines may be history. It's a pity, since *Vision Valley* is arguably their best offering yet, packed full of catchy pop tunes that bring to mind Nirvana, Redd Kross and The Beatles. *—Tom Farrell*

Vines: coping with the mental health of frontman Craig Nicholls (center).

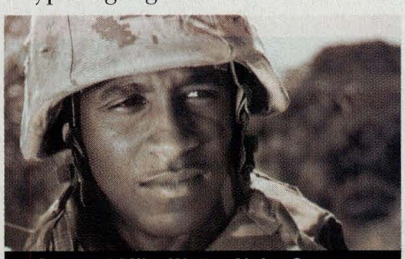
IRAQ I RAP



Voices From the Frontline—Our Life, Our Words, Our Songs: Music From the Troops in Iraq is a pretty dope rap compilation performed by several U.S. military personnel currently deployed in the war zone. Decent production quality and solid rhymes make for an enjoyable listen, while plenty of gunshot audio gives the mistaken impression that this could be a typical gangsta album. Not so. Soldiers are heard in snippets between songs talking about the dangerous conditions they face, offering an inside and unsettling view of the war. The real power of the record, though, lies in the soldiers' lyrics: "I'm goin' to Iraq for the first time/I can't explain exactly what's on my mind/So many thoughts are runnin' all through my head/Will I come back alive or will I come back dead?" Some proceeds from *Voices* will go to Operation AC's an adopt-a-soldier program (OperationAC.com). From Crosscheck Records. *—H.F.*



The war zone MCs include (left to right) Quentin, Pyro, Miss Flame, Corporal Yoshi and Mischelle Johnston.



Corporal Mike Watts, Alpha Company Raiders, 1st Battalion, 4th Marines, raps under the moniker Pyro.

PHOTOS BY MARGEUAX BESTARD

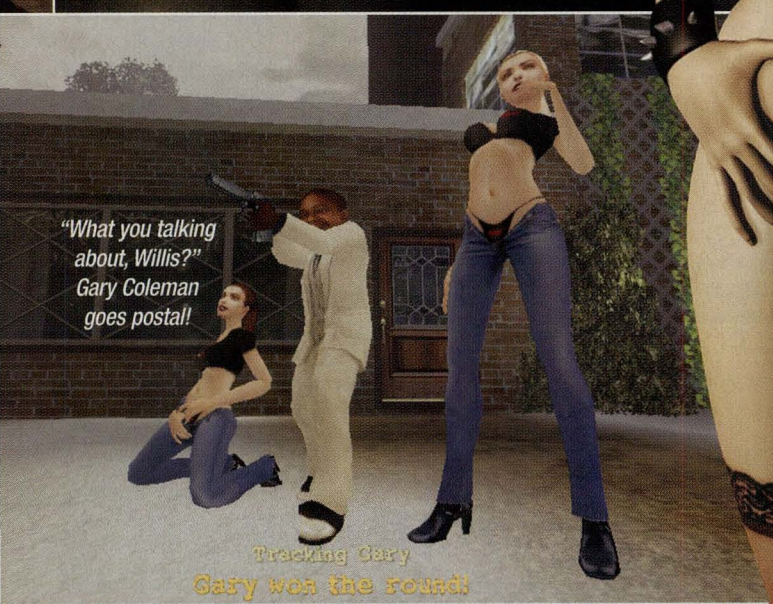
GAME ON

BY TOM FARRELL

Games you need to know about.

Postal 2: Apocalypse Weekend is a first-person action/adventure game that plunges you into the role of a character named The Postal Dude, your basic poor loser fed up with the everyday bullshit of real life: standing in bank lines, arguing with convenience store clerks, etc. You can even meet Gary Coleman and go online to get his autograph. The game's environment is huge and allows you to interact with tons of people and situations. You can just go through the game being a voyeur, or you can snap and "go postal," which is when the fun begins. There's a slew of weapons and objects like crack pipes to restore your health! The tongue-in-cheek game offers a wide variety of blood-soaked options and weaponry: beat 'em to death with shovels, pour gas on them, light them on fire—even piss on them—or just hit them with rocket launchers. From ***Running With Scissors***. Two hints: Stuff a cat (yep!) in your gun to use them as silencers; pee on a cop's donut, and it will kill them when they eat it.

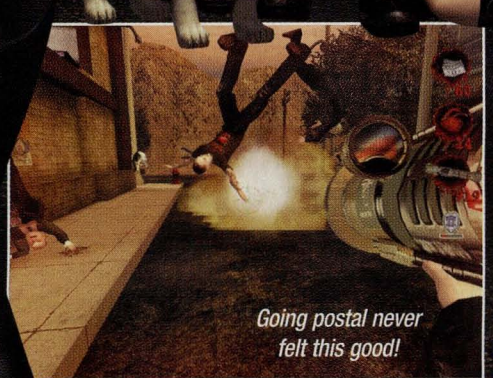
There's girls-a-plenty in **Postal 2.**



"What you talking about, Willis?" Gary Coleman goes postal!

Ready for mayhem.

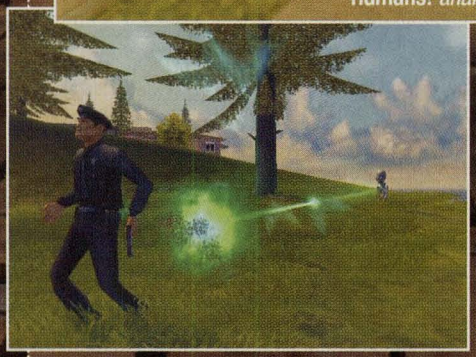
"You wouldn't shoot li'l ol' me, would ya, darlin'?" Chicks rule in **Postal 2.**



Going postal never felt this good!

Capcom has released ***Final Fight Streetwise***, the sequel to Final Fight, for PS2 and Xbox. You take on the role of a streetwise fighter in the violent town of Metro City in the mission-based action game. Classic **Capcom** fighting action, expansive 3-D environments, and diverse gameplay and nonplayer character interactions.

Life on Uranus? Not for long, thanks to the **Destroy All Humans!** *anal probe.*



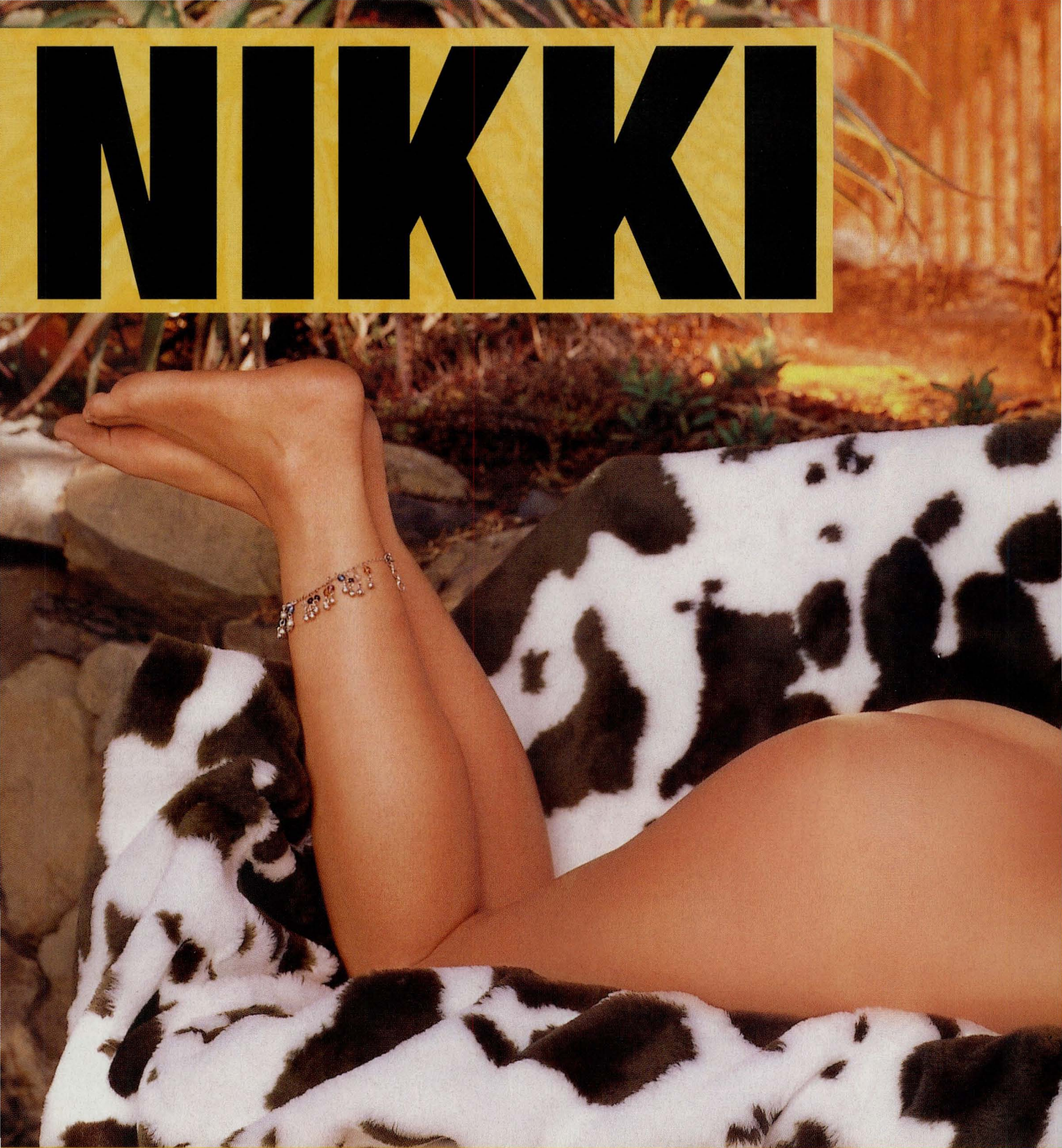
Speaking of UFOs and invasions, **THQ**'s side-splitting ***Destroy All Humans!*** gives you the chance to kick some human ass as you assume the role of a Martian invading a '50s sci-fi-era planet Earth. But you can do a lot more than just kick ass—you can actually probe it! Yep, the anal probe is among many cool weapons you wield, including death rays, alien mind control and more. And keep your eyes open for ***Destroy All Humans 2***, which is scheduled to street later this year—more weapons, more cities and more anal probes! Both for Xbox and PS2.

The latest release in the long-running and popular UFO series, ***UFO: Aftershock*** has been receiving massive critical acclaim, and for good reason. Set in the future, a group of colonists from Earth try to reclaim their former planet from the alien forces that ousted them. ***UFO: Aftershock*** takes the fight from global strategy. Developed by **Altar Interactive** and published by **Cenega**.

Finally, while we're on the UFO thing, we highly recommend ***Laser Squad Nemesis*** from **Got Game Entertainment** and **Codo**, the people who brought you the award-winning X-Com series. The turn-based tactical warfare game puts you in charge of a group of sci-fi warriors like space Marines, grey aliens and more. Pick your forces, then it's ass-kicking time—either versus the computer or an online opponent. The game plays out differently pretty much each time. Hours and hours of addictive gaming fun.

The fine folks at **Bethesda Games** have released ***Call of Cthulhu: Dark Corners of the Earth*** for PC and Xbox. The game plunges you into the terrifying world of the Cthulhu Mythos created by 1930s horror writer H.P. Lovecraft. In the first-person adventure game, you play an investigator delving deep into the world of Cthulhu's dark horror and terrifying monsters. Scary, atmospheric and really good graphics. Frightening along the lines of ***Alone in the Dark*** and the first two ***Resident Evil*** outings.

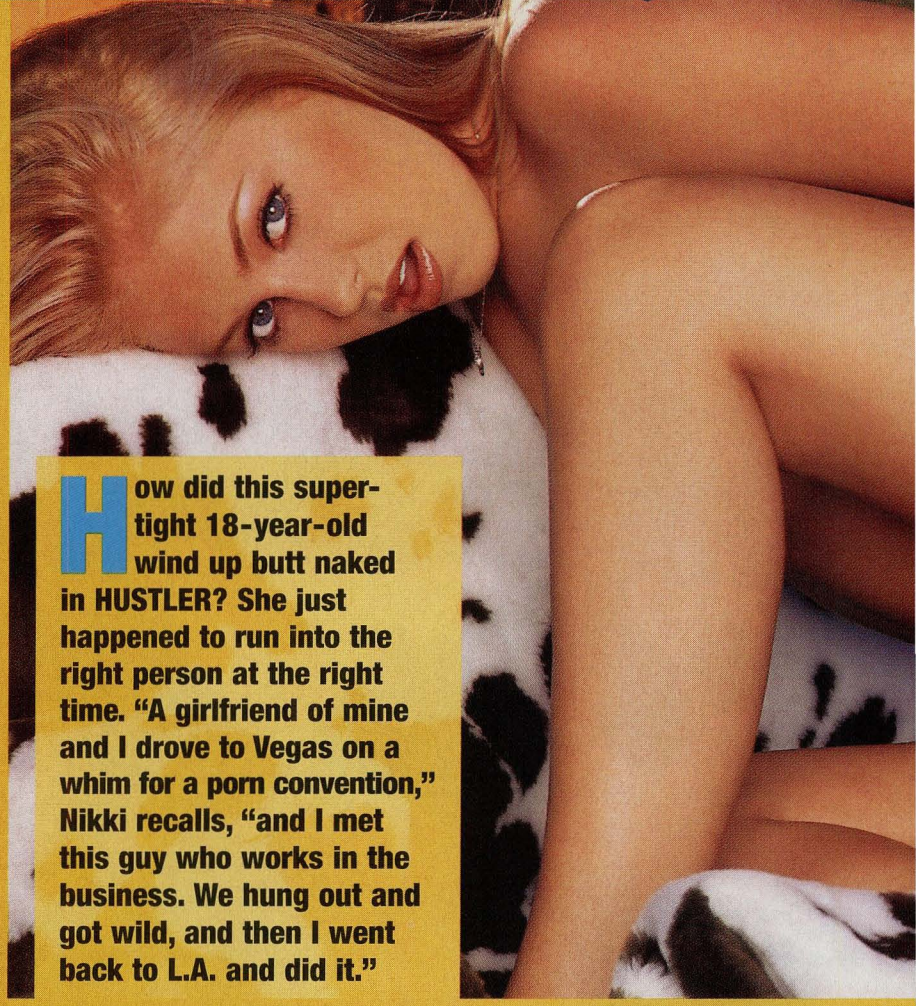
NIKKI



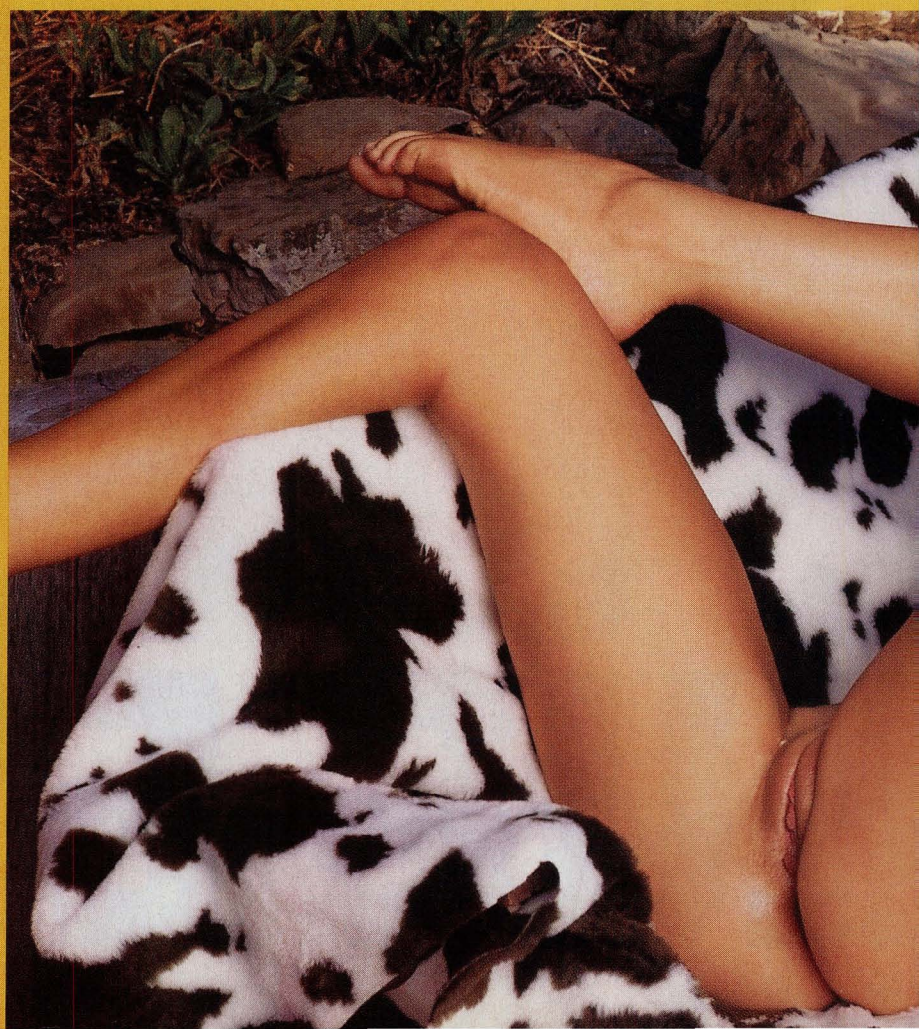
BEHIND B

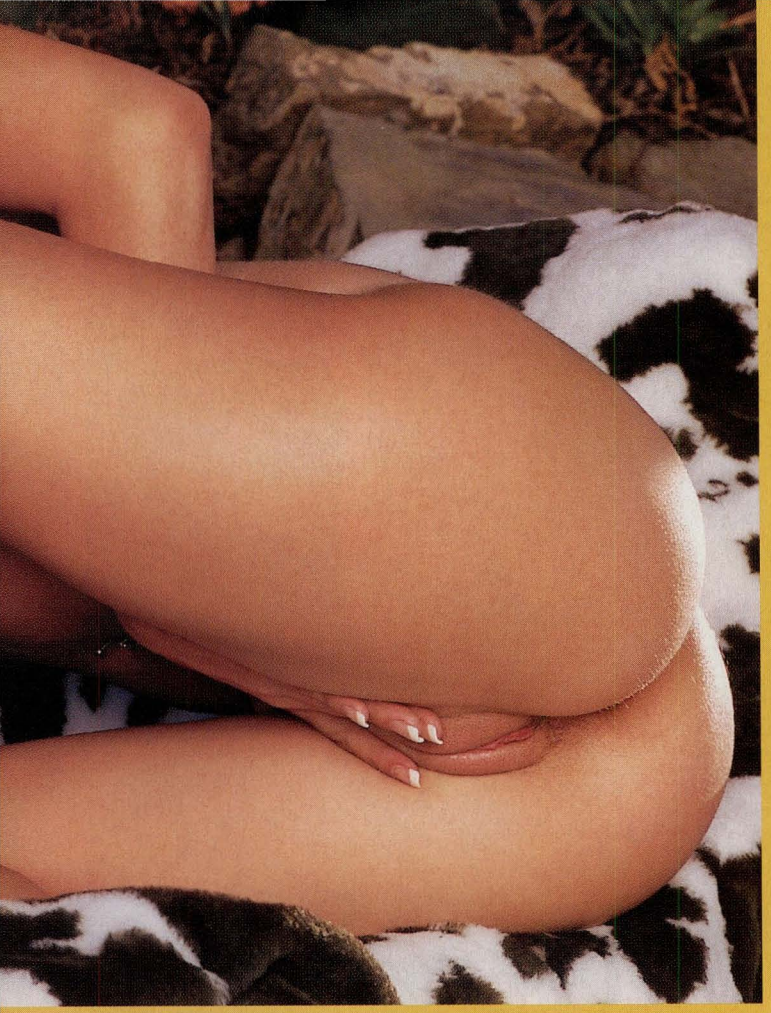
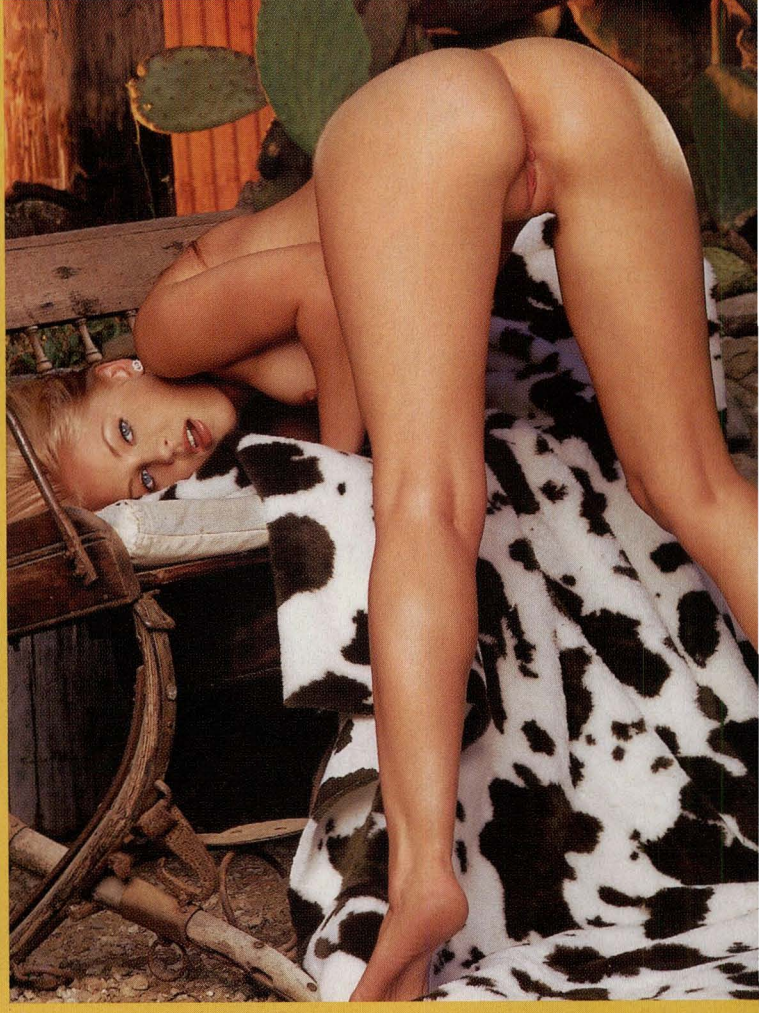
LUE EYES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



How did this super-tight 18-year-old wind up butt naked in HUSTLER? She just happened to run into the right person at the right time. "A girlfriend of mine and I drove to Vegas on a whim for a porn convention," Nikki recalls, "and I met this guy who works in the business. We hung out and got wild, and then I went back to L.A. and did it."

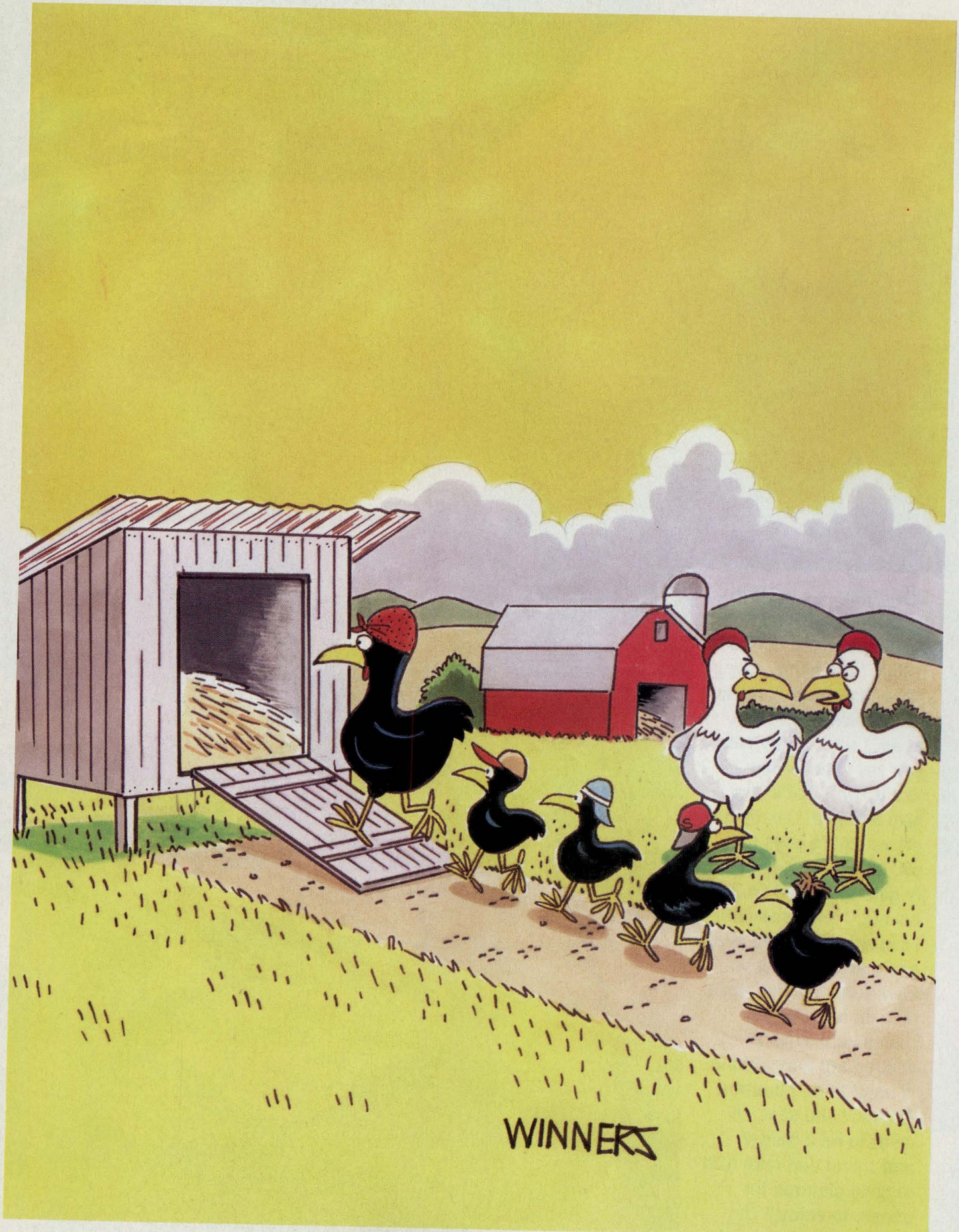


This is the Californian's first photo-spread, but she promises it won't be her last. "For a while I was kind of nervous," Nikki reveals. "Then I got into it and realized it's totally normal. After all, I love my body, and I want to share it!" Being so comfortable in front of the camera, is Nikki tempted to take the next step, hard-core videos? "Right now I'm just going to do magazines," she says. "But, hey, you never know what might happen down the road."

What happens in Nikki's bedroom is strictly down and dirty. "I like it rough," the barely legal babe fesses up. "I really get off being told what to do. I need a guy who can say 'This is how I like it,' and that's how I give it to him. I really get off watching guys get off. My favorite position is getting fucked from behind. I need someone I can enjoy over and over again and who keeps me interested. You have to keep me horny."

Meanwhile, Nikki's desires are very simple. "I hope to be beautiful forever," she says. "I want to be a model and travel and take lots of sexy pictures for people to enjoy." The delectable buttercup is off to a great start.



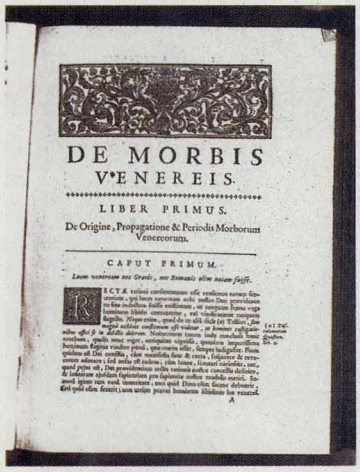
"Well, there goes the neighborhood!"

WHAT'S BEHIND THAT BIG, LOCKED DOOR?

Working undercover for HUSTLER, Hali Milner of California State University, Northridge infiltrates one of America's most exhaustive, and secretive, storehouses of sexually related materials.

The Center for Sex Research at California State University, Northridge houses a priceless archive of sex history: the Vern and Bonnie Bullough Collection on Sex and Gender. Unfortunately, the vast assemblage of books, periodicals, videos and data is unusually inaccessible. Located in CSUN's Oviatt Library, this treasure trove has been locked away behind a heavy door in a humidity-controlled room that only a curator is permitted to enter.

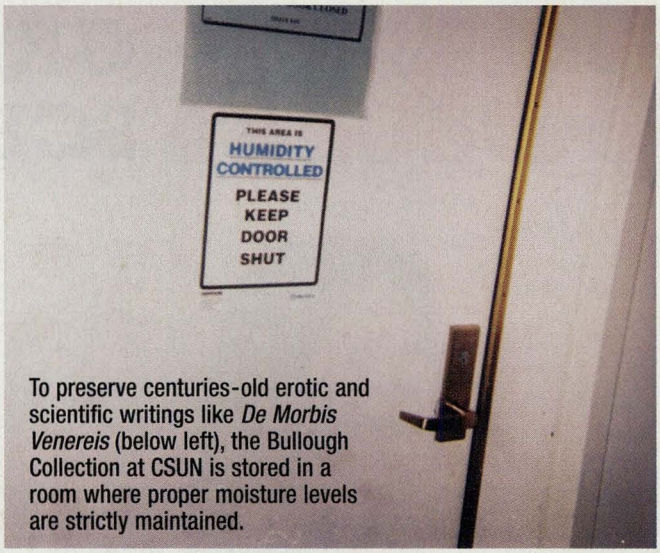
The first HUSTLER reporter who attempted to get the skinny on the Bullough Collection—only the Kinsey Institute's archives at Indiana University is more comprehensive—was denied access once CSUN administrators got wind that a Larry Flynt publication would be publishing the article. With this in mind, I took a more clandestine approach, telling library assistants that I was doing research for a paper, which in a way was true. I soon learned that to obtain a document or manuscript from the shelves of this monolithic sex library, one must jump through some serious hoops.


DE MORBIS
VENEREIS.
LIBER PRIMUS.
De Origine, Propagatione & Periodis Morborum Venereorum.
CAPUT PRIMUM.

I make it through the first, having been admitted into an anteroom where a reference librarian sits in front of the "Bullough Door." The furnishings are sparse—a table, chairs and a few shelves lined with valuable first editions. I'm told that while in the room, I'll be under constant video surveillance.

Using the CSUN library catalog system and the intricate numbering sequences involved therein, I must decide on a particular document to check out. After a lengthy search through a list of such publications as the *Fag Rag* newsletter, *Screw* and *Transvestia*, I choose an intriguing tome: a 1774 English translation of French physician Jean Astruc's *De Morbis Venereis*, the world's first systematic examination of venereal diseases. (Like many medical texts through the ages, *De Morbis Venereis* was originally published in Latin.)

I am then instructed to knock on the window of the locked Bullough Door, where I speak with the Reference Librarian. He in turn leads me to the Special Collections/Archives Curator, who retrieves my requested item with certain stipulations: I may only examine the material in his presence, I cannot take any photos, and I am not allowed to leave the room with the manuscript. Making me feel somewhat welcome, a library official makes photocopies for me. I also must fill out forms documenting my personal information and the purpose of my inquiry. All that just to look at some dusty old book about herpes cases in antiquity?!



To preserve centuries-old erotic and scientific writings like *De Morbis Venereis* (below left), the Bullough Collection at CSUN is stored in a room where proper moisture levels are strictly maintained.

Photos by Hali Milner

Actually, most of the 4,000-plus documents culled by researchers Vern and Bonnie Bullough are irreplaceable. Take for instance an 1857 edition of William Action's *Prostitution*, which once belonged to novelist Charles Dickens. Other rare documents were published as far back as 1584.

Following in the footsteps of Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, the Bulloughs were a monumental force in the '50s and '60s, fighting to put sex education in America's schools. Vern, who founded the Center for Sex Research and is now a professor emeritus at CSUN and the State University of New York, has been a leading authority on sexual behavior and various subjects since the 1940s. Bonnie was a noted scholar and nursing advocate. Besides countless papers and articles, the Bulloughs authored more than 50 books—individually or in collaboration—notably *Sexual Attitudes*, *Science in the Bedroom* and *Gender Blending: Transgender Issues in Today's World*.

In 1973 the couple bequeathed the immense Bullough Collection, which now offers an unprecedented look at every sexual topic under the sun, from abortion to gay rights. When his wife of 50 years passed away in 1997, Vern established the Bonnie Bullough Memorial Collection on Prostitution. How sweet of him!

Hali Milner, 21, is a senior at California State University, Northridge. Majoring in music industry studies, the San Fernando Valley denizen is a moonlighting freelance writer who envisions becoming a concert promoter.

Attention college journalists: If you have an idea for a news story involving your school, contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com*.

SONIA GRADUATION DAY SCRAPBOOK

"I'm a horny, no-undies grad!"

This *Real College Girl* alumna, a 2005 *Beaver Hunt* Finalist, missed grabbing the top prize, but she's back! Sonia graduated Summa Cum Laude from Northern Illinois University, leaving school with a sense of accomplishment...and her most scholarly modeling assignment. Talk about pomp and circumstance!

Anxious to reveal what's under her gown, Sonia marches off with her diploma and laudatory bouquet.

Since Sonia appeared as a December '04 amateur, we knew this Chicagoan was a cut above, and now she's done us proud by earning a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree and by being as appreciative as she is attractive and immodest. "I want to thank 'Tex' Hagen, the LFP staff, photographer Matti Klatt and especially the legendary Larry Flynt," she writes, "for the extraordinary opportunity to be part of the revolutionary and provocative magazine HUSTLER. From the initial (and very professional) telephone interview to my full-expenses-paid trip out west to model for Matti, I couldn't ask for more. He and his awesome makeup/hair artist made me look hotter than ever!"

"This is the capper of a truly wonderful experience—being naked in HUSTLER!"

"I cannot express enough what a pleasure it has been," Sonia continues, "to be treated like a princess from the day I first spoke to a HUSTLER editor to my unforgettable visit to L.A. This has truly been more than I ever dreamed possible. I take great pride in this accomplishment, especially gracing the cover of BEST OF BEAVER HUNT [#36], and I have saved every issue that you have printed with me in it and will treasure them forever. Thank you for the most exciting experience of my life, and I hope to work with you all again." Sonia may have garnered that hard-earned sheepskin, but let's hope the Pez Nerce beauty sticks around the skin biz. She's a fine asset!
—Photos by Friend

College coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us a handful of naughty pix and garner $350 in financial assistance if they're published here. Follow instructions in entry form on page 133 and indicate RCG on submission.

"In my bedroom
I graduate Summa
Cum Lewdly
every night!"

SUXXXANNE

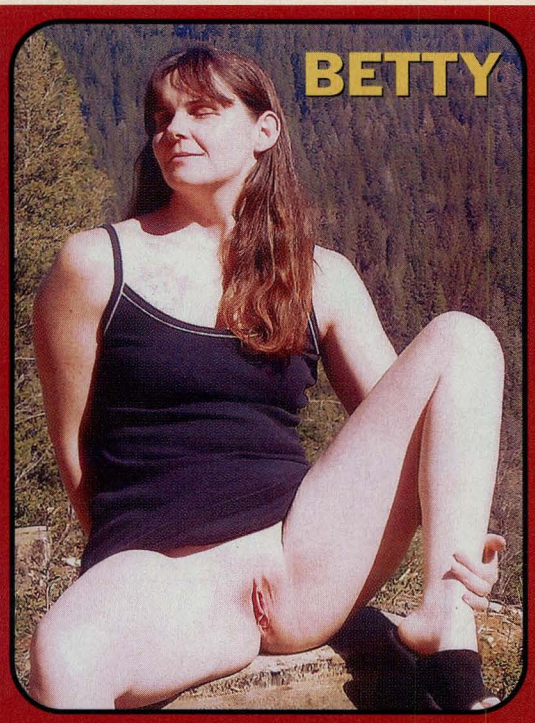
"My name is pronounced soo-ZAN," explains this zesty denizen of Minneapolis, "but I'm a real XXX hausfrau. I love to give my husband blowjobs, sit on his face and be the perfect mate." Born in August '69, Suxxxanne is also a needlepoint aficionada and gifted pianist who masturbates daily and entertains boundless fantasies. "One is a damsel-in-distress scenario," she divulges. "I'm whisked off into the bedroom by my husband, thrown onto the bed and fucked into oblivion!" —Photos by Suxxxanne

EROTIC BUTTERFLY

Emerging from her cocoon to provide some fine Peach State T&A, this snazzy Atlanta secretary confides, "Being in a magazine is something I've wanted to do since I was young. I have a passion for modeling." And butterflies! "They're so beautiful, and no two are alike," chirps the 33-year-old volleyball, softball and kickboxing enthusiast. The 5-foot-1 sweetie's wet dream entails "sex in the rain." —Photos by Erotic Butterfly

DAWN

Meet a 36D Bostonian who fesses up, "I'm a daytime nanny and a naughty nympho at night. This horny huntress is always on the prowl for cock and pussy!" But Dawn, 29, will never forget one one-night stand. "A guy I'd just met made me squirt for the first time," she recalls. Besides dreaming of XXX stardom, Dawn wants "to be tied up naked in a room full of men and women who have their way with me." —Photo by Gal Pal



Basking in the Oregon wilderness is a restaurant manager from Salem who's into music, fishing, motorcycles and outdoor sex. "Marriage shouldn't be a shackle," says Betty, 31. "My man and I have no boundaries. We've enjoyed lots of threesomes and foursomes, but I'd like to have three women at one time while he's at work." —Photo by Husband

"I'm following in the family footsteps," reveals this 5-foot-5 waitress from Zanesville, Ohio. "My mother was a *Beaver Hunt* girl back in the early '80s. I just had to do it too!" Pixie, 24, adds, "I like to party, swim and play kinky sex games. I'm extremely sexual. I love eating pussy a lot." The perky Buckeye babe, who shares a November 1 birthday with Larry Flynt, bares a D.C. fantasy: "Having a threesome on the White House lawn; God bless America!" —Photos by Lady Friend

Once a high-school cheerleader and rebellious teen, Sage now does her flips as a high-octane stripper. "I love being naked," says the 24-year-old tattoo buff out of Thousand Oaks, California, "and I may love sex *too* much. I'm a very horny girl. I waited until I was 18 to lose my virginity, and I've gone crazy ever since." Sage, whose number-two pastime is bowling, yearns "to be fully taken advantage of." —Photos by Friend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

JULIET

Celebrating her 39th birthday in August is this ravishing real-estate broker from Cape Cod, Massachusetts. "I've been an exotic dancer, and I think of myself as a pervert," the 5-foot-8 mother of four discloses, "but I never posed nude before. I'm a voyeur at heart. I love watching other people, be it beautiful women seductively undressing for me or couples having sex, and now lots of other people can look at yours truly and let their imaginations run wild." Juliet—whose personal endeavors include writing, movies and music—admits, "What goes on inside my head is beyond what most women like." Juliet also transcends the typical *Beaver Hunt* submission. Her lovely daughter Charissa asked a photographer to shoot some risqué pictures, and Mom (who's actually a recent grandmother!) decided she wanted to peel for the camera as well. In September, Charissa will be showcased in all her glory, with a special nude family reunion close behind! —Photos by Friend

"In one of my sexual fantasies I'm the center of attention for lots of people during an all-day kind of affair."

"How could I tell my daughter not to model nude when I'd been aching to do it since she was born?"

MONIKA

"My husband enjoys looking at my body," proclaims this food service worker from Augusta, Maine, "so why not let the rest of the world look at it too? I love your mag! It would be an honor to appear in it." Remarkably candid, Monika, 28, lists her hobbies as "paintball, fishing, movies, sex, sex, and did I mention sex? I'll try anything once, twice if I like it!" The 38D-cupper also proves she has no reservations about public dalliances: "I gave it up at a roadside restaurant on a picnic table." Monika's fantasy involves "me, Russell Crowe, Manny Ramirez and whipped cream." —Photos by Husband

MICHELLE

"Years ago I sent in pics to piss off my boyfriend at the time," coos Michelle, a 1993 Beaver from Vancouver, British Columbia. "Doing it again would be a blast. I'm a Libra. I'm supposed to make people happy." When not working as a customer service administrator, Michelle, now 36, enjoys motorcycling, rollerblading and "cuddling up with a sweetheart." The bodacious Canadian, who once masturbated in the back of a chartered bus and is very fond of reciprocal oral sex, fantasizes about "being completely pampered with tender tickles and a nice massage from the man of my dreams; in return I will please him with the same great treatment." —Photo by Michelle

VENUS

"A lot of men have told me I'd be good in the adult business," says Venus, 27, a homemaker from Indianapolis. "It's something I think I'd enjoy. I'm ecstatic about being in HUSTLER!" Describing herself as "an ugly duckling who blossomed," Venus also points out that she tends to be submissive and will try anything once. "My biggest delight is multiple men," admits the 5-foot-7 bombshell, a Harley rider with a savory sex fantasy: "I'm lying nude on a sterling silver serving cart at an elegant dinner party where I'm the main course and rolled around for each guest to enjoy." —Photo by Husband

LI'L MARISSA

Here's a hot newbie by way of Maui, Hawaii. Li'l Marissa, a 25-year-old who can fake being 18 again, digs golf and swimming, but the 5-foot-1 Rapunzel goes totally tigeresque when a Romeo pulls out his 9-iron during a rapturous round of "Fill my little hole, baby!" Admittedly seductive, the diminutive cutie pie reveals that she's easy to pick up—"Hey, I weigh only 104 pounds dripping wet!"—and that her favorite caper is "having intercourse when I'm handcuffed and blindfolded." Li'l Marissa looks ready to fulfill her "being taken by a chick" fantasy. —Photo by Friend

GABRIELLA

Showing off her sacred slit and 36DD breasts is a sales exec from Huntington Beach, California. "I love HUSTLER Magazine," declares the immodest thirtysomething. "I fit the criteria. Seeing myself will be neat." An imposing 5-foot-7, Gabriella is a dirt-biking devotee with a penchant for "pleasing people." Her fantasy is a married man's dream: "I love to dance naked for my husband and another woman. I have no problem sharing him with a horny girl who wants to play with us. Once I show her how I get my husband off, she can't wait to join in. Any takers?" —Photo by Husband

COMING NEXT MONTH!

JULIET'S NUDE 'N' NAUGHTY DAUGHTER CHARISSA

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur exhibitionist 18 years of age or older? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a layout worth $5,000. (Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each; the Grand Prize Winner's lensman pockets $500, the Finalists' shooters $250 each.) All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies & personal interests

Sexual fantasy (can be listed on separate sheet of paper if necessary)

I hereby declare under penalty of perjury that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

2005 *BEAVER HUNT* GRAND

AMATEUR GOD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

Well, you voted, and here's the readers' choice for 2005's *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Winner: breathtaking Isis. Utterly thrilled to capture our coveted honor, the 23-year-old New Englander exclaims, "I can't believe that I was selected! This really is a dream come true! And the day after I did my layout, I finally made it to the Pacific Ocean before catching a plane back home."

SIS

PRIZE WINNER!

DESS

How will the bodacious beauty, who shares a February 28 birthday with comic Gilbert Gottfried and actress Rae Dawn Chong, spend her $5,000 bonanza? "I'm going to use some of the cash to go on a vacation to Puerto Rico," she vows. "I love visiting warm climates."

That explains why Isis might be tempted to leave Bridgeport, Connecticut, behind in favor of our neck of the woods. "Winters in the Northeast suck," the bosomy babe remarks. "Southern California always has nice weather and great beaches. If the modeling-career thing happens, then great, but I'm not going to be stressed about it or put any pressure on myself."

This fox is as glamorous as they come, but she's also fearless. "I just tried skydiving for the first time," she proclaims, "and freefalling was a helluva rush. It got me kind of wet." But nothing gets Isis wetter than a romantic escapade. "I like a man to be on top," the oral-sex enthusiast purrs. "That creates the most friction for me and makes me hot."

Isis is incredibly grateful that so many HUSTLER readers voted for her, but she has one regret: "I wish I could individually thank each and every one of you for this wonderful honor." If you continue to model nude and show off that spectacular body of yours, young lady, we'll consider that thanks enough. Congratulations!

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY TOM FARRELL

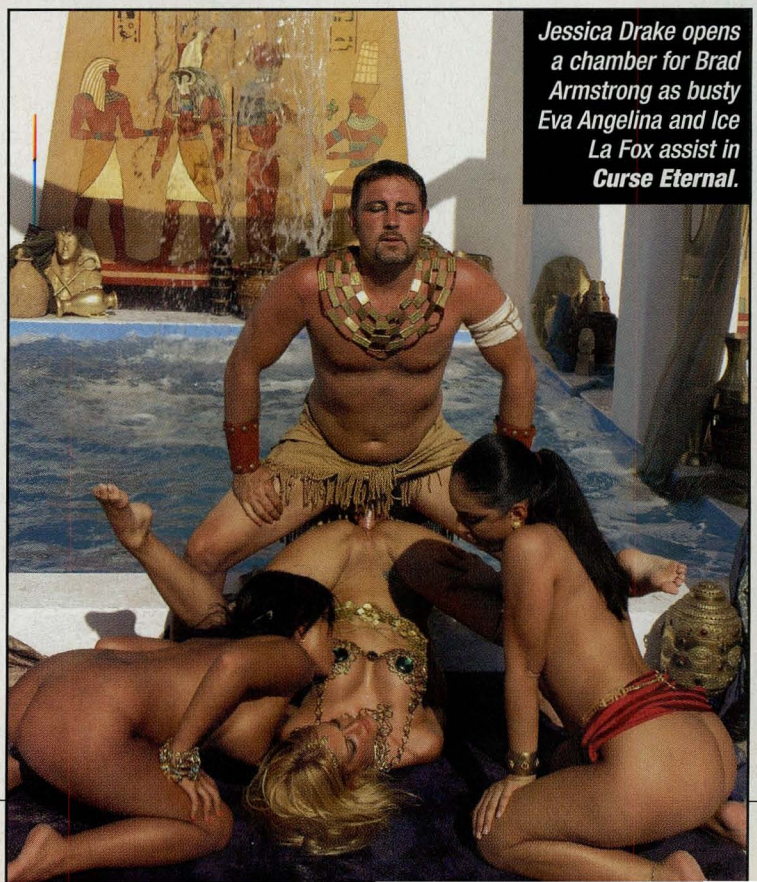
That's no lady—that's my mummy! Kaylani Lei and Jessica Drake get the goo.

Curse Eternal

DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. **STARRING:** JESSICA DRAKE, KAYLANI LEI, KERI SABLE, EVA ANGELINA, ALYSSA KNIGHT, GIA JORDAN, ICE LA FOX, KELLY KLINE, LEZLEY ZEN, TIFFANY TAYLOR, TORY LANE, BRAD ARMSTRONG, ERIC MASTERSON, CHRIS CANNON, BARRETT BLADE AND RANDY SPEARS. **DVD:** WICKED PICTURES.

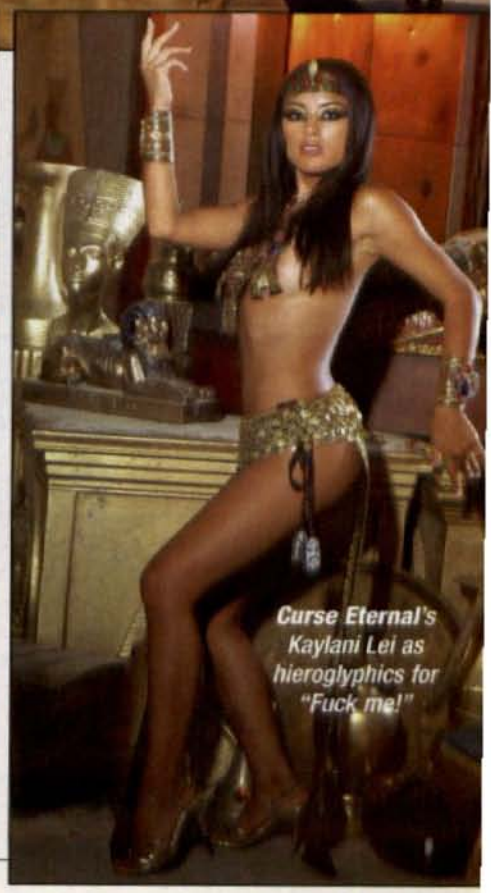
Curse Eternal is a big-budget feature that brings back the days when XXX fare had entertaining storylines, lavish sets and, of course, down-and-dirty sex. With techno Arabic-tinged music and an assortment of locales that look like they were nicked from the Luxor casino, *Curse* tackles the Egyptian mythos. It's your typical sarcophagus and hieroglyphic affair, with plenty of Cleopatra-type outfits and headdresses. But it's when the characters lose the duds that the fun begins. The action commences with Randy Spears (in a nonsex role, which is like Eddie Van Halen making a non-guitar-playing appearance) as an archeologist who accidentally awakens Queen Neferkala (Kaylani Lei) from eternal sleep. The film quickly establishes a tongue-in-cheek mood when Kaylani majestically rises from her slumber and deadpans, "Who dares enter my chamber?" What follows is an abundance of chamber-entering as she, Jessica Drake and the other molls give it up. Well lensed and nicely produced, *Curse Eternal* is a true blessing.

—Tom Farrell



Jessica Drake opens a chamber for Brad Armstrong as busty Eva Angelina and Ice La Fox assist in ***Curse Eternal.***

Curse Eternal: *Ice La Fox, Jessica Drake and Eva Angelina worship snakes and cooze as juicy sluts in ancient Egypt.*



***Curse Eternal's** Kaylani Lei as hieroglyphics for "Fuck me!"*

Now that's the best thing we've seen on a billiards table in a long time—Lanny Barby works it in ***Nameless.***

Heat*'s Missy Monroe is pleasantly anal-attentive.*

Talon slams Lanny Barby like a screen door in ***Nameless.***

Penny Flame enjoys a protein shake in ***Heat.***

Nameless

DIRECTOR: CHUCK LORDS. **STARRING:** LANNY BARBY, AMBER PEACH, REINA LEONE, JULIE ROBBINS, TALON, TONY T., TRENT SOLURI, KRIS KNIGHT AND JERRY. **DVD:** VIVID ENTERTAINMENT.

Ironically, *Nameless* stars one of the biggest names in the industry right now—the one and only Lanny Barby. The title alludes to boinking complete strangers, but no one should be a stranger to Lanny's numerous assets. The exotic brunette bears a striking resemblance to one Catherine Zeta-Jones, so every red-blooded dude this side of Michael Douglas should definitely check her out. Although Lanny could coast by on looks alone, she's a full-service porn star who works hard to get her fans off in not one, but two intense scenes. The knockout even takes it up the ass. Throw in busty babes like Reina Leone and Julie Robbins—who screws on a trampoline—and you've got a boob-lover's paradise. *Nameless* not only has a lot of fierce fucking, but best of all, it also provides all the Lanny Barby goodness you could ask for. ***—Kevin Wright***

Heat

DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** ALICIA ALIGHATTI, COURTNEY SIMPSON, BRIANNA, PENNY FLAME, MISSY MONROE, TONY T., CHRIS CANNON, VAN DAMAGE, SASCHA AND CHRIS CHARMING. **DVD & VHS:** HUSTLER VIDEO.

Director Axel Braun and his A-Team talent deliver raunchy anal and threeway action with *Heat.* The first thing even a guy will notice about Alicia Alighatti is her eyes—the bluest this side of *Dune.* Her peepers are so electric, they could light a small city. She's also smoking hot. Alicia embraces her inner slut with a punk dominatrix look and a sexually aggressive 'tude. Two guys whip her into a frenzy during a marathon session. The honey grunts, screams, cusses, sweats and creams her way through a wild and nasty D.P. This is nothing short of fuel-injected, extreme sport fucking. Penny Flame keeps pace with the best of them, but her perky, playful demeanor adds some much needed charm to the mix. An hour-long behind-the-scenes shows the girls laughing, relaxing and being themselves. It's a great counterpoint to seeing all of their holes get jackhammered in the film itself. It doesn't get any harder, faster or louder than *Heat.* ***—K.W.***

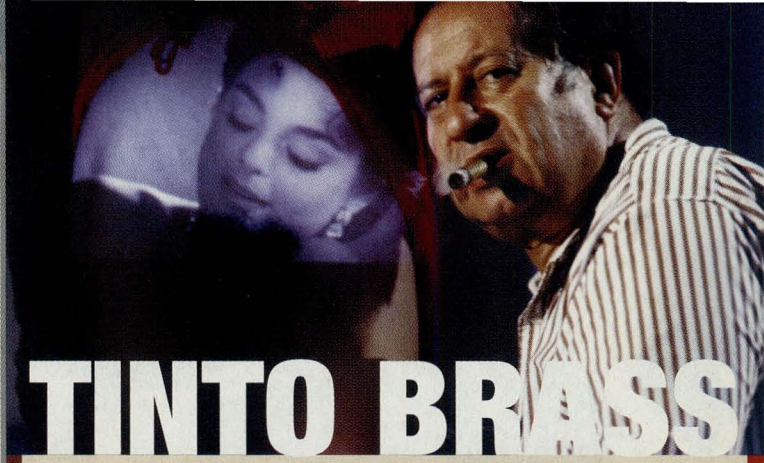
Chris Charming finds T.J. Hart's ass quite accommodating in ***Who Do You Love?***

Manuel Ferrara takes Mercedez for a test drive as Venus rides shotgun in ***Who Do You Love?***

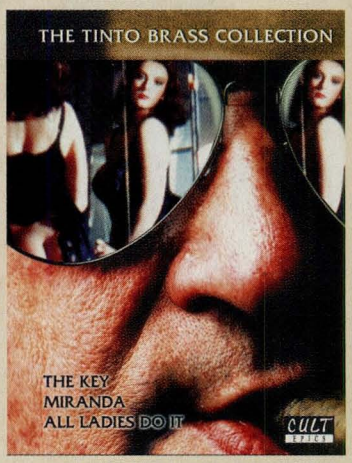
Who Do You Love?

DIRECTOR: CHUCK LORDS. **STARRING:** MERCEDEZ, VENUS, T.J. HART, BROOKE, SCOTT NAILS, JEAN VAL JEAN, MANUEL FERRARA, CHRISTIAN, CHRIS CHARMING AND RAY BALBOA. **DVD:** VIVID ENTERTAINMENT.

Who Do You Love? is a uniquely candid feature film with 34DDD Mercedez getting *top* billing. For one thing, she and the other chicks cry—a lot. The voluptuous Latina re-creates steamy and emotional encounters from her actual love life, starting with the guy she married at a tender age. Meanwhile, co-stars Venus and Brooke tearfully confess all their dysfunctional relationship problems before each is royally fucked by a stud. While not your bread-and-butter porn banter, these poignant recollections don't diminish the ladies' stellar performances. T.J. Hart provides some anal action on the side, but it's Mercedez who shines with four superb scenes. Her fans—i.e., anyone who's ever laid eyes on the mouthwatering vixen—will appreciate the personal touch she gives to each performance, including a scorcher with current real-life boyfriend Ray Balboa. *Who Do You Love?* is a tearful paean to lost love as well as a big, fat mash note to Mercedez admirers. ***—K.W.***



TINTO BRASS IN POCKET



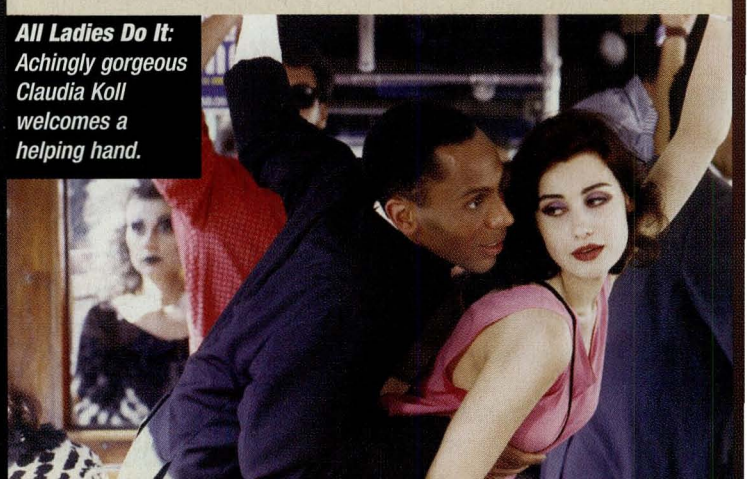
CULT EPICS HAS RELEASED THE *TINTO BRASS COLLECTION*, a three-DVD box set presenting a trio of the Italian pornographer's most memorable films. Brass rose to fame with his remarkable camerawork in the 1979 epic *Caligula* (starring Malcolm McDowell and Peter O'Toole) and soon became one of Europe's most acclaimed soft-core directors.

The collection starts off with 1983's *The Key,* which depicts a sexually frustrated professor's attempts to reignite the flames of passion with his insatiable wife, played by the alluring Stefania Sandrelli. Regarded as an erotic masterpiece, *The Key* features a soundtrack by Ennio Morricone, and the DVD version includes an exclusive 17-minute interview with Tinto Brass.

Miranda's *Serena Grandi in a familiar Brass upskirt shot.*

1985's *Miranda* showcased the awesome beauty of super-stacked Serena Grandi in the title role. Once renowned as the Dolly Parton of Italy, Grandi portrays a country tavern's promiscuous landlady who dallies with various townspeople. Also on tap is a ten-minute interview with Brass.

Rounding out the Cult Epics trilogy is 1992's *All Ladies Do It.* Here a young couple test the limits of their fidelity and jealousy. Claudia Koll is one of Brass's most stunning starlets, and her erotic journeys are stimulating and well-photographed.



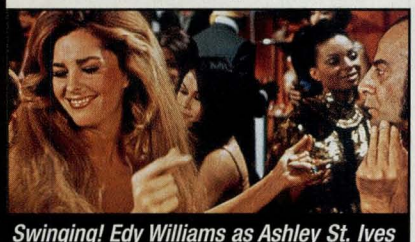
All Ladies Do It: *Achingly gorgeous Claudia Koll welcomes a helping hand.*

PLAYING WITH DOLLS

When does Tyra Banks get here?

TWO SENSATIONAL '60S SOFT-CORE FLICKS are seeing the light of day on DVD for the first time in the United States. Mark Robson's *Valley of the Dolls* (1967) stars Patty Duke, Sharon Tate and Barbara Parkins in a morality tale of three aspiring actresses who get caught up in the excesses of Hollywood. *Dolls* was a street term for barbiturates, and this disc is more loaded than Pete Doherty's medicine chest, including addled Judy Garland's embarrassing screen test and a special "Pill Pop Up Karaoke."

The real treat is a Russ Meyer masterpiece, 1970's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, a camp classic that earned an X rating when first released. It's hard to believe that this over-the-top yarn of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll was co-penned by film critic Roger Ebert. The story involves three hotties who come to Hollywood to make it with their rock band, The Carrie Nations, only to get sucked down into the music industry mire of dope, debauchery and despair. *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* is a shameless cult movie milestone that proves "all are available for a price." The DVD features up-to-date cast interviews and commentary.

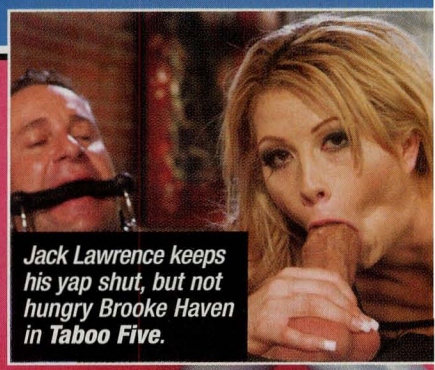


Swinging! Edy Williams as Ashley St. Ives in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*.

***Valley of the Dolls:* "I can't believe Three 6 Mafia took the Best Song Oscar!" Barbara Parkins's character turns to booze to deal with the unfairness and stupidity of showbiz.**

***Beyond:* "Ple-e-e-e-ease let us open for The Doors!" The Carrie Nations—Petronella Danforth (actress Marcia McBroom), Kelly McNamara (Dolly Read) and Casey Anderson (Cynthia Myers).**

Barbara Summer and Mia Bangg savor a threeway with Talon in *HUSTLER'S Taboo Five*.



Jack Lawrence keeps his yap shut, but not hungry Brooke Haven in *Taboo Five*.

Backup singers for Mötley Crüe? Nope, Barbara Summer and Mia Bangg in their *Taboo Five* finale.

HUSTLER'S Taboo Five

DIRECTOR: ANDREA DiANGELO. **STARRING:** MICHELLE B., BROOKE HAVEN, MELISSA LAUREN, MIA BANGG, BARBARA SUMMER, HALEY PAIGE, JERRY, VAN DAMAGE, JACK LAWRENCE, TALON AND TOMMY GUNN. **DVD & VHS:** HUSTLER VIDEO.

When it gets right down to it—and director Andrea DiAngelo wastes no time doing just that—*HUSTLER'S Taboo Five* is a straight-up, balls-to-the-wall porn flick with a ton of sexy chicks. Michelle B. and Brooke Haven have never looked more fuckable, while blondes Mia Bangg and Barbara Summer are dolled up to look like identical twins. Meanwhile, a raven-haired Melissa Lauren defends her anal queen crown with a hotter-than-hell performance. Frizzy-haired Haley Paige is covered in grime and nearly unrecognizable (if not for her distinctive lips and tits), but she turns in the movie's kinkiest and most bizarre scene. Despite some eccentric outfits, this nominal fetish flick is light on S&M, but heavy on hard-core fucking. TABOO Magazine mastermind Cynthia Patterson is set to take the directing reins on this series soon. Discriminating deviants may be waiting on tenterhooks until then, but if you're just a regular perv looking for some sizzling action, *HUSTLER'S Taboo Five* has got it all. ***—K.W.***

Nina Hartley *is one of the grand dames of XXX.*

Orgazmika: *Texas Presley does a horny two-step with Jack Lawrence, fucking and sucking (below).*

Nina Hartley—looking good in her ***Guide to Erotic Bondage.***

Orgazmika: *Sophia puts three on the floor and one in the mouth.*

Nina Hartley's Guide to Erotic Bondage

DIRECTOR: ERNEST GREENE. **STARRING:** NINA HARTLEY, CARMEN LUVANA, RANDY SPEARS AND TOMMY GUNN. **DVD:** ADAM & EVE PICTURES.

When you're having sex for the first time, you can get the job done just doing what comes naturally. When dealing with "unnatural" pleasures, however, you're going to need some help. That's where *Nina Hartley's Guide to Erotic Bondage* comes in handy. After 25 years in the biz, Nina knows her shit. Some of her pointers are common sense, but a lot of them reflect insight that only experience provides. Eye-candy sidekick Carmen Luvana is so charismatic, she should have her own talk show. The demonstration scenes—one with Nina and one with Carmen—are hot, but don't put down your pencils yet. You gotta love a gal who can dispense sage advice while being fucked up the ass. Many women fantasize about bondage, but you have to know what you're doing if she's really going to enjoy it. *Nina Hartley's Guide to Erotic Bondage* is a great way to kick-start some kinky shenanigans with your partner. ***—K.W.***

Orgasmika

DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** GINA AUSTIN, HALEY SCOTT, TEXAS PRESLEY, JASMINE BYRNE, SOPHIA, KRIS KNIGHT, JACK LAWRENCE AND STEVEN FRENCH. **DVD & VHS:** SIN CITY.

Gina Austin makes a stunning debut in Axel Braun's *Orgasmika* as a repressed housewife who needs to loosen up in the bedroom. Gina herself has no such problem, as she dives right into the deep end with an all-out group-sex extravaganza. But before the sassy redhead gets it on, her co-stars build up the suspense with over two hours of torrid action. Texas Presley is a fresh face who shows off her dark side with a fetish-themed affair. The busty, raven-haired, heavily tattooed babe looks like a glimpse at Ashlee Simpson's near future. Sexy Sophia and sweet little Haley Scott both take it up the ass, and it's hard to believe how freaky Haley gets as two guys ream the shit out of her. Jasmine Byrne's anal scene almost seems gratuitous, but who's complaining? Any newcomer who can hang with this crowd has got to bring it. If *Orgasmika* is any indication, Gina Austin could be the next big thing. ***—K.W.***

***True Porn Fiction**'s Shayla LaVeaux does double duty.*

*Lovely Monique Alexander takes care of Randy Spears in **True Porn Fiction**.*

True Porn Fiction

DIRECTOR: ELI GROSS. **STARRING:** MONIQUE ALEXANDER, MELISSA LAUREN, TRINA MICHAELS, MARY JANE, JULIE NIGHT, SHAYLA LaVEAUX, DAVIA ARDELL, SAVANNA SNOW, ANNA VALENTINA, FRAULEIN FIST, BARRY SCOTT, EVAN STONE, TOMMY GUNN, RANDY SPEARS AND MARCO DUATO. **DVD:** VIVID

True Porn Fiction isn't a Quentin Tarantino parody. Rather, it centers around luscious Monique Alexander. Maintaining Vivid's tradition of casting the best-looking gals in porn, Monique portrays an ersatz novelist chronicling the many sexual exploits woven through this film. As usual, Vivid not only trots out an assembly line of gorgeous women who get it on with reckless abandon, but also spares no expense to guarantee the highest production values in the biz. With raven-haired beauties Mary Jane and Melissa Lauren hosting an all-girl orgy, the dungeon scene is the hottest. Plenty of fine chicks, great cinematography, awesome sex. Vivid always delivers.

—Stan Kirby

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KISS MY CRACK ★★★★★

With a name like this, I suppose close-ups of women licking some guy's ass shouldn't be surprising. And assuming only a truck-stop crack whore would do such a thing, no shock that that's exactly what we get. There's enough HMA (hairy man ass) in porn as it is...

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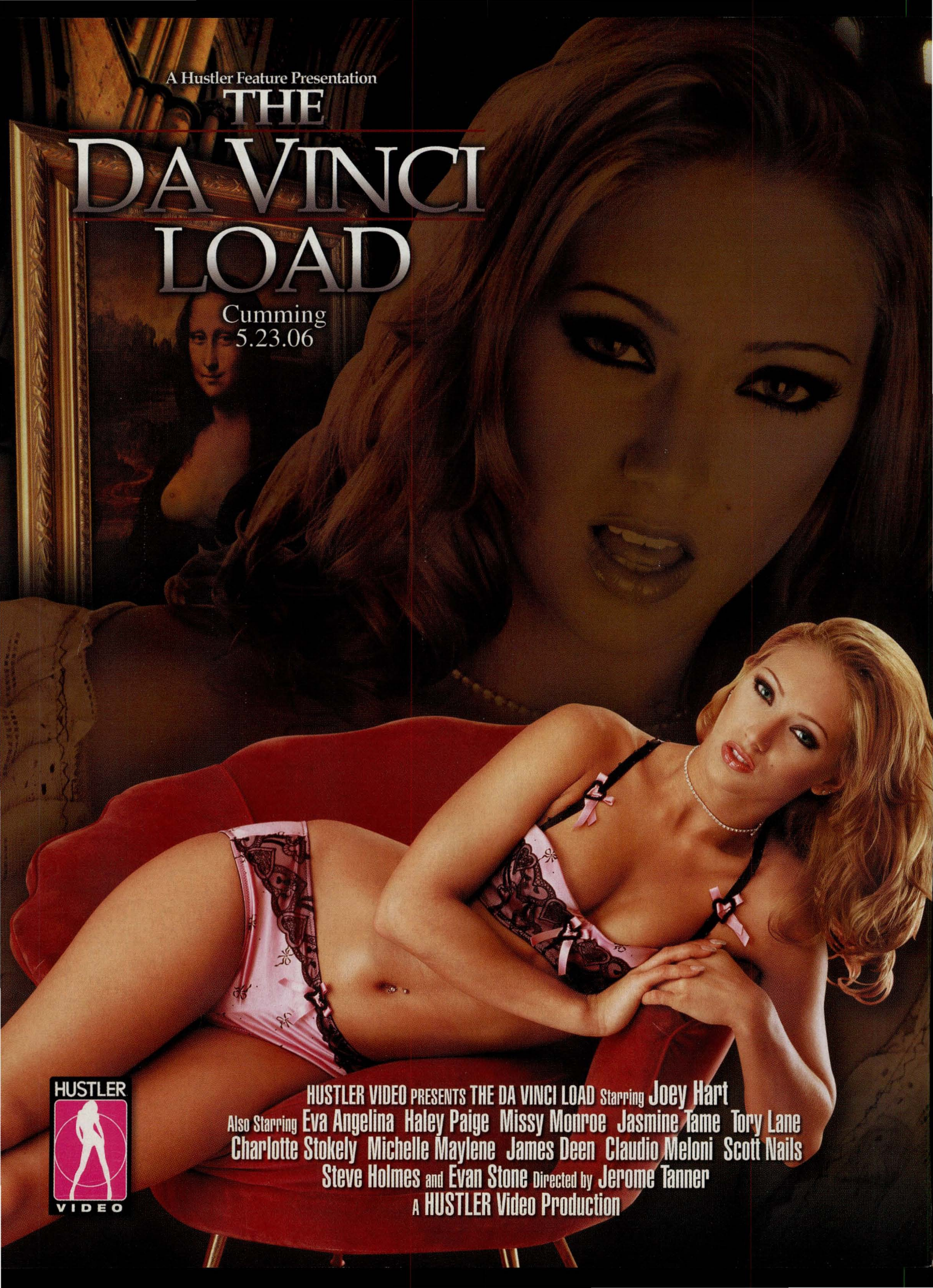
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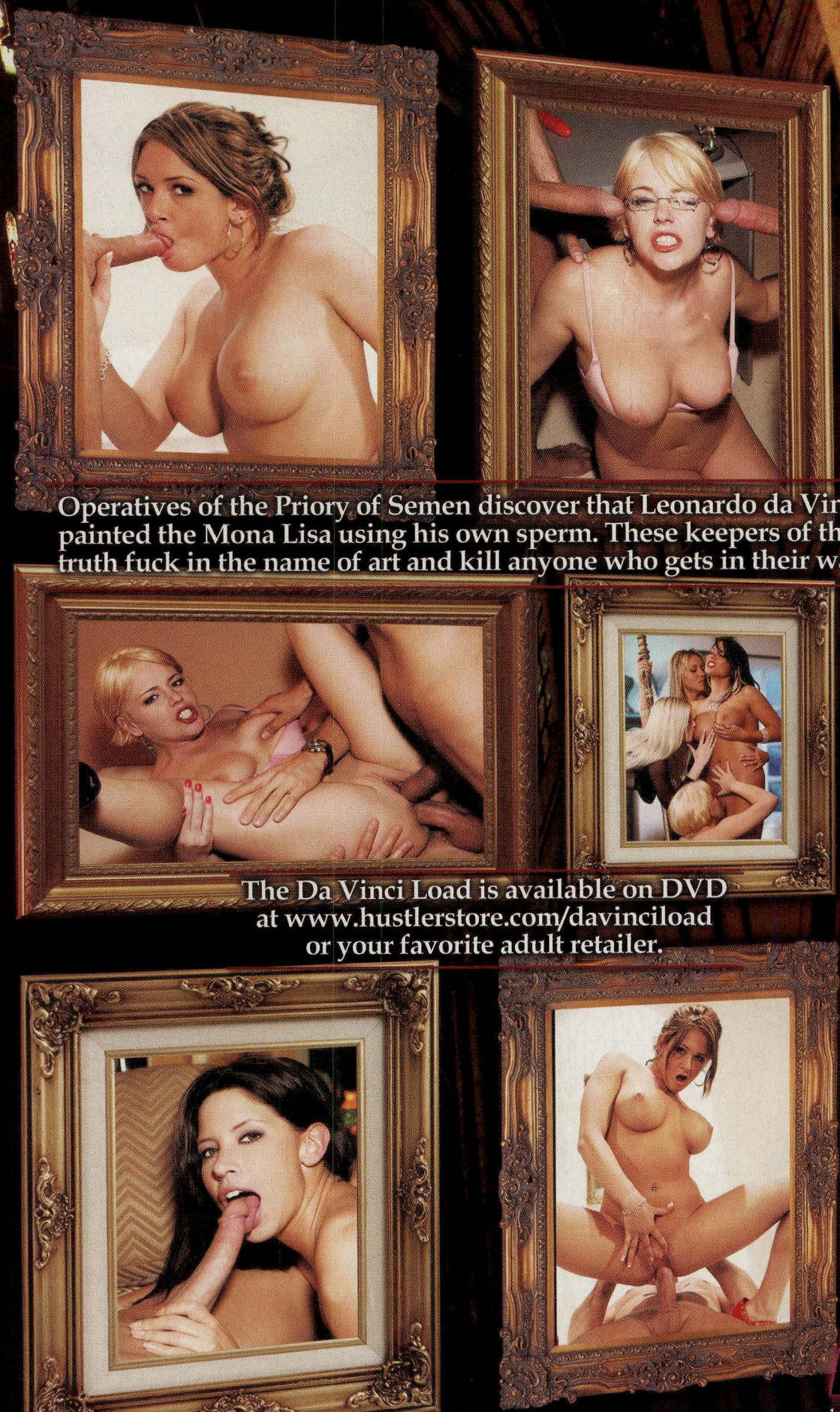
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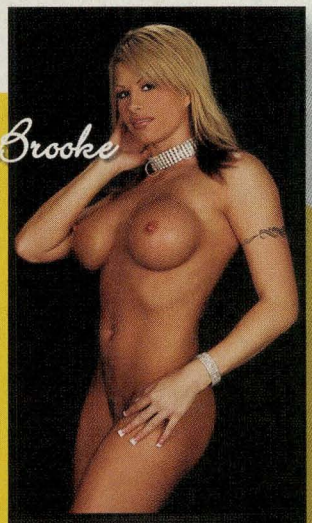

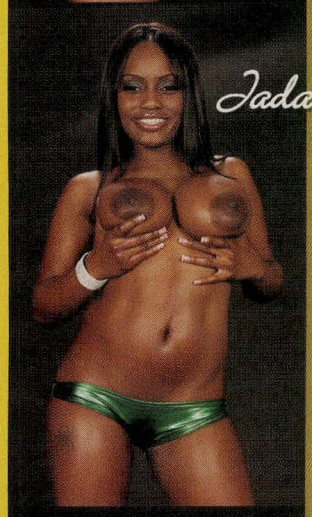

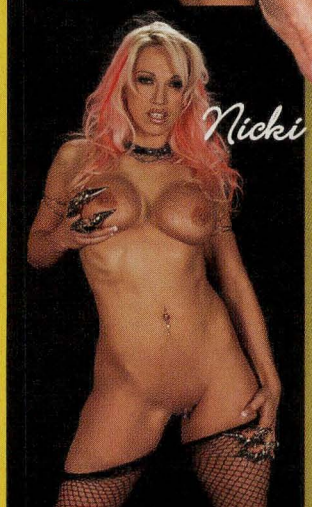

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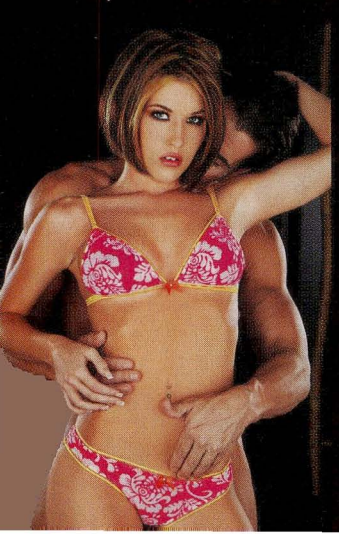

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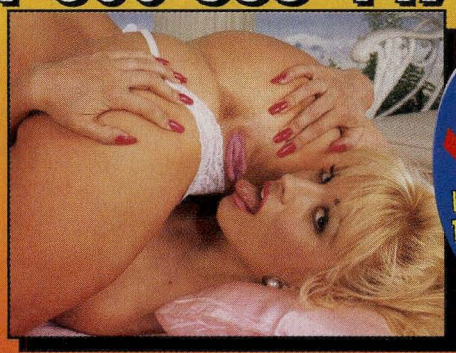

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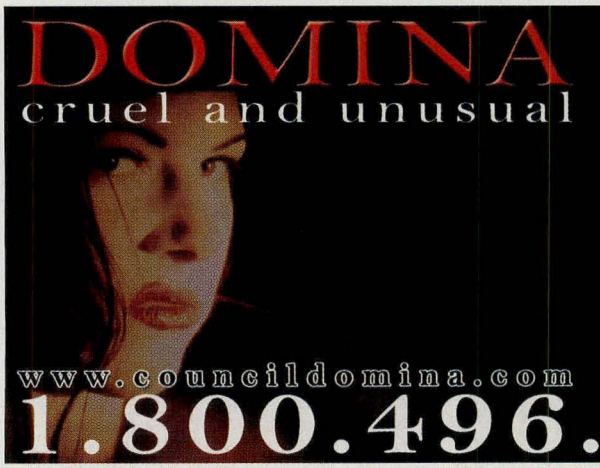

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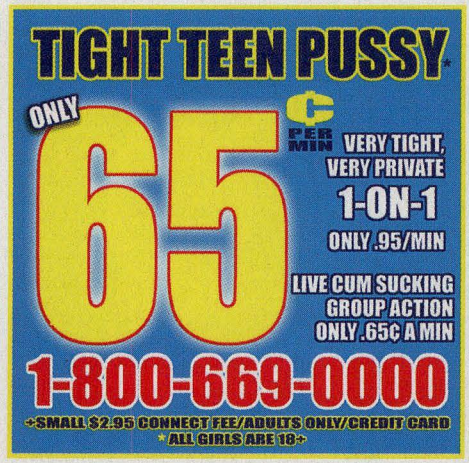
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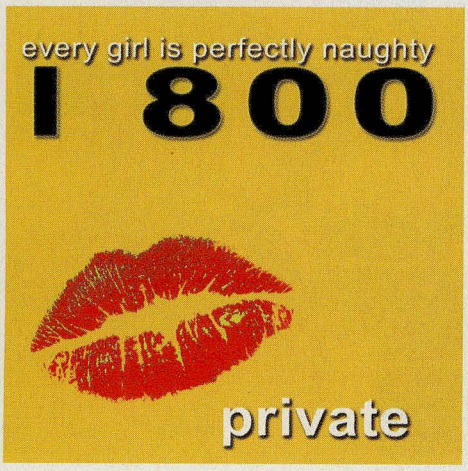
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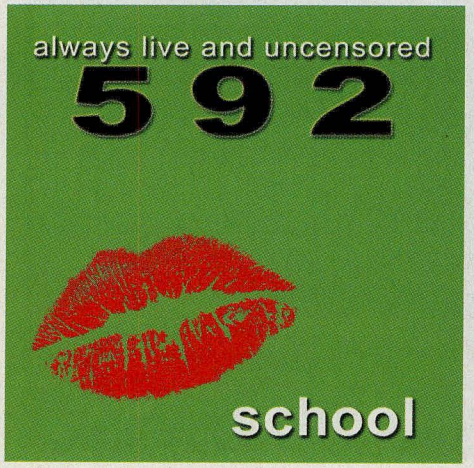
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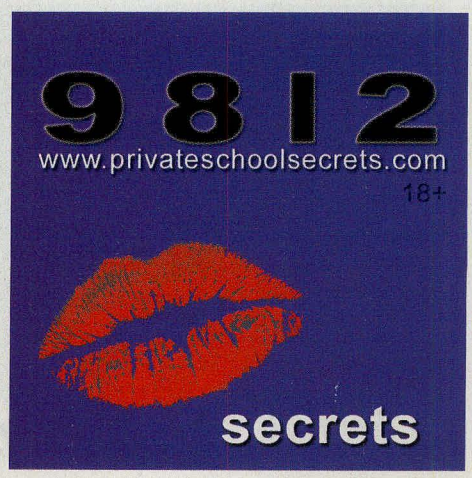
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95¢ A MIN!
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$4.95 per minute, billed to your phone

Text message girls NOW! text HUSTLER to 32323

CUMM SUCKING TEENS
ALL GIRLS 18+
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From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted

EAVESDROP
ON PHONE SEX CALLS SO HOT
YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT!
SECRETLY LISTEN IN...
212-691-2444
Only 99¢ MIN 18+

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
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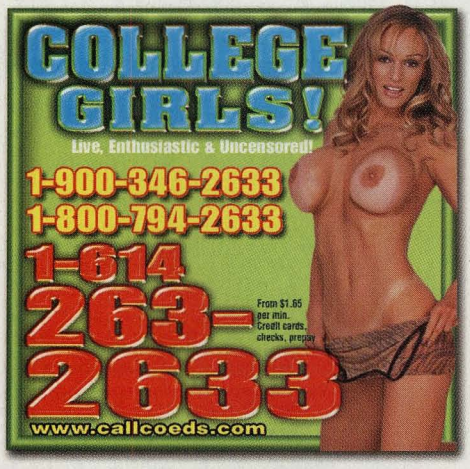
COLLEGE GIRLS!
Live, Enthusiastic & Uncensored!
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1-614 263-2633
From $1.65 per min. Credit cards, checks, prepay
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GET OFF
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69¢ PER MIN
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1-900-226-7800
4.99 PER MIN 18+ CRE. NY

SEX STARVED SLUTS
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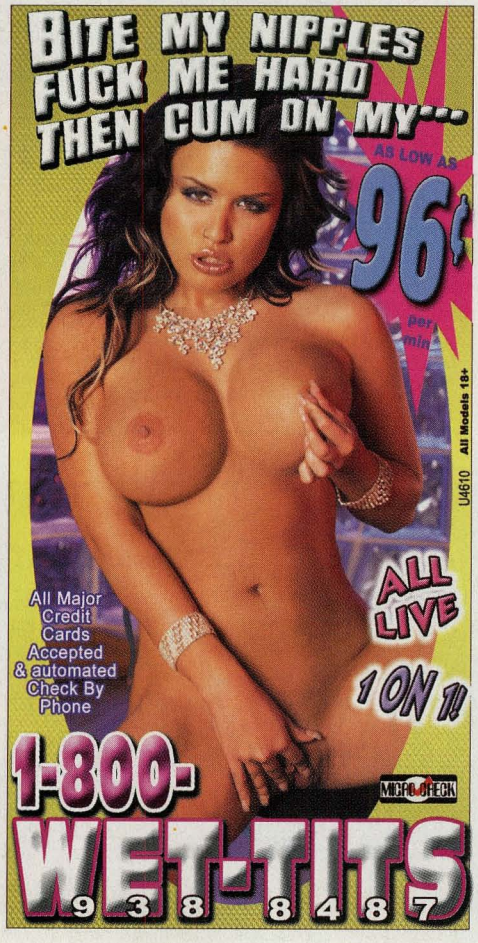
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED $4.99 18+

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE ON ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD


BITE MY NIPPLES FUCK ME HARD THEN CUM ON MY...
AS LOW AS 96¢ per min
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone
ALL LIVE 1 ON 1!
1-800-WET-TITS
938-8487
U4610 All Models 18+

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ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
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HOT WILD HORNY GIRLS
WAITING TO TALK TO YOU!
1 on 1 or 2 on 1 WHATEVER YOUR PLEASURE!
Live 24hrs.
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❑ 08 She Likes it Rough	❑ 09 Old Pussy	❑ 10 The Black Magic	❑ 11 Black Chicks White Dick	❑ 12 The King of Cum	❑ 13 Sloppy 2	❑ 14 Tiny Young Girls
❑ 15 Huge Toys for Chicks	❑ 16 Pussy from Pakistan	❑ 17 Cute Lesbian Girls	❑ 18 Farmgirl Desires	❑ 19 Pakastani Poon	❑ 20 Reverse Gang Bangs	❑ 21 Hairy Teens
❑ 22 Cum Bath	❑ 23 Big Cocks for Little Chicks	❑ 24 Rough Fcuks	❑ 25 Taking it for The Team	❑ 26 Black Chicks White Dicks	❑ 27 I've Been a Bad Girl	❑ 28 Babysitter Fantasies
❑ 29 Me, My Wife & a Shemale	❑ 30 4 Man Cumbath	❑ 31 Shemale Sex Party	❑ 32 Ream Her Holes	❑ 33 Everything Asia	❑ 34 Fuck My Ass Cum in My Ass	❑ 35 Police Pussy
❑ 36 Big Latin Ass	❑ 37 Generation Gap	❑ 38 Amazing Penetrations	❑ 39 Raunchy Swap Party	❑ 40 His Best Friend's Mother	❑ 41 Younger is Better	❑ 42 Teens with Tits
❑ 43 Ass Play	❑ 44 Black Ass Reamings	❑ 45 Young and Natural Lesbians	❑ 46 Nurse Cocksucker	❑ 47 3Somes 2 Girls & a Guy	❑ 48 I Love My Secretary	

I've indicated the titles and format I would like to receive (above)!

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PAYMENT: ❑ VISA ❑ MC ❑ AMEX ❑ CHECK ❑ MONEY ORDER

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(ALL GIRLS ARE 18+)

B72

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SEX TALK
Only 69¢ PER MIN.
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I'M WET & READY NOW-
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$49.95 FOR FULL 1/2 HOUR
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I'M GONNA BEND THIS SLUT OVER & FUCK HER ...
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(1-800-938-2548)
JOIN US NOW!
1 ON 1 OR GROUP ALL LIVE!
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone
All Models 18+
AS LOW AS 96¢ per min
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HARDCORE SEX
FROM
29¢
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TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY
65¢
PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
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18+ Only
HOT LIPS' Cum Sluts Getting Your Rocks Off Since 1994
NO TABOOS
Only $2/min
Credit Card Required
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3 8 2 5
MY PUSSY ACHES FOR YOUR HARD COCK!
Fuck my mouth... I'll milk your cock deep!
FUCK ME NOW!
1-800 666-SUCK
2 8 6 6
RAM IT HARD-UP MY ASS!
1-800 666-ANAL
2 6 2 5
FUCK ME!
SUCK ME!
DO ME!
JOIN ORGIES
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AND MORE?
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$1.98-$3.98 per minute/18 yrs + over
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$10 Buck Phone Fuck!
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All Major Credit Cards Accepted.
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ALL GIRLS 18+
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From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted

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1 ON 1 ONLY...
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18+
$10 BUCK PHONE FUCK
Live 1 on 1
1·800·995·2FUCK
2 3 8 2

5 MINUTE QUICKIE
PHONE SEX
$10
18+
LIVE 1 ON 1
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Hot Women Need To
Get Off!
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CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
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+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

CHEAP SLUTS
Big TITS
Juicy CLITS
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TO
85858
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Looking for guy to guy action? Text GUY to 85858
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ALL BITCHES 18+
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$3.99/MIN. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED MUST BE 18+

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All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone
LIVE YOUNG MEAT!
All Models 18+ U4815
Confidential Gay & Bi Dateline
1-800-230-STUD

IS THIS WHERE YOU
PUT IT ?
8 3 3 6 5 8 7
1-800-TEEN LUST
ALL PEOPLE AFFILIATED WITH THIS AD ARE 18+
ADULTS ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
$2.98 PER MIN.

Chat & hook-up with real girls from your cell phone NOW! Send the text message HUSTLER to 85858
18+ ONLY - TERMS/INFO @ TXT85858.COM OR 1-888-400-5444 99¢/REPLY RECEIVED (PLUS CARRIER FEES IF ANY) SEND STOP TO OPT OUT, SEND HELP FOR INFO

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
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+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

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X-RATED HOT TALK
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$4.99 per min
ONLY 1.69 PER MINUTE
18+

HARDCORE SEX
29¢ Per Min
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18+

teach me how!!!
lessons...1-on-1
95¢ PER MIN.
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HOT WILD HORNY GIRLS
WAITING TO TALK TO YOU!
1 on 1 or 2 on 1
WHATEVER YOUR PLEASURE!
Live 24hrs.
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HEY GUYS! • MAKE $$$
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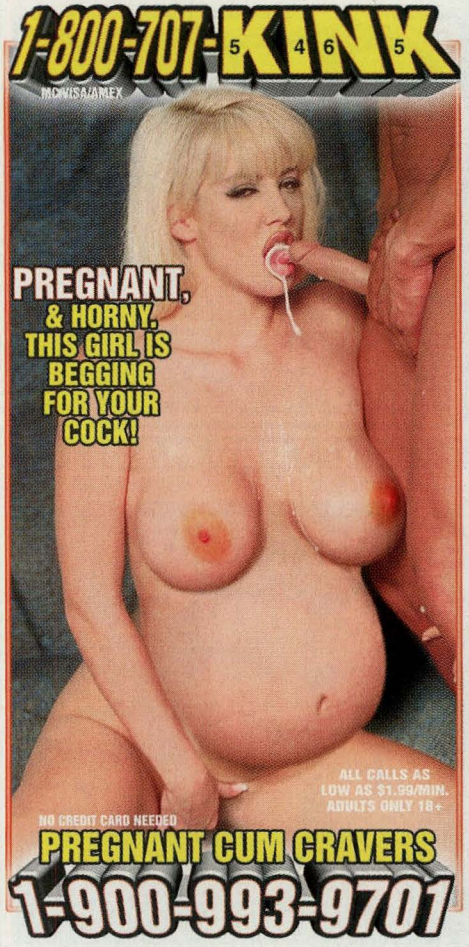
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PREGNANT, & HORNY, THIS GIRL IS BEGGING FOR YOUR COCK!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+
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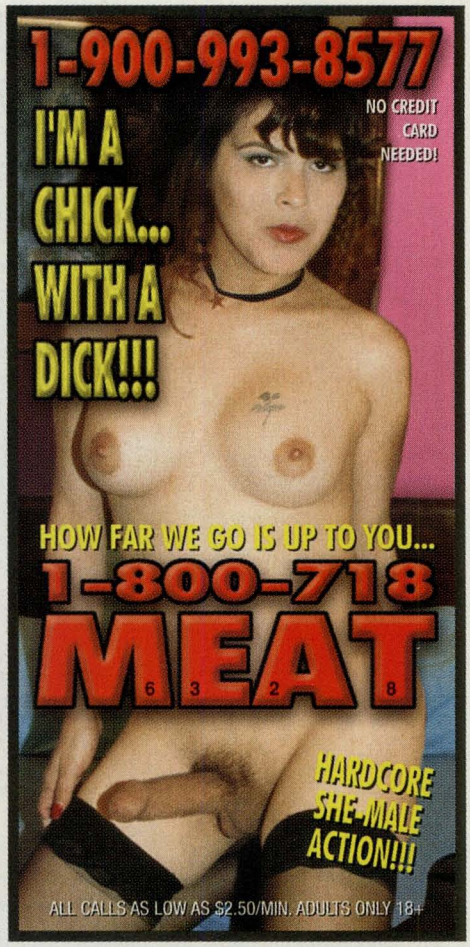
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
MY HUGE TITS ARE CRAVING A HUGE LOAD OF YOUR HOT CUM!!!
1-800-588-BLOW 2569
HOT ORAL ACTION!!!
I REALLY WANT TO SUCK YOU DRY!!!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+


1-900-993-8577
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
I'M A CHICK... WITH A DICK!!!
HOW FAR WE GO IS UP TO YOU...
1-800-718 6328 MEAT
HARDCORE SHE-MALE ACTION!!!
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AS LOW AS 95¢ PER MIN
...And suck my tits!
ALL LIVE!
All Models 18+
U4617
ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES DATELINE!
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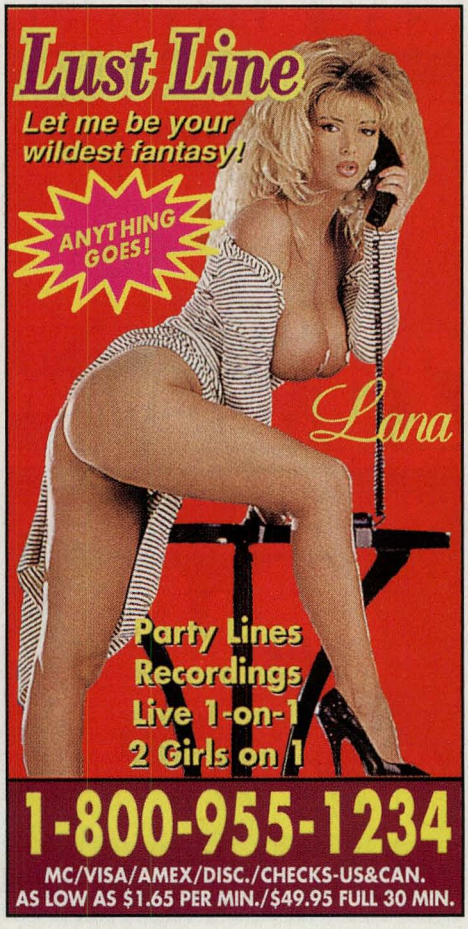
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Lana
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Recordings
Live 1-on-1
2 Girls on 1
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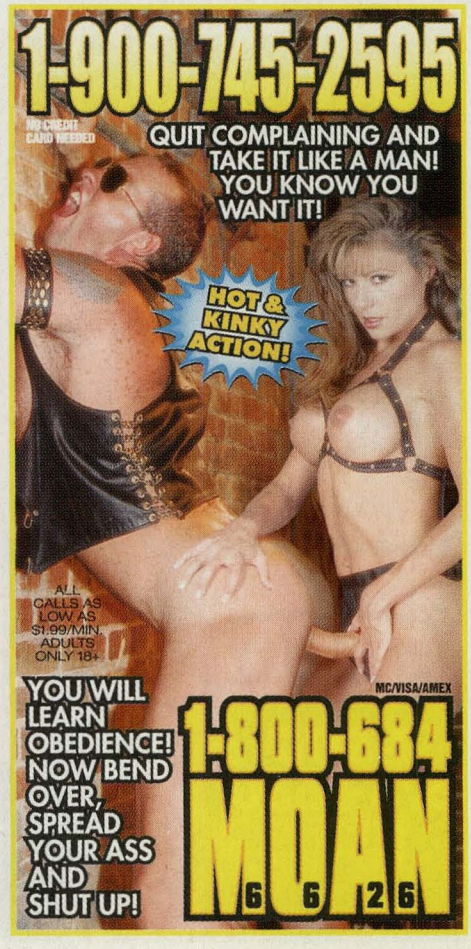
1-900-745-2595
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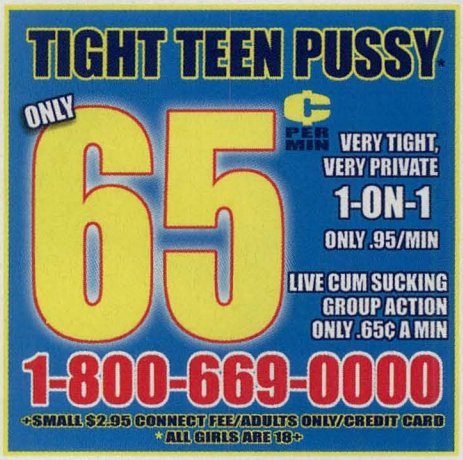
25¢
/min 18+
1 ON 1 SAY ANYTHING
ONE CALL TO GET IT ALL
HOT LIVE CHAT
1-888-25-CENTS
Bi-Curious? 1.888.MANLINE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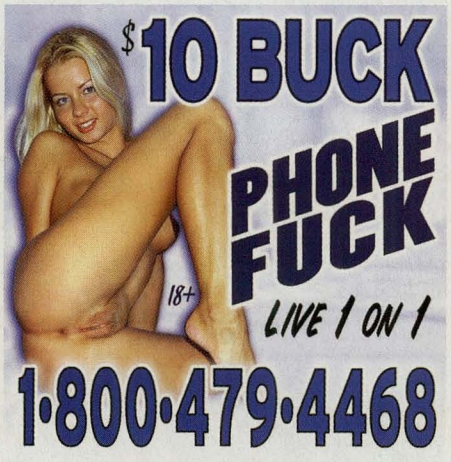
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION
ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+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PHONE FUCK
LIVE 1 ON 1
18+
1·800·479·4468

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NO CONNECT FEE!
25¢ Min
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ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

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$19.95 a call

Cum Hungry Cunts
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$19.95 a call

KINKY FETISH SLUTS
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NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!
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18+

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1 ON 1 ONLY...
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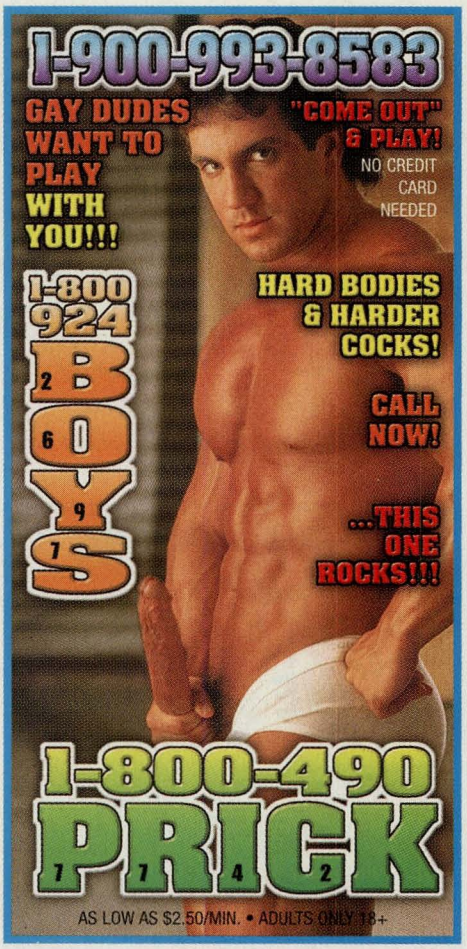
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

!LIVE 1on1!
most major credit cards accepted
$1.98 per minute
1.800.613.DATE
18+ adults only
You never know what can happen!
1.900.FUN.BABE
$2.50 - $3.50 per minute


1-900-993-8583
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"COME OUT" & PLAY!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-800 924 2 BOYS 6 0 9 7 S
HARD BODIES & HARDER COCKS!
CALL NOW!
...THIS ONE ROCKS!!!
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AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. • ADULTS ONLY 18+

BEST PHONE SEX...BEST PRICE
69¢
PER MIN
18+
KINKY COLLEGE GIRLS
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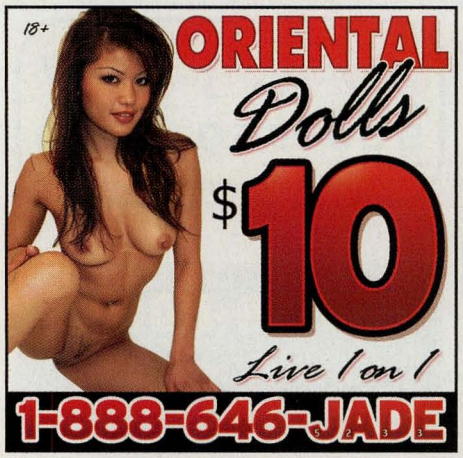
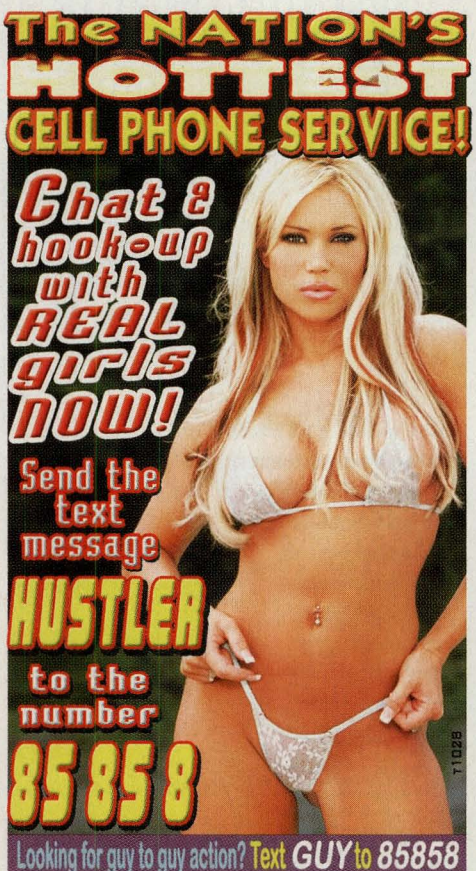
ORGY
1-800-644-4666

How Would You Like Me?
$1.89
per minute
cc and checks
Live 1-on-1
1-888-921-FUCK


18+
ORIENTAL Dolls
$10
Live 1 on 1
1-888-646-JADE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Chat & hookup with REAL girls NOW!
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to the number
85 85 8
Looking for guy to guy action? Text GUY to 85858
18+ ONLY - 99¢ PER REPLY RECEIVED + CARRIER FEES IF ANY
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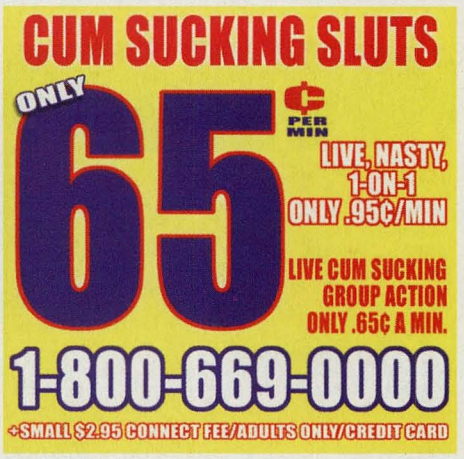
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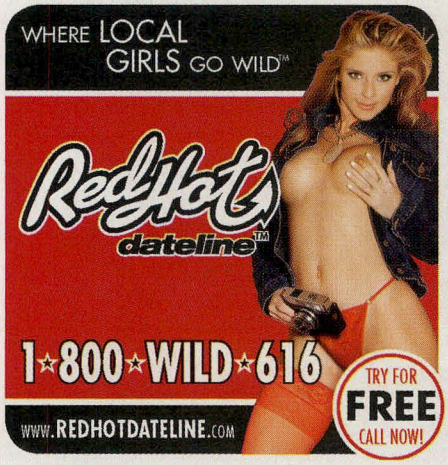

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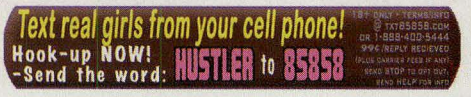

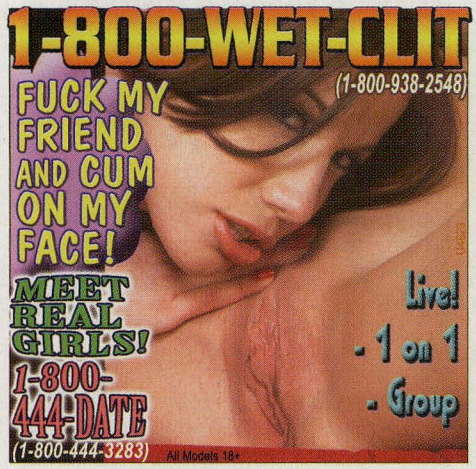

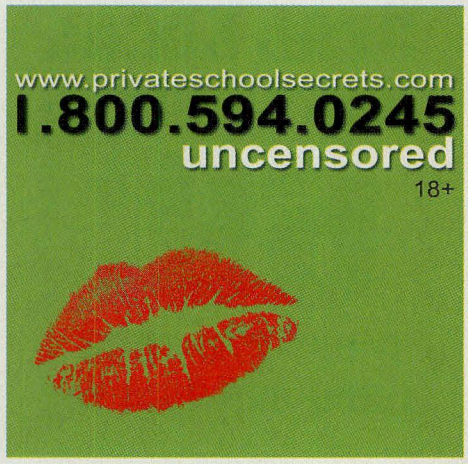

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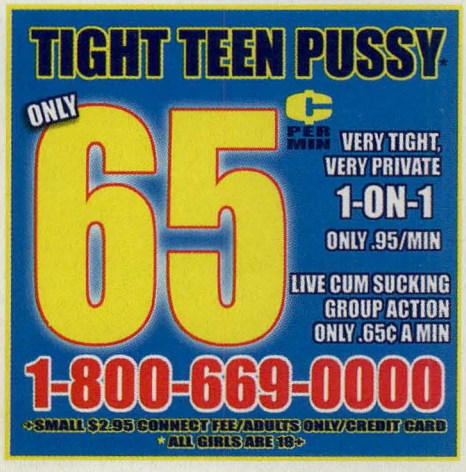
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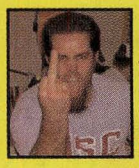

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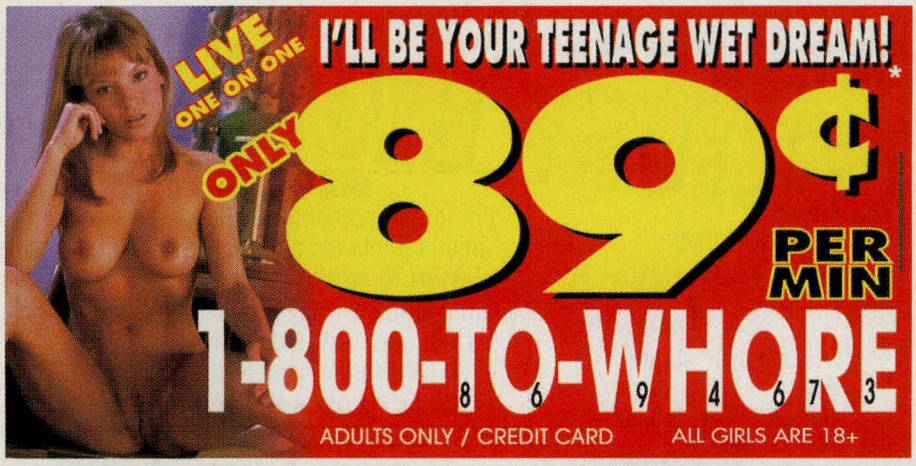
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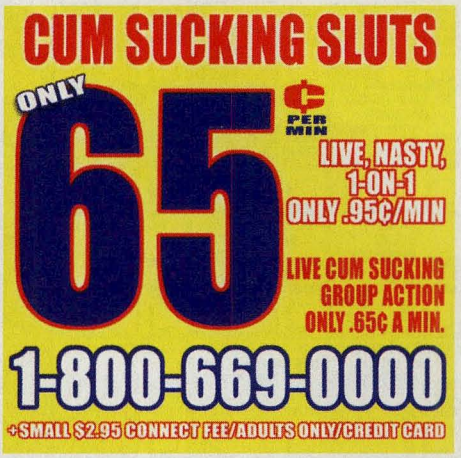
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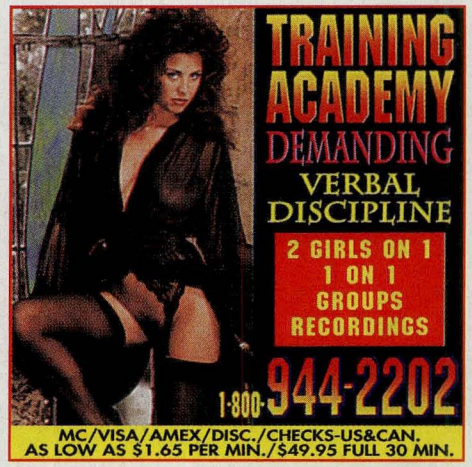
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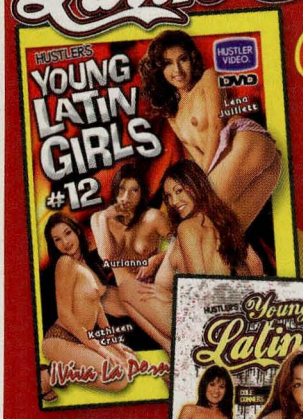
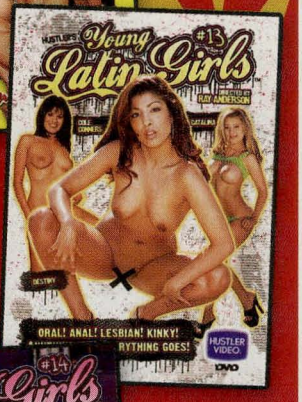


Can you feel the heat?



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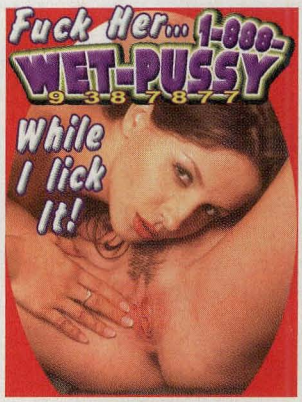

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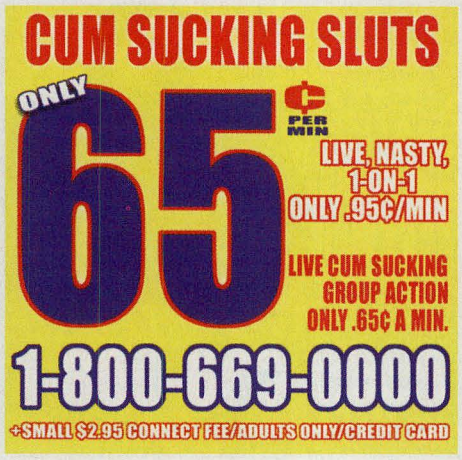
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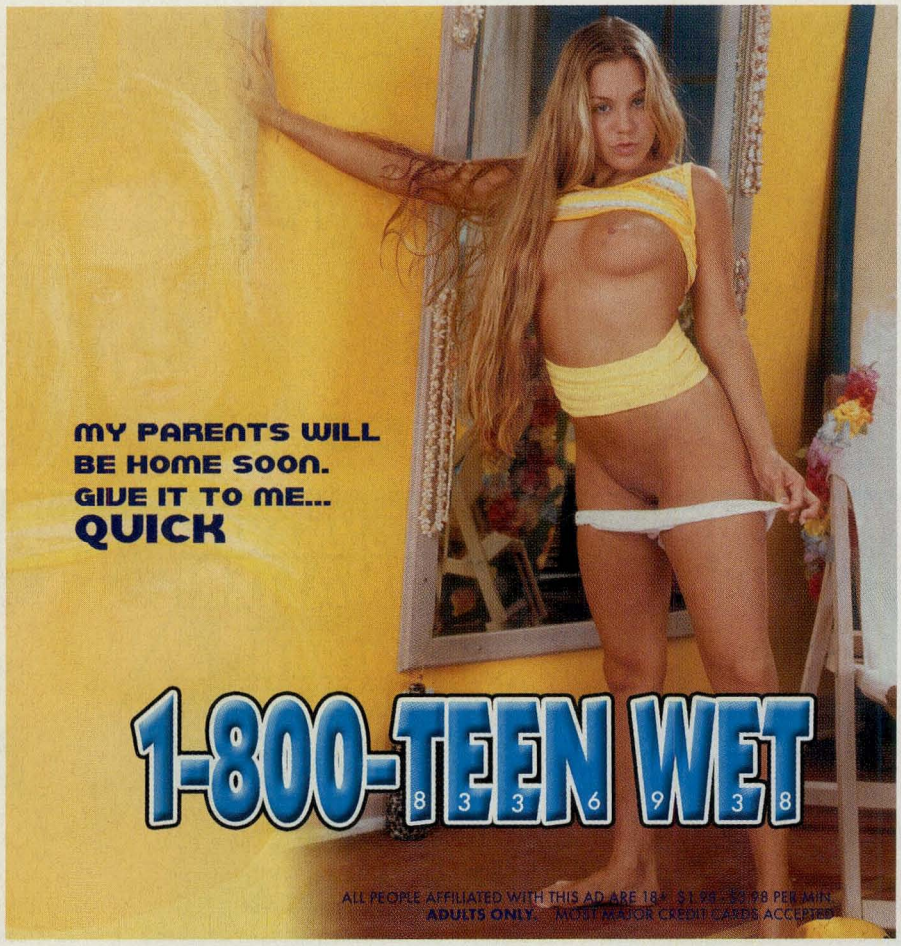
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD


MY PARENTS WILL BE HOME SOON. GIVE IT TO ME... QUICK
1-800-TEEN WET
ALL PEOPLE AFFILIATED WITH THIS AD ARE 18+ $1.98 - $2.98 PER MIN
ADULTS ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

HORNY SLUTS
Get You Off!
For Only $10 BUCKS
1.800.995.2FUCK
1.900.329.4800
$4.99 min.
18+

NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!
TRY ME FREE!
1-800 676-6660
18+

She just turned 18!
Fuck her...
1-800 -WET- CUNT
REAL GIRLS 18-21 WANT TO MEET YOU!
Local & National Dateline
1-800 -888-MEET
(1-888-729-6338)
All Models 18+
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone

HORNY LOCAL GIRLS
ONLY 69¢ MIN 18+
1-800-615-SEXY
1-900-772-7000 $1.29 MIN

Mother I'd Like to Fuck!
Tired of girls who don't know what to do?
Women with years of experience, want to FUCK!
as low as 96¢ per min
1-800 -444- 0000
MILF Dateline 1-800-288-DATE
All Models 18+

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

Michael Salem Enterprises, Inc.
Proudly Presents Est.1969
Is she a boy or is he a girl? Sonya loves a good blow job. She gives a great one too! Call our switch hitting babes now and you can decide for yourself.
1-800- 698- TVTS
From 99¢/min. 18+.
Visit our online fashion boutique for TV's, men and women.
Sexy lingerie, padded girdles, heels, breasts and more in regular to XL sizes. www.michaelsalem.com
Send $15 for our fashion catalog. 212-986-1777/8
For other exciting fetish lines call 1(800) 750-LUST

HOT & HORNY LOCAL GIRLS
WOMEN GET HORNY TOO!
Everyday thousands of horny local babes call looking for guys to get off with. Talk to all kinds of girls from hot wet teens to horny housewives who love to play with their wet pussy while they talk to you.
TRY IT FREE! 18+
IT'S SO WILD, YOU'VE GOT TO CHECK IT OUT!
1-800-620-3332
ALL GIRLS 18+

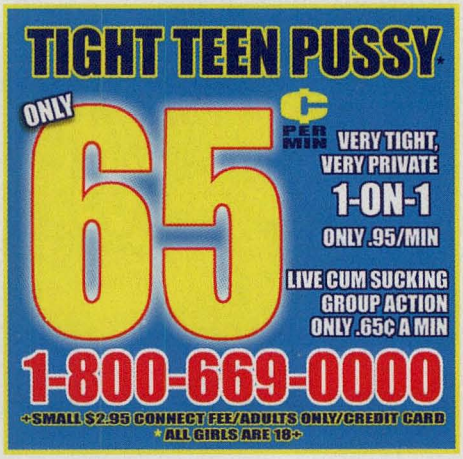
RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

EAVESDROP LIVE 1 ON 1 STORIES SAMPLES
CHEAP & NASTY PHONE SEX
FROM
99¢ MIN
1-800-934-HOT1
(4 6 8 1)
1-900-443-1122
$4.99 PER MIN 18+
CONFESSIONS LIVE 1 ON 1 EAVESDROP

www.coedpleasures.com
2 GIRL CALLS LIVE 1 ON 1 ALL FANTASIES
Coed Pleasures
1-866-353-8482
Toll Free
24hrs MC VISA AMEX DISC CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

WHERE LOCAL GIRLS GO WILD™
RedHotS dateline™
1☆800☆WILD☆616
WWW.REDHOTDATELINE.COM
TRY FOR FREE CALL NOW!

Squeeze my...
1-800-WET-TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
& slam your cock into my pussy!
All Models 18+
BIG TIT Dateline
1-888-WE-DATE-U
(1-888-933-2838)


TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
+ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

MOTHER I'D LIKE TO FUCK
I'll teach you things you will never forget!
1-800-284-0000
95¢ A MIN
All Models 18+
National MILF Dateline!
(6338)
1-800-283-MEET

Hook-up with real girls from your cell NOW!
Send the text message HUSTLER to 85858

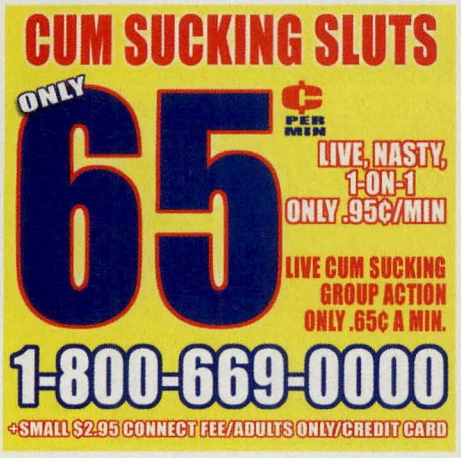
Grab my hips & FUCK me hard!
1-800-WET-FUCK
(1-800-938-3825)
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone

Cock Sucking Sluts!
$10 Buck Phone Fuck!
1.800.440.1147
All Major Credit Cards Accepted.
NO Connect Fee!
18+

ALL GIRLS 18+
HEY YOU!
Fuck This Pussy!
CALL NOW!
1.800.230.OBEY
From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted

BEST PHONE SEX...BEST PRICE
69¢
PER MIN
18+
KINKY COLLEGE GIRLS
1-800-644-4666
EAVESDROP
ORGY

teach me how!!!
lessons... 1-on-1
95¢
PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+


CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY
65¢
PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

HARDCORE SEX
FROM
29¢
Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
3825
18+

Mature Women 40+
Looking for studs
Boys, WHAT I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU WILL LAST A LIFETIME!
1-800
-444-
BETTY
2388
ALL NEW! LOCAL AND NATIONAL!
mature ladies
DATELINE!
1-800-288-DATE
(1-800-288-3283)
All Major Credit Cards Accepted
& automated Check By Phone

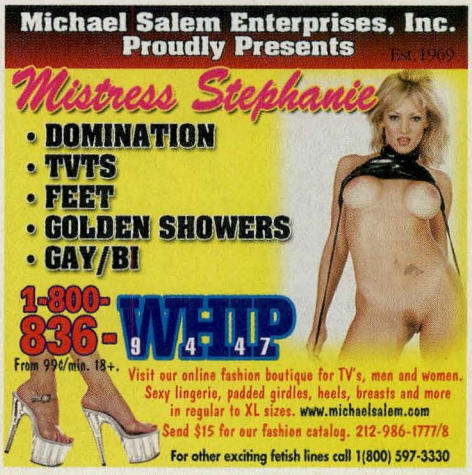
HOT WILD
HORNY GIRLS
1 on 1
or
2 on 1
WHATEVER YOUR PLEASURE!
WAITING TO TALK TO YOU!
Live 24hrs.
1-866
TOLL FREE!
414-0004
ALL FANTASIES & FETISHES AVAILABLE!

She's getting ready to cum! Stick your hard cock in her ...
95¢
A MIN!
1-800
-WET-
PUSSY
(1-800-938-7877)
1-900
-WET-
PUSSY
(1-900-938-7877)
Visa, MC, Amex, Disc, or Check by Phone
Privately billed at $4.95/min.
LIVE 24/7

REAL girls want to text you NOW!
SEND THE TEXT MESSAGE HUSTLER TO 85858

www.sexualshemale.com
SEXUAL SHE-MALES
MORE THAN A WOMAN
2 GIRL CALLS
LIVE 1 ON 1
ALL FANTASIES
LATE NIGHT SPECIALS
800-852-8356
24hrs MC VISA AMEX DISC CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

BACKDOOR BLONDES
FUCK MY TIGHT ASS!
HARDCORE LIVE 1-ON-1
69¢
MIN
1-800
500-ANAL
18+


Michael Salem Enterprises, Inc.
Proudly Presents
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Mistress Stephanie
• DOMINATION
• TVTS
• FEET
• GOLDEN SHOWERS
• GAY/BI
1-800-836-WHIP
9447
From 99¢/min. 18+.
Visit our online fashion boutique for TV's, men and women. Sexy lingerie, padded girdles, heels, breasts and more in regular to XL sizes. www.michaelsalem.com
Send $15 for our fashion catalog. 212-986-1777/8
For other exciting fetish lines call 1(800) 597-3330

perfectly naughty
private school secrets
18+
spankingly uncensored
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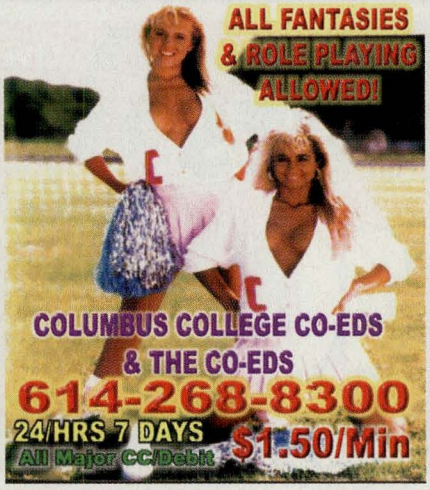
www.privateschoolsecrets.com

1-800
TEEN
CUNT
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+
1 800 833 6286
"MMmm... cum taste my clean tight Pussy."
"Squeeze it in... Right here!!!"
$ 3.99/MIN. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED MUST BE 18+

HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY
LIVE
ONE ON ONE
89¢
PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

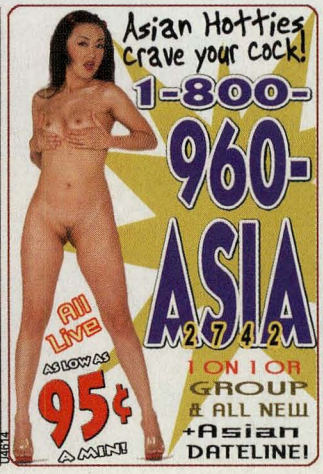
Just $10 Just $10
5 MINUTE
Quickie
$10
1-800-618-7888
1-900 443-7878
$4.99 Min 18+
$10 Just $10

HOT LOCAL GIRLS!
Real Sex Connections
1-800 664-9444
49¢ Min
1-900-448-4443
$1.29 Min 18+


ALL FANTASIES & ROLE PLAYING ALLOWED!
COLUMBUS COLLEGE CO-EDS & THE CO-EDS
614-268-8300
24/HRS 7 DAYS
All Major CC/Debit
$1.50/Min

18+
10 MINUTE
Jerk Off!
1-800-955-7803

GRAB MY HIPS AND FUCK MY ASS HARD!
1-800-WET-FUCK
(1-800-938-3825)
SHOOT YOUR CUM ON MY...
1-800-WET-TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone
1-900 -WET-FUCK
$4.95 per minute, billed to your phone
All models 18+


Asian Hotties crave your cock!
1-800-960-ASIA
2742
ALL LIVE
AS LOW AS 95¢ A MIN!
1 ON 1 OR GROUP
& ALL NEW
+Asian DATELINE!

DEEP THROAT
I'LL EVEN SWALLOW YOUR BALLS!
1-800 797-HARD
4273
ALL GIRLS 18+
From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

TRY IT NOW
GET OFF
Sexy • Dominant • Kinky Women
FROM ONLY 69¢ PER MIN
1-800-560-6969
1-900-226-7800
$4.99 Per Min 18+
PHONE SEX FOR LESS

Talk to the woman of your choice!
LIP SERVICE
1-800-753-0244
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$35 / 25 minutes • MC-Visa-Amex-Disc

RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

BUST A NUT
10 MINUTE FUCK
18+
1-888-666-6569

Lick my...
1-800-WET-CLIT
(1-800-938-2548)
while I get off with this toy!
AS LOW AS 96¢ per min
REAL GIRLS!
Meet A SLUT
1-800-888-DATE
All Major Credit Cards Accepted& automated Check By Phone (1-800-888-3283)
All Models 18+

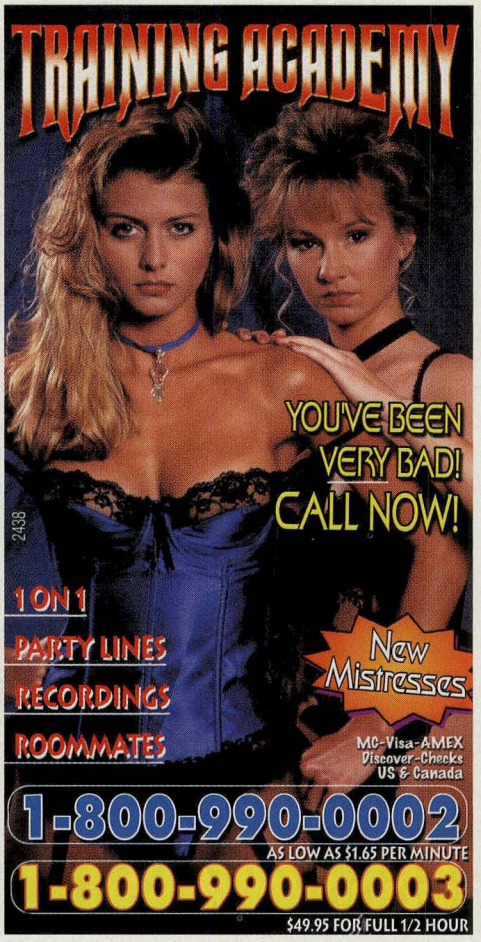
Red Hot TVTS
LIVE 1 on 1
$10
18+
1-888-319-TVTS

NAUGHTY LOCAL GIRLS!
TRY ME FREE!
1-800 676-6660
18+

TITS 'N' ASS
1-800 615-6869
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
KINKY FONE FUN KINKY FONE FUN
$12
Our Pussies are WET & WAITING!
18+ No Connection Fees

SUCK MY HARD COCK & I'LL FUCK YOUR ASS!
1-888-WET-TSTV
(1-800-938-7877)
Visa, MC, Amex, Discover or Automated Check By Phone. As low as 95¢ a min.
TSTV DATELINE (1-888-275-8788)
1-888-ASK-TSTV
All Models 18+

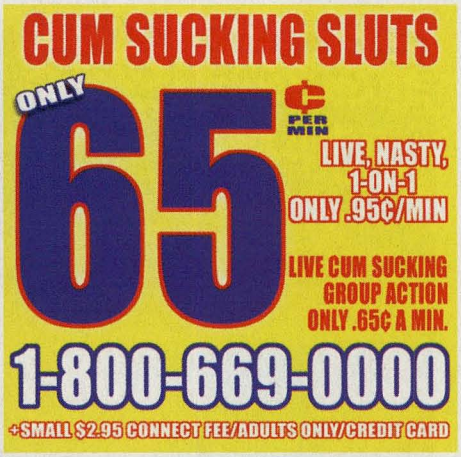
LIVE ONE ON ONE
I'LL BE YOUR TEENAGE WET DREAM!*
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
1-800-TO-WHORE
1-800-869-4673
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

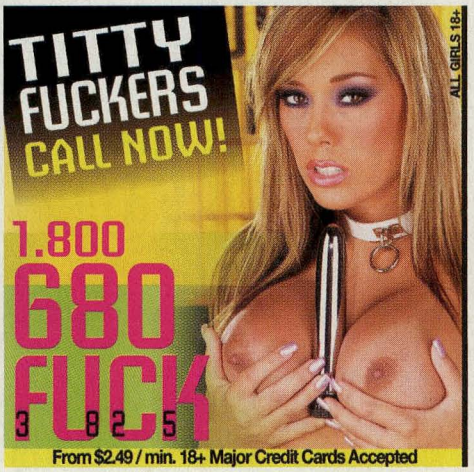

TRAINING ACADEMY
YOU'VE BEEN VERY BAD! CALL NOW!
2438
1 ON 1
PARTY LINES
RECORDINGS
ROOMMATES
New Mistresses
MC-Visa-AMEX
Discover-Checks
US & Canada
1-800-990-0002
AS LOW AS $1.65 PER MINUTE
1-800-990-0003
$49.95 FOR FULL 1/2 HOUR

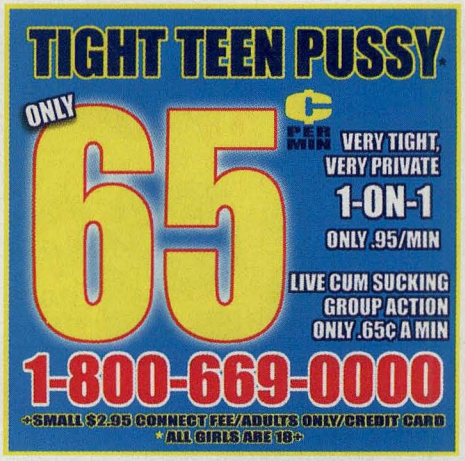
HOT CHEAP
SEX TALK
Only 69¢ PER MIN.
1-800-443-5678
1-900-329-5600 $4.99 Per Min 18+

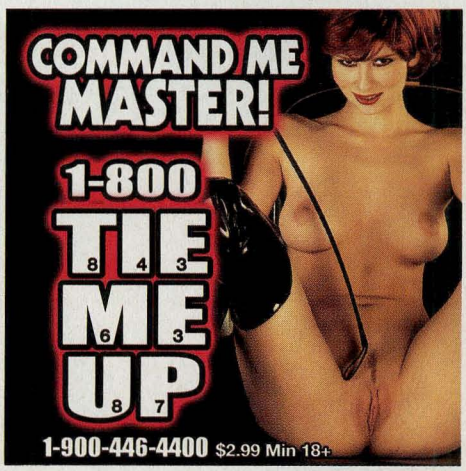
HOT 25¢ MIN 18+
SEX ACTION
1-800-930-7779

1 - 800 - 833 - 6288
"Cum feel how tight it is!"
"Cream this BaBy!"
1-800
TEEN BUTT
8336288
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+
$ 3.99 / MIN. VISA / MASTERCARD / AMERICAN EXPRESS / DISCOVER MUST BE 18+


CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

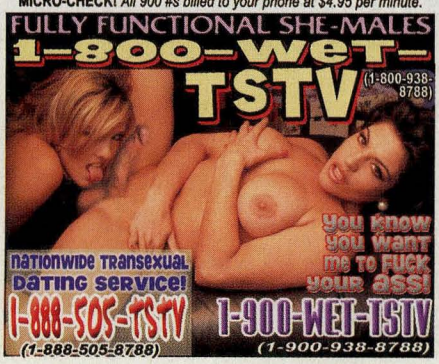

TITTY FUCKERS CALL NOW!
ALL GIRLS 18+
1.800 680 FUCK
3825
From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted





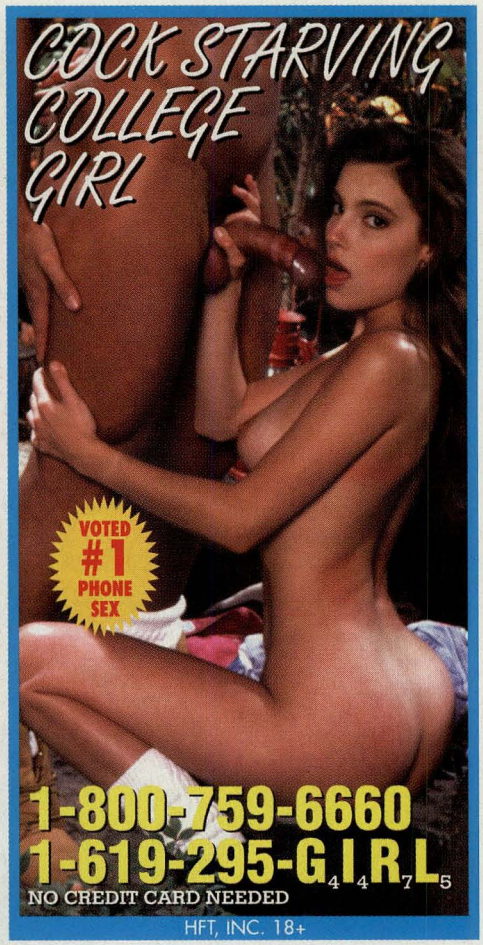
1-900-WET-PUSSY
(1-900-938-7877)

All Major Credit Cards Accepted! or try ... ALL NEW CHECK BY PHONE
MICRO-CHECK! All 900 #s billed to your phone at $4.95 per minute.



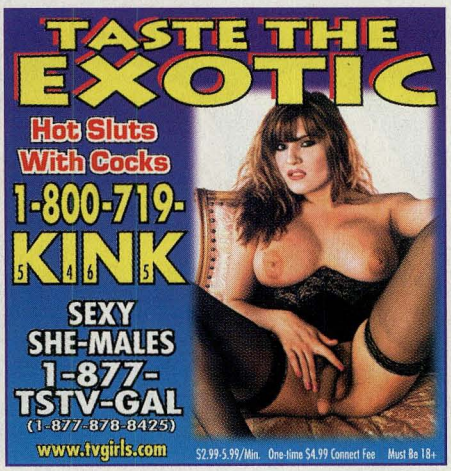
HOT WET XXX SEX
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE ON ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD

BLOW JOBS
$10
LIVE TALK 1 ON 1
1-800-615-1488
1-900-988-6800
18+ $4.99 Per Min

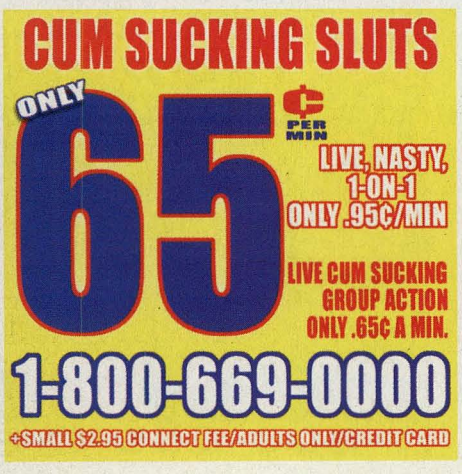


Hook-up with real girls from your cell phone NOW!
SEND THE TEXT MESSAGE HUSTLER TO 32323

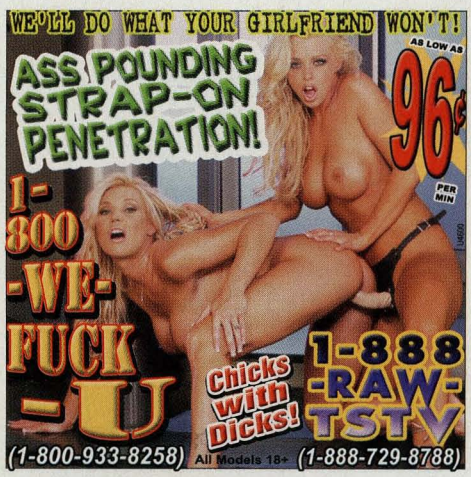
Please Fuck My...
1-888-ASIAN-TWAT
(1-888-274-2689)
I fucky sucky you good!
AS LOW AS 96¢ a min.
1 on 1 or GROUP
+ ALL NEW Asian Dateline!
All Major Credit Cards Accepted & automated Check By Phone



I'M HOLDING FOR YOU . . .
ONLY $2.00 / MINUTE
Call me at 1-800-232-0337
LIVE ONE ON ONE • PHONE SEX!
PERSONAL CHECKS & MAJOR CREDIT CARDS - OVER 18 ONLY


CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

What are ya waiting for?
FUCK THIS BLACK PUSSY NOW!
1-800-BLACK-ASS
2.98 PER/MIN.
ADULTS ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED


WE'LL DO WHAT YOUR GIRLFRIEND WON'T!
ASS POUNDING STRAP-ON PENETRATION!
AS LOW AS 96¢ PER MIN
1-800-WE-FUCK-U
Chicks with Dicks!
1-888-RAW-TSTV
(1-800-933-8258)
All Models 18+
(1-888-729-8788)

HORNY LOCAL GIRLS
ONLY 69¢ MIN 18+
1-800-615-SEXY
1-900-772-7000 $1.29 MIN

transform yourself
ts/tv fantasies
877-717-LICK
only 5425
$1.69 P/M
900-226-5533
$3.99 P/M
www.eroticneon.com
18+

RED HOT PUSSY
1 ON 1 ONLY...
.95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+ SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

Would you please fuck me up the ass?
1-800-ASK-4-ASS
(1-800-275-4277)
ALL LIVE!
Hot Girls Are Looking For Horny Guys!
All Major Credit Cards Accepted, automated Check By Phone
1-800-888-3DATE8E

Slide your hard cock between my tits!
CALL NOW!
1-800-WET-TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
U4604
All Models 18+

TIGHT TEEN PUSSY
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
ONLY .95/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN
1-800-669-0000
*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

HARDCORE SEX
29¢ Per Min
1-800-906-FUCK
18+

1-900-993-8744
After I Suck You Off, I Want You To Stroke My She-Male Cock And Bang Me Up The Ass!!!
Call Me!!
LIVE SHE-MALES!!
1-800-983 MEAT
AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. MUST BE 18+. ALL MODELS 18+

GET OFF
SEXY • DOMINANT • KINKY WOMEN
69¢ PER MIN
1-800-560-6969
1-900-226-7800
4.99 PER MIN 18+ CRE. NY

HORNY STEP MILFS!
I won't tell your dad.
Fuck... 1-800-MOM'S-BU!T
(1-800-666-7288)
MILF DATELINE
1-888-MOM-LOVE (1-888-666-5683)

Chat & hook-up with REAL WOMEN from your cell NOW!
Send the text message HUSTLER to 32323

Real Girls in your area want to meet you now!
1-800 -WET- TWAT
(1-800-938-8928)

HOT LOCAL GIRLS!
Real Sex Connections
1-800 664-9444
49¢ Min
1-900-448-4443
$1.29 Min 18+

$10 BUCK PHONE FUCK
LIVE 1 ON 1
18+
1·800·479·4468

Share Your Fantasy With Me LIVE!
Only $2 per min.
1·800· 252·0224
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS & CHECKS

TEENS READY TO FUCK
ONLY 89¢ PER MIN
LIVE ONE ON ONE
1-800-TO-WHORE
ADULTS ONLY / CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

You'll Be My Bitch!
1-800 927 WHIP
From $2.49 / min. 18+ Major Credit Cards Accepted

"If I hear one more word about Intelligent Design, I'm gonna turn every last one of those fuckers back into monkeys!"

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

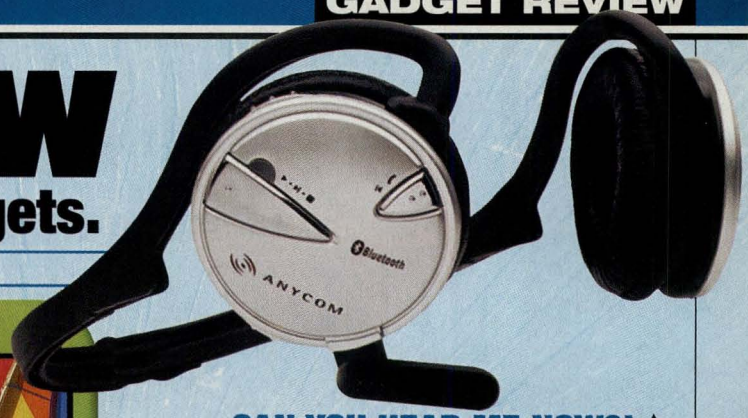
BY KEITH VALCOURT

FIND YOUR ZEN!

Creative, the leader in personal MP3 players, has just released the excellent 30GB **Zen Vision:M**. This PC-compatible unit is a video player, photo viewer and MP3 player all rolled into one. With the **Zen Vision:M** you can load up to 15,000 songs, tens of thousands of photos and up to 120 hours of video. The player is ultrastylish and compact, measuring only 4.1 x 2.4 x 0.7 inches and fitting easily in your pocket. Available in black, white, pink, green and blue.

Zen Vision:M is a perfect alternative for anyone who doesn't want to buy into the cult of iPod. Available at ***Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $329.99.

CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?!



Here's ***Anycom***'s elegant black and silver **BSH-100** Bluetooth wireless stereo headphones. Compliant with the latest 1.2 specification for use with your Bluetooth phone, the headphones feature an optional audio gateway for your MP3 player. The **BSH-100** comes with an attachable microphone, which can be used while chatting, gaming or working out.

The ergonomic headphones have a range of 30 feet and feature a detachable rechargeable battery (charge via an external power source or USB cable). A single charge allows up to 12 hours of music listening and 200 hours in standby mode. Available at ***Anycom.com***. Suggested retail price with audio gateway: $199.99.

GOOD HEAD

Looking for an ultracool personal headphones set? Then the mobile stereo headset **HS 200** from ***Logitech*** is for you. It's specifically designed for the next generation of music phones that feature Bluetooth wireless technology. This comfortable set allows you to listen to digital music and then switch over to talk on the phone. They come with built-in, rounded earpieces and a mini-boom microphone that extends slightly from the right-side earpiece. Weighing just 90 grams, the **HS 200** headphones feature a rechargeable lithium battery that provides up to ten hours of talk time (eight hours of play time) on a single charge. Available at ***Logitech.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.99.

STARRY, STARRY NIGHT

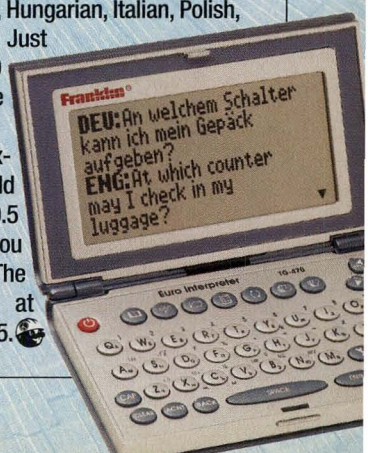
What better way to spend a summer night than gazing up at the stars with a sexy chick? While we can't tell you where to get the woman, we can tell you about the **SkyScout**. Made by ***Celestron***, a leader in the design of telescopes and binoculars, the revolutionary handheld device uses advanced GPS technology with point-and-click convenience to instantly identify up to 6,000 stars, planets and constellations. About the size of an average camcorder (weighing only 16 ounces), the **SkyScout** transforms the night sky into a personal planetarium.

Just point the **SkyScout** at any visible celestial object and press a button to listen to commentary and its history. Want to find a particular star? Hit "locate," and illuminated arrows in the viewfinder will quickly point it out. The sky is the limit. Available at ***Celestron.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.

LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Everyone knows that foreign girls are hot, but unless you know how to speak their lingo, you don't have a shot in hell of getting them naked. Fortunately, ***Franklin*** has created the **Euro Interpreter**. This cool-looking unit is programmed with 12 languages and can translate to and from Czech, Dutch, English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish and Turkish. Just type in a word—there are over 400,000 words and phrases to choose from—and the Interpreter will provide the translation.

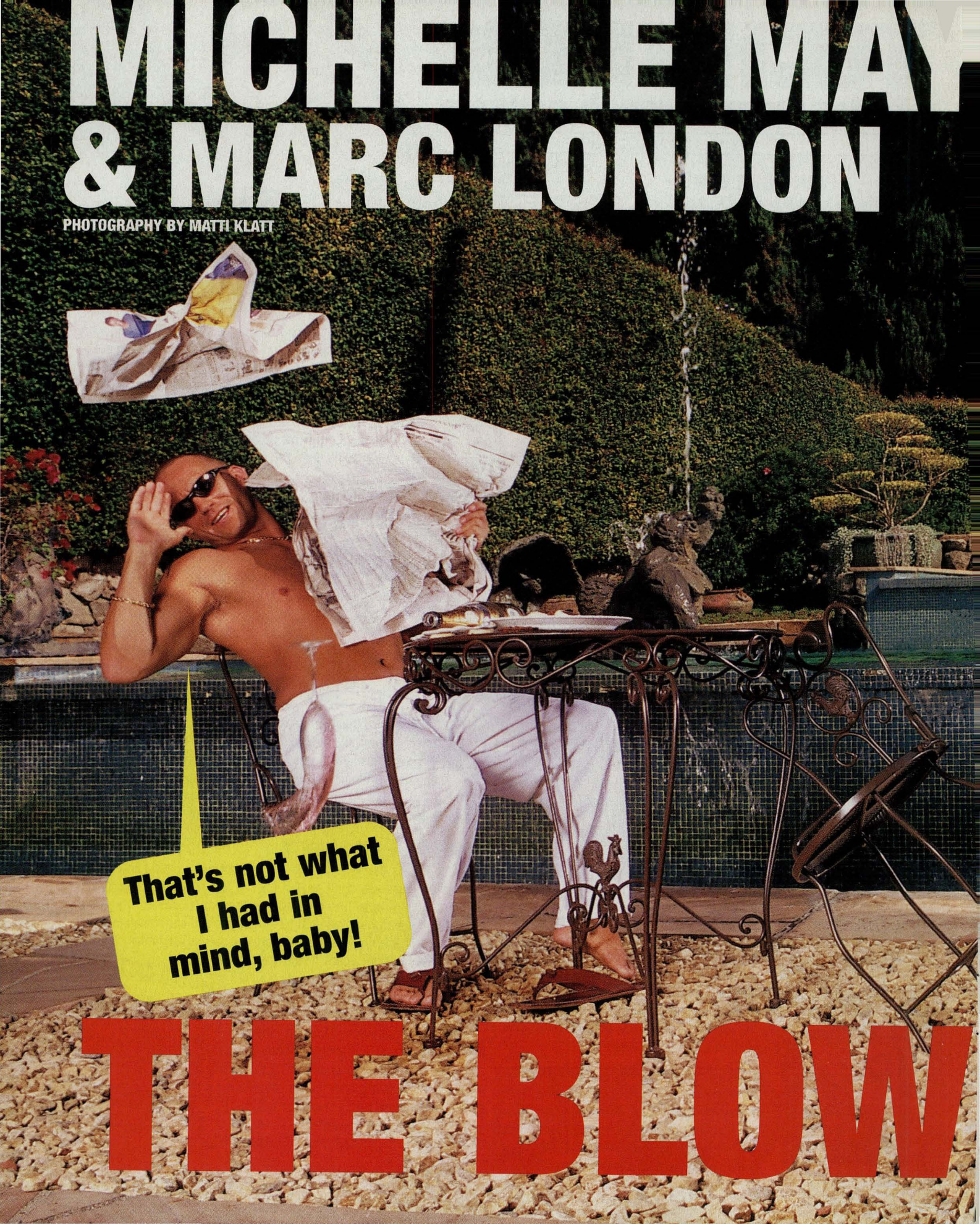
The Interpreter also features a large six-line display screen, currency converter, world clock and calculator. Measuring just 5 x 3 x 0.5 inches and weighing less than a pound, you can take it anywhere. Pack your bags. The world's women are waiting. Available at ***Franklin.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.95.


Franklin
DEU: An welchem Schalter kann ich mein Gepäck aufgeben?
ENG: At which counter may I check in my luggage?
Euro Interpreter

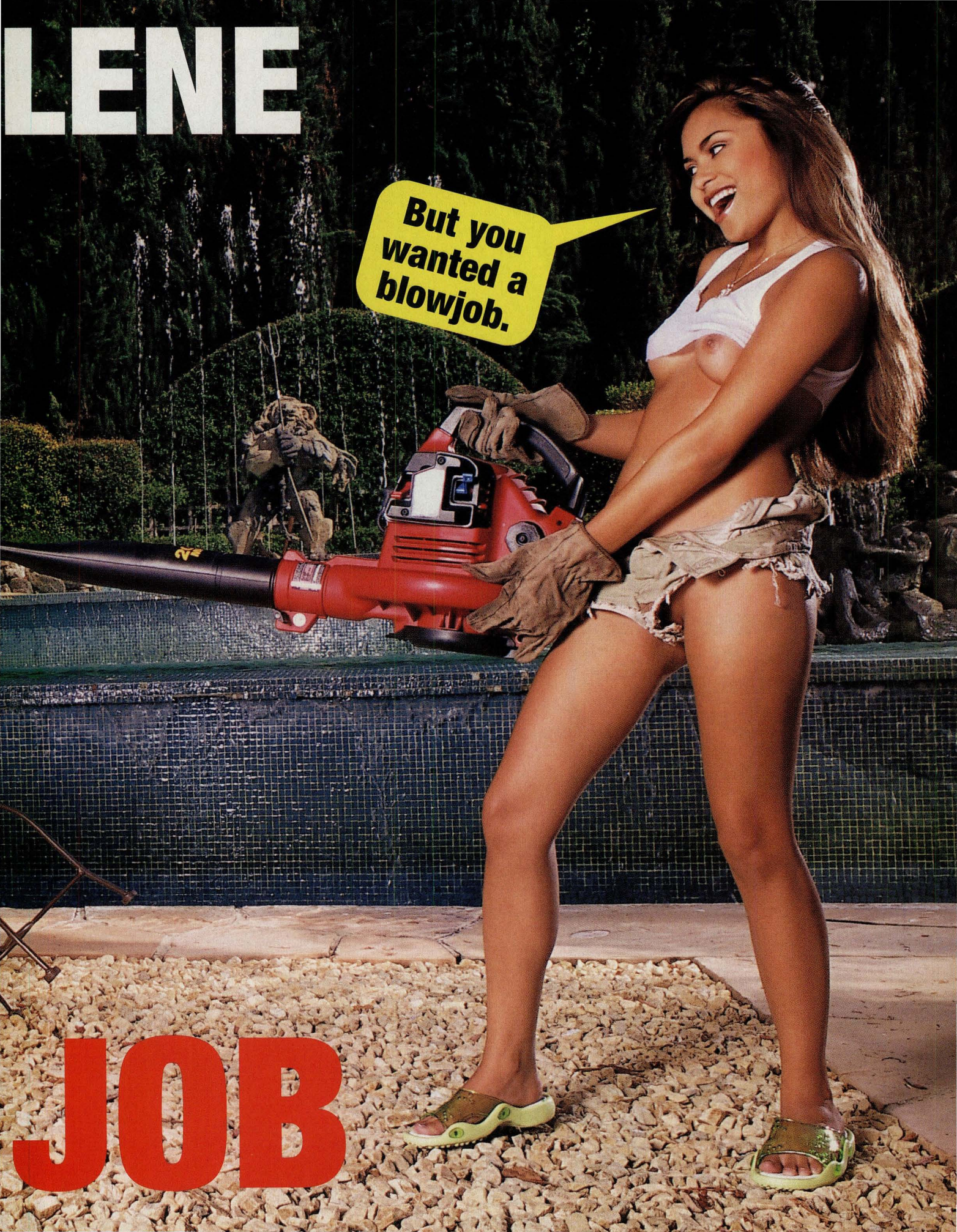
If you're looking for the right memory product to store your photos, music or other computer files, we suggest you check out the latest Compact Flash and ***ProMax*** SD cards. Available at **ATPinc.com**.

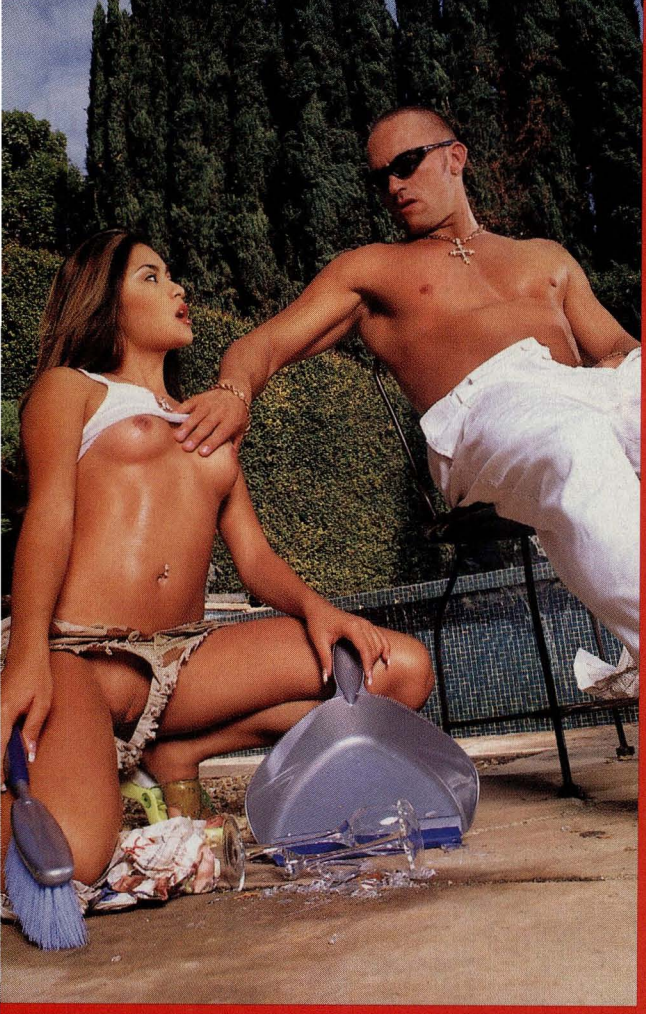
MICHELLE MAY & MARC LONDON

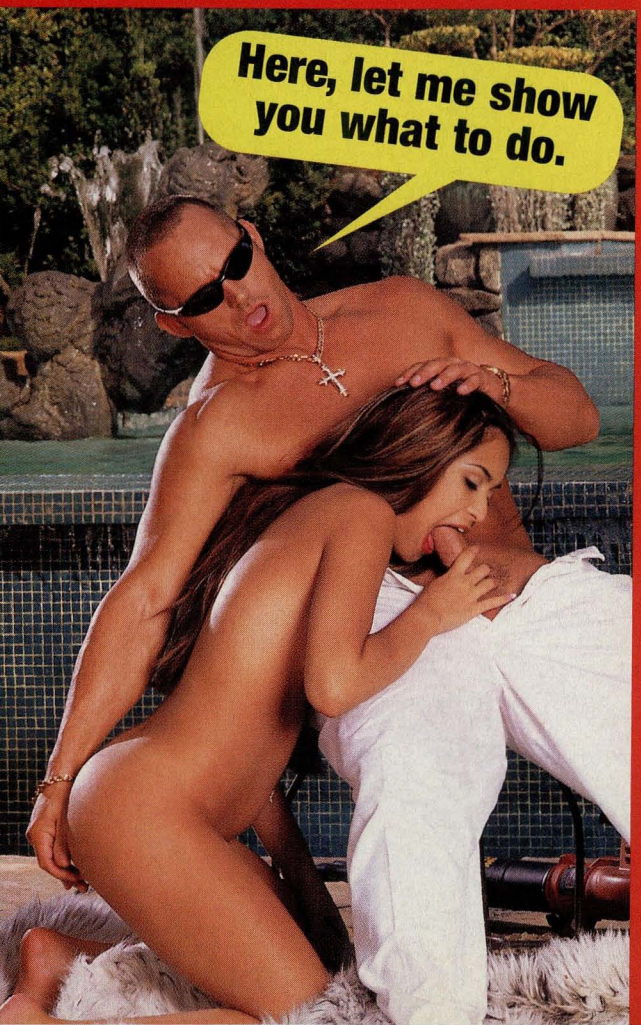
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



THE BLOW


LENE
But you wanted a blowjob.
JOB




Here, let me show you what to do.

He actually thinks I've never done this before? Good thing he's rich.

I hate licking asshole. Good thing she's rich.

His tongue feels weird in my ass. I hope he doesn't expect me to kiss him after this!

See Michelle Maylene blow it in *Beaver Hunt*, *Da Vinci Load*, *Barely Legal Corrupted #6* and *Pole Position POV* on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HUSTLERhollywood.com to order.

COMING NEXT MONTH

BETTIE PAGE-ARAMA

Hot on the heels of the Hollywood biopic *The Notorious Bettie Page*, the most adored pinup queen in history is once again sweeping the nation. HUSTLER is your one-stop shop for all things Bettie Page, featuring her best DVDs, films, bondage work and glamour photos.

FLORIDA ELECTION SCANDAL TURNS DEADLY?

A key investigator into Florida's electronic vote-rigging scandal apparently committed suicide before he could release his findings. Newly unearthed crime scene photos reveal disturbing discrepancies in the police report. Was the sleuth murdered for being too close to the truth? Brad Friedman reports.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TITS

Our search for the planet's biggest mammaries starts with current Guinness World Record holder Maxi Mounds, but Chesty Morgan's legendary 73FFs might be the biggest pair in history. Also, Mistress Rhiannon and her 62MMMs weigh in on this threeway battle royale. Aslum Khan reports.

YUCKO THE CLOWN

From underground comedy sensation to *Howard Stern Show* regular to host of his own highly offensive show on MTV2, Yucko the Clown is the raunchiest, most outrageous joker you'll ever meet. The *Stankervision* star pushes the limits of good taste—and smell—in an interview with Ro Hurley.

FAMOUS FLESH:

LINDSAY LOHAN, HILARY SWANK & BEYONCÉ

Lindsay Lohan busts out on the red carpet, Hilary Swank shows off her million-dollar boobies, and Beyoncé spreads her legs for concertgoers (and a HUSTLER photographer). Plus, we take a look back at Demi Moore's hottest sex scenes and Pamela Anderson's career highlights.

BOOBJOB TRIPLETS

Identical triplets Stephanie, Becky and Tiffanie Carrazana do everything together—even getting breast implants! The sexy, young sisters proudly display their newly enhanced hooters and talk about the time that all three dated the same guy simultaneously. Profile by Sue Thompson.

SUNNY LEONE

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